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# In the Footsteps of St. Paul

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Francis E. Clark

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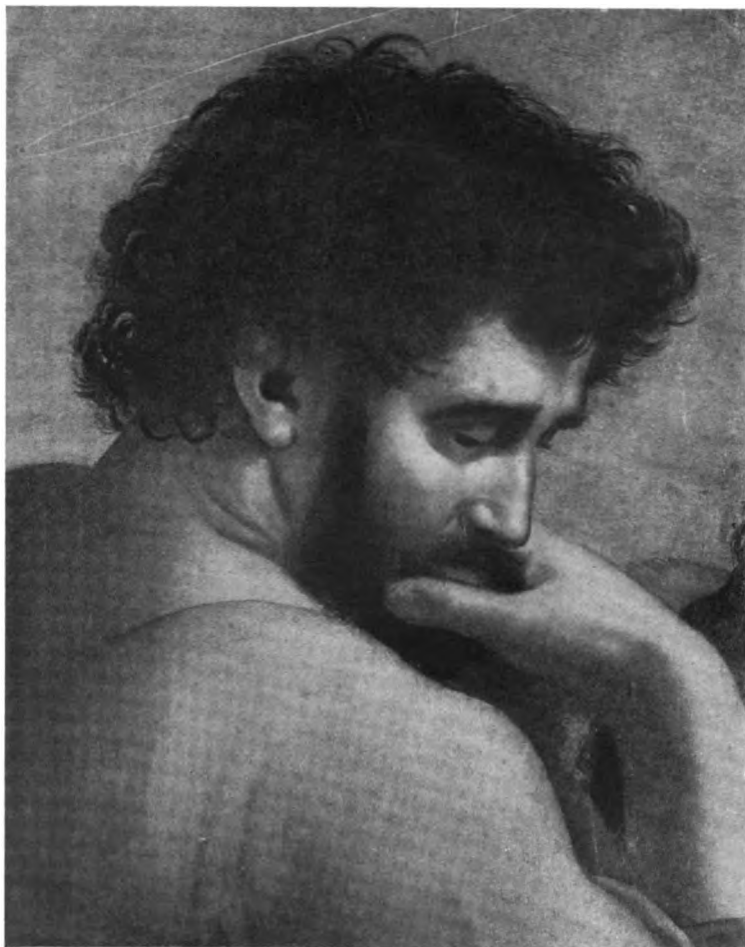












**Raphael's St. Paul**

Photo by Alinari

# In the Footsteps of St. Paul

His Life and Labors in the Light of a  
Personal Journey to the Cities  
Visited by the Apostle

By

Francis E. Clark, D.D., LL.D.

Author of "Old Homes of New Americans," "The Holy  
Land of Asia Minor," etc.

*With 56 Illustrations and One Map*

G. P. Putnam's Sons  
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FRANCIS E. CLARK

## The Purpose of This Book



Y purpose, steadily held in view in writing this book, is to make as vivid as possible to my readers, by pen and picture, the past and present-day aspects of the places made forever memorable by the visits of Paul the Apostle.

Paul was an indefatigable traveller. It is not too much to say that there were few important cities of the then-known world that he did not visit.

The love of Christ constrained him to go from city to city, from country to country, preaching the "unsearchable riches" of the Glad Tidings which he was especially commissioned to bear to the Gentiles.

Fortunately we can trace his route more definitely and surely than that of any other great man of antiquity. St. Paul was a man of the cities. He was no John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness. He went where men were congregated. He visited the market-place, the synagogue, the pre-



cincts of heathen temples even; wherever he could get a hearing for his wonderful message concerning Christ and Him crucified, there he was sure to go.

On this account, too, we are able to identify his routes of travel, and to walk in his very footsteps as in those of no other sacred writer, for those great centres of population with which he is identified—Tarsus, Jerusalem, Damascus, Antioch, Iconium, Ephesus, Salonica, Athens, Corinth, and a score of others—are still on the map of the world.

Some of them are even now great and important cities. In others we can trace their former greatness only by their crumbling walls and scattered marble fragments. Yet there is scarcely a single town, large or small, which St. Paul is known to have visited that cannot be identified to-day.

It has been my privilege in meeting engagements in many lands and also by making two special journeys for this purpose to visit almost every one of the cities made memorable by the Apostle, some of them more than once. I have been impressed with the freshness and vividness which is

when read in the very cities from which or to which they were indited. Something of this freshness I hope has been imparted to these chapters, many of which were actually written in these same cities, and with the scenes which St. Paul saw newly stamped upon my mind.

Of course it is impossible, except by the study of ancient sources of information, supplemented by a permissible use of the imagination, to reconstruct all of the cities as St. Paul saw them, for some of them have been buried for many a century, and new cities have often been built upon their ruins; but nature's unchanging monuments are much the same now as then.

The "Cilician Gates"—the great cleft in the Taurus Mountains—opens its narrow doors to the traveller to-day exactly as in St. Paul's time, and, as we shall see, until very recently there has been no other possible way of travelling overland from his birthplace, Tarsus, to Iconium, Derbe, and Lystra, except over the very same path that he trod, and over the same Roman bridges that he

beloved Thessalonians. Acro-Corinth looms up behind the ruins of the ancient metropolis of the world, as it did when, in the zenith of its power, Paul found Aquila and Priscilla there, and worked with them in their tent-making establishment.

Though the shrines and the statues of the gods no longer adorn the Agora of Athens, and only the ruins of the greatest temples remain, yet the Acropolis towers above Mars' Hill as it did in Paul's time. Hymettus, still famous for its honey, extends its encircling arms around the fair city as in the olden days, and the water of the Piræus, the harbour of Athens, glitter in the brilliant sunlight as when Paul gazed upon them from the spot where he made his eternally famous speech to the "Men of Athens."

The life of St. Paul has been often written, and by abler pens than mine, but I do not know that any author has actually visited all these many cities for the express purpose of seeing how they look to-day, and of reconstructing, so far as possible, the physical background and the scenery of St Paul's labours.

It is my hope that Bible students, preachers, Sunday-school teachers, and humble Christians

who study the Bible not only for public use, but for private refreshment, may find in this volume something that will make the life of the greatest of the Apostles seem more real and less remote, something that will reveal him to them a little more vividly as a tremendous personality, one who in his varied and dramatic life, and in his preaching and his letters, in his many hairbreadth escapes, in his friendships, and in the enmities he made, was yet very human.

Above all may this volume reveal a little more clearly the chief characteristic of the man who, in his successes and his failures, could always say: *"One thing I do: forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal, the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."*

F. E. C.

BOSTON, MASS.



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# In the Footsteps of St. Paul

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## CHAPTER I

### TARSUS AND ITS NOTABLES

To Tarsus by Boat and Rail—The Tarsus of To-day—The Historic Cydnus—St. Paul's Tomb and Well and Tree—His Best Monument—The Cilician Gates—Our Fellow-Travellers—The Bagdad Railway—Paul's Eulogy of his Native City—Why Tarsus Deserved it—Sardanapalus and his Tomb.



WHAT is the name of this place which we hear the brakeman calling out with stentorian lungs: "Tersus! Tersus!"? The ancient name is but little changed during all these centuries. Here we are at last in this famous city of Bible history, the birthplace of the greatest man who ever lived, the "Apostle to the Gentiles." This is the city of the Tent-maker, who here wrought with his own hand, and who, with a touch of pardonable pride, in after years spoke of Tarsus as "no mean city."

However, the first thought that is apt to occur to the traveller in modern days is that, whatever Tarsus may have been in the days of St. Paul, he could scarcely speak of it with much pride to-day. Many of its streets are narrow and exceedingly filthy. Few of its houses present any claim to architectural excellence. Yet, after all, even after a thousand years of Turkish rule, it is better than the average Turkish city. Comparatively speaking, it can still be said that Tarsus is no mean city.

We had just landed at Mersin, a little Turkish town sixteen miles away on the Mediterranean coast which serves as the seaport for Tarsus, and by a slow and feeble railway train had journeyed to the Apostle's birthplace. Two conductors in red fezes took up our tickets, one to watch the other, it was said, and see that he did not pocket the money of travellers who had not bought their tickets in advance. But as to who watched the second conductor, no one could inform us.

We were naturally anxious to see the Tarsus of to-day and especially every relic and reminder of him whose journeyings we had come to trace.

Modern Tarsus has dwindled to a city of a few

thousand inhabitants, and contains scant reminders of its ancient splendour. The houses are built of mud for the most part, though a number boast of walls of stone. There are many mosques, some of which were formerly Christian churches, and several Armenian houses of worship.

The suburbs of the city are more interesting than the central portion, for fine well-irrigated gardens, and orchards of orange, lemon, and citron trees make the outskirts fragrant and beautiful. The rushing Cydnus is responsible for this beauty and fragrance to-day, as it was for the commercial prosperity of the city in ancient times.

We wandered out to its banks and saw the rushing waters swirl past, breaking into foam as they spurned the rocks, in their passage from their source in the high Taurus to the sea. The banks were lonely and deserted. No bustling quays are to be seen, no white-winged ships, no barge of Cleopatra, for the neglect of centuries has made the river impossible for navigation, and its only duty, besides irrigating the gardens, is to afford water power for a small cotton factory.

Paul, while Moslems consider it that of el Mamun. Of course Roman Catholics claim that his bones lie in the great Roman basilica of St. Paul without the Walls. One may see also the so-called "House of St. Paul," but both of these are of more than doubtful authenticity.

More interesting and probably more authentic is the well which goes by the name of "St. Paul's Well," whose curbstone is worn deep in many places by the ropes, which for countless generations have drawn water from its cool depths. We also drew a bucket of water and quenched our thirst, and looked down into the well which reflected the eye of the sun as it doubtless did when the boy Saul peered into its depths, for these ancient wells are among the most authentic, as they are the most indestructible landmarks of antiquity.

One of the most conspicuous objects in the city is the large Armenian church, near which has stood for centuries a gnarled and rugged tree which for many generations has been called "St. Paul's Tree." Withered and dead though it was when

under its shady branches, for so compact and iron-like is the fibre of this wood that it seems indestructible.

However doubtful the tradition may be that connects these sites with the Apostle to the Gentiles, there is one monument to St. Paul of which all Christians, and especially American Christians, may well be proud; this is St. Paul's Institute, founded some twenty-five years ago by the munificence of Col. Elliot F. Shepard of New York. It has flourished during all these years under the care of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Here are several good buildings, and the college has a fair endowment, though it ought to be much larger. The foundations of one of the Institute halls, we are told, go down through the debris of six ancient cities of Tarsus, one above another, to a solid old tertiary sea beach, forty feet below the modern city. The material that goes into this college building is the crustaceous limestone of which the ancient houses were built, found under ground and still untouched by the tooth of time. It is interesting to know that this St. Paul's Institute, founded and built by American money



of the very buildings beside which the Apostle may have played in his childhood, or which he may have often passed when he returned to Tarsus in his young manhood.

In the Institute of St. Paul [says Dr. Christie who is at the head of the school] we have Armenians, Greeks, and Syrians. We have several students belonging to a strange race called the Ansarieh, who are the descendants of the ancient Canaanites driven by Joshua into the mountains. They come to us from Lebanon. Before they are converted, as from time to time some of them are, they are genuine pagans, worshipping the forces of nature, the buds on the trees, the foam on the water, the stars of the heavens; and they have their "high places" where they worship once a year. In north Syria and in Cilicia there are at least 100,000 of these Ansarieh.

We spent two or three days in Tarsus and then, with a hearty send-off from the boys of the two Christian Endeavour Societies then connected with the school, we started on a long journey which should take us over many miles of the same road which St. Paul must often have trodden. Some

we drew nearer we saw a narrow and somewhat tortuous path through the very heart of the hills. A little stream trickles through this pass, which had been widened thousands of years ago, as we shall learn later, by the skill and enterprise of the ancient Tarsians, though there is little trace of that road to-day.

We were now passing through the famous "Cilician Gates," so-called, for during all these many centuries this pass has been the only route for travellers from Tarsus to the great Anatolian plain beyond. Our missionary waggon, then the only spring vehicle within a hundred miles of Tarsus, which had come a week's journey to meet us, guided over the horrible roads by a stalwart missionary, jounced and swayed and rattled through the narrow pass, the echoing mountain walls on either side reverberating with the noise.

While taking this journey through the Cilician Gates I felt, as at scarcely any other place in my travels, that I was indeed planting my feet in the footsteps of St. Paul. Over other roads which we travelled he might have passed. Over this road he must have gone, for there was no other way of crossing the mountains in his day, and he must

have taken this route more than once in his journeys, in visiting the churches of Galatia. Very likely in the days of his boyhood and young manhood too, he may have frequently visited this pass, which reflected so much glory on his native city, and which contributed so much to her wealth and commercial prosperity.

The scenery in this region is grand and inspiring beyond description. Snow-clad mountains glisten in the brilliant sunshine tower on every side. Streamlets dash from the mountain declivities "as the water comes down at Lodore," and the air is pure and fresh as the sparkling streamlets.

Our fellow travellers are constant objects of interest. Long caravans of camels loaded on either side with huge bales of goods plod toilsomely along, led by a diminutive donkey to keep his big timid friends from breaking away and falling over the precipice, as we had occasional evidence that some had done. Many other little asses we also passed, not always leading a procession of camels, but sometimes carrying heavy loads themselves.

as one travels through Turkey, and doubtless Paul's fellow travellers were much like our own.

Over an old Roman bridge built at least two thousand years ago we rattled, and then, following the windings of the stream, we found ourselves at last on the other side of the hills, and rested for the night in a wretched hamlet bearing the euphonious name of Graveyard Spout. The graveyard was in evidence, as in a multitude of places in Turkey, with broken tombstones leaning to every point of the compass, while through the spout poured clear, cold, mountain water, that invited us to perform our ablutions there the next morning.

At that time every traveller beyond Tarsus must go by araba (a Turkish, springless wagon) or on horseback. Now, as I write, in the early days of 1917, the Bagdad railway has pierced the Taurus near the Cilician Gates, and a tolerably comfortable railway journey will in three days take one from Constantinople to the Apostle's early home.

great events of history. Sir William Ramsay declares "that it was the one suitable place has been borne in on me during long study of the conditions of society and geographical environment of the Cilician lands and cities."

Here it was possible for a Jew to be brought up in a Gentile city, and to become a Roman citizen, while at the same time he remained a strict Jew, learned in the law, and true to the traditions of the fathers. In such a city as this the young Saul must unconsciously have received a larger vision of the needs of the world than he could have received in such a city as Jerusalem, for instance. In this city as in few others he could be fitted for the larger mission which made him the Apostle to the whole world, and not to the Jews only. In this city he could become a Roman citizen, a relationship to the great world-power, which in later years was so useful to him on more than one occasion.

We have already alluded to Paul's proud word concerning his native city, when he said to the

part of his plea for permission to speak in his own defence seems to have been, that he was born in renowned Tarsus, and his word of praise for his native city, spoken under such trying and exciting circumstances, touches a responsive chord in the heart of every one who loves his birthplace. But Paul's pride in his native city had a better foundation than have such sentiments in general, for Tarsus was indeed a city which, because of its situation, its history, and the enterprise of its early inhabitants, might well cause any citizen's heart to swell with pride.

Its situation between the Great Sea and the great mountains, almost midway between the two, made it one of the gateways of the world; and of Tarsus, as well as of ancient Philadelphia, the Revelator might have written, "Behold I have set before thee an open door which no man can shut." The great Anatolian plains lay just across the mountain barrier on one side, as we have seen; the sea, which connected Tarsus with the whole known world, lay on the other side. And yet, in the early days, there were on both sides of Tarsus

the most enterprising character and of wonderful engineering skill.

“Nature was not originally kind to Tarsus; nothing can be drearier or more repellent than the stretch of land and river between the city and the sea, as the modern traveller beholds it. . . . But their river was their own, in the sense that the skill and energy of the Tarsians had made it. They had transformed that dreary stretch of half-inundated land, fringed by sand heaps along the sea, into a rich, well-drained, and well-watered plain, holding in its bosom a vast city, through which ran for miles a river capacious enough for the merchandise of many lands, a city with its feet resting on a great inland harbour, and its head reaching up to the hills.”

All this was accomplished hundreds of years before the birth of St. Paul, at enormous expense, and by remarkable engineering enterprise. The river Cydnus had been chained within safe channels, and had been compelled to lead the commerce of the world to a safe and convenient harbour at the very gates of the city. This made

it a necessary port for a vast commerce with the regions which lay beyond the mighty range of the Taurus Mountains.

But this was not the only feat of the ancient Tarsians. It would do them little good to form a safe and convenient harbour, and turn their river into a navigable canal, unless they could also find means of transporting the merchandise which the ships of all nations might bring to their port, through the mountain barrier which hemmed them in on the north. This they did by cutting through the solid face of the Taurus Mountains a wagon road which connected them with a vast population which could in no other way receive so easily and cheaply the produce of foreign lands.

When this was accomplished we do not know, but it is certain that over this road marched the Ten Thousand and the date of this memorable expedition was 401 B. C. It is supposed that the road was built and the Cydnus was made navigable hundreds of years before the time of Xenophon. Every schoolboy who has read his *Anabasis*, and who has struggled with the many "parasangs" which the Ten Thousand made each day, will be interested in the route which led them through the



city afterwards to be distinguished, not by their military prowess but by the birth of a humble tent-maker.

An ancient legend tells us that Sardanapalus was the founder of the city, while others ascribe that honour to Sennacherib, king of Nineveh, of whom the Bible record speaks. An interesting part of this legend about Sardanapalus, the last of the Assyrian kings, tells us that he recorded on his tomb near Tarsus, the fact that he built both Tarsus and Anchiale, a near-by city, in one day, a feat surely worthy of any king: but the kings of those days took as much license with the record on their tombs as any Baron Munchausen who ever lived. We are also told that on this tomb was a statue of the king snapping his fingers, while this inscription was written beneath: "Sardanapalus, son of Anakyndaraxes built Anchiale and Tarsus in one day. Eat, drink, and play, for everything else is not worth this" (a snap of your finger).

Whether this statue and inscription are purely

than that between the strenuous, manly, undaunted Apostle, and the voluptuous, blasé king who was said to have founded the city where hundreds of years later St. Paul was born. Such were some of the traditions, and the glorious stories of ancient prowess which clustered around the city in which the Apostle was nurtured.

## CHAPTER II

### THE GREAT MEN AND GREATEST MAN OF TARSUS

A Cosmopolitan City—The Boss Tweed of Tarsus—Athenodorus and his Influence—The Famous University and its Great Men—The Meeting of Antony and Cleopatra—Alexander the Great—Jewish Colony of Tarsus—How it Influenced St. Paul and his Writings.



NOTHING that bears on the life of the great Apostle, any influence which helped to form his character and make him pre-eminently the Christian leader of all ages is of peculiar interest. On this account Tarsus, the city where he was born and where he spent his boyhood, to which he returned before starting on his missionary journeys, and which he visited more than once in later days, is worthy of special consideration. For this reason it is worth while to devote a few pages to the history of the city, its great men, and the most notable incidents of its civic life.

From its earliest days it seems to have been a cosmopolitan city. The Greek element was always

strong and brought with it much of art and learning. In later years the Romans exercised lordship over it, and ruled as usual with a strong and mighty hand. In the time of the Roman Republic, it is true, things were at loose ends; but when the monarchical party conquered, though in the end the city was benefited by the stronger rule then introduced, yet for a time it fell under a régime which has been aptly compared to the worst days of Tammany in New York City.

This was under the leadership of a certain Boethos, the Boss Tweed of his day, whom Strabo calls "a bad poet and a bad citizen." It is true that Boss Tweed was never accused of writing poetry, but in the art of corrupting the politics of a city he seems to have taken a lesson from Boethos of old. This evil state of affairs was at its height about thirty years before Paul was born, but under the influence of Athenodorus things had greatly improved in Tarsus before the birth of that little lad whose fame was destined to outshine that of all the great men who from time to time had made Tarsus their home.

The influence of Athenodorus in Tarsus was so overmastering in its politics, its morals, and its

literature that, though nothing is said about him in the Scriptures, the character of the young Paul must have been influenced by his pure and noble life. He acquired a peculiar influence, and that for good, over the Emperor Cæsar Augustus. He was a friend and mentor of Cicero, who consulted him when writing some of his immortal treatises. He is quoted by Seneca with admiration, one of the sentences quoted being, "So live with men as if God saw you; so speak with God as if men were listening." On another occasion, in his old age, he is said to have given as his last word of advice to Cæsar, whom he was about to leave, "When you are angry, Cæsar, say nothing and do nothing until you have repeated to yourself the letters of the alphabet." It has been suggested, and not without reason, that, though this greatest pagan citizen of Tarsus died when Paul was a small child, yet his influence and his sayings so pervaded the community, that they must have influenced the Apostle in his writings, since we see not a few resemblances in them to the passages quoted by Seneca from Athenodorus. He was also the great man of the University of Tarsus, which in Paul's time, like the city itself, was no mean institution.

It is not altogether impossible that Paul in his young manhood, after sitting for years at the feet of Gamaliel, the great philosopher, may have lectured in the University of Tarsus, for the universities in those days were so loosely organized that almost any one whom the students wished to hear, and who could attract an audience, could be heard there.

By the fame of Tarsus and its university many philosophers and poets were attracted to the city, like Antipater, Artemidorus, and Diodorus, but I mention their unfamiliar names simply to show how absolutely the great men of that time have been forgotten, how dust-covered are their memories and their works. But the little Jew who was brought up as a tent-maker, and who plied his needle throughout all his life, "that he might be chargeable to no man," has won a deathless fame, which grows brighter and brighter with every succeeding century.

Yet though Paul's name outshines all others who have had any connection with Tarsus, there are some who made Tarsus their home for a longer or shorter time, whom the world will always remember. The Emperor, Julius Cæsar, in the height of

his power was one of these. The city sided with Antony and Octavius against Cassius and Brutus in support of the Empire, though the rival city of Adana, only a few miles away, supported the side of the Republic in the great Battle of Philippi, which decided the fate of Rome for so many centuries.

Shakespeare has forever immortalized the meeting of Antony and Cleopatra, when the Egyptian Queen, as voluptuous as she was beautiful, sailed up the Cydnus in her gorgeous barge, and entered Tarsus with all the Eastern magnificence which she knew so well how to use in the conquest of the conquerors of the world:

“The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,  
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails and so perfumed that  
The winds were lovesick with them; the oars were  
silver,  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made

---

Stood pretty dimpled boys like smiling Cupids  
With divers-colored fans, whose winds did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, did."

These events took place before Paul was born, but in Paul's own time, Strabo, a famous Latin author, was studying in the university, as well as Apollonius, the philosopher, and Aratus the poet, from whom Paul is thought by some to have quoted in his famous speech at Athens, "As certain of your own poets have said, 'For we are also his offspring.'"

To record the names of all the great people of Tarsus would be impossible, but it is interesting to remember that, three hundred years before Paul's time, Alexander the Great visited the city, and, rashly bathing in the icy waters of the Cydnus in the winter time, almost lost his life, shortly before he had conquered this world and was sighing for others to conquer.

Robert Bird in his interesting story of *Paul of Tarsus*, tells us that in Paul's time the river Cydnus, which gushes forth from a deep cleft in the mountains,



passed through fields of rich, red earth for over twenty miles, receiving many little streams on its way to the sea. Small villages, white farms, and dark mud huts were scattered over the plain of pasture lands and fields of grain, hedged vineyards and fruit gardens, some protected with walls of mud and stone, others by dense prickly hedges. Tapering poplar trees, dark cypress, mulberry, pomegranate, apple, silver olive, grew by the river side, or cast their shadows round the house doors, while tall shrubs marked the banks of the river watercourses.

This description of the early surroundings of St. Paul, though the author is indebted in part to his imagination, is doubtless correct in its main features. But now, what a change! During the hundreds of years of Turkish misrule many of the fertile fields have become barren. The loaded fruit trees have been cut down. The Cydnus has formed for itself a new channel, and the old harbour, which was white with the sails of many nations, is now an unhealthy morass.

Yet we can always comfort ourselves with the thought that the great features of natural scenery remain substantially the same. Still Tarsus stands in the rich, alluvial land between the mountains and the sea, as in Paul's time. Still the foot-

hills of the Taurus afford good air and refreshment to the hot and weary dwellers in the city, and still the great mountains, snow-capped upon many of their heights, look down protectingly upon the city which, small and decadent to-day as compared with its former glory, will always be memorable in the history of civilization.

What most interests us concerning the cosmopolitan population of ancient Tarsus, is the Jewish settlement, for, beyond a doubt, there was in St. Paul's time a Jewish colony of considerable size in the city. Probably nearly two hundred years before Christ, a company of Jews was sent to Tarsus by Antiochus Epiphanes when he re-founded the city. Among these Jews were the ancestors of St. Paul, whose father, when the Romans succeeded the Seleucid kings, had become a Roman citizen.

Antiochus attempted to force Greek costumes and customs upon the Jews, and not without considerable success. Gymnasias were built, in which, according to the Greek fashion, the young athletes practised naked, a custom of which the Jews strongly disapproved, as promoting immodesty and impurity. He also tried to compel the Jews,

as well as the other citizens, to wear hats, and many young Jews fell in with the prevailing custom. This does not seem to us a heinous matter, but we must remember, what Ramsay has so well said, that "the hat has always been and still is an abomination to the true Asiatic. It is still the mark of a European in a Mohammedan land. The uneducated Turks call a European a 'Shapkali,' one with a hat. For Jews to wear the hat was to denationalize themselves." Still, with all the evils that Hellenic customs may have brought in their train, the character of the city undoubtedly widened Paul's vision, and made it more possible for him to become the Apostle to the Gentiles.

✓ An eminent writer has pointed out how strong an influence the early surroundings of St. Paul had upon his future life, when he tells us that the Tarsians were celebrated for the extremely modest dress of their women, who were always deeply veiled when they went abroad. "As Tarsian ladies walked in the streets, you could not see any part, either of their face or of their whole person, nor could they themselves see anything out of their path." In this respect they were different from



**The Falls of the Cydnus near Tarsus**

Photo Bonfils





the women of other cities which had been more thoroughly Hellenized.

These early impressions of his childhood doubtless account in part for his strict rules as laid down to the Corinthians about the veiling of their women. "Every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered dishonoureth her head." Again he says, "The woman ought to have authority upon her head," which should be translated, we are told, "The woman who has a veil on her head wears authority on her head."

In Oriental lands [it has been well said] the veil is the power and the honour and dignity of the woman; with the veil on her head she can go anywhere in security and profound respect; she is not seen. It is the mark of thoroughly bad manners to observe a veiled woman in the street. . . . A woman's authority and dignity vanish along with the all-covering veil that she discards.

That is the Oriental view which Paul learned in Tarsus.

It such a city could such surroundings the young

His mother taught him to pray with his face toward far-off Jerusalem. His hatred of idolatry was doubtless heightened by the fact that one of his first memories must have been when he was taught to stretch out his little hand and touch a small cylindrical, metal box beside the door of his father's house. When he had touched it he was expected to kiss his hand as a sign of respect to the great truths enshrined in that box, which began, "Hear, O Israel, God is one God." "Bible stories," we are told, "were his first nursery tales, and his first lessons were verses from Deuteronomy." This was undoubtedly one of those verses, adapted to the youthful mind:

"What does God require of me  
But to worship Him and walk in all His ways,  
To love and serve Him with all my heart and soul,  
And to keep the commandments of Moses,  
Which God commands me  
This day to keep for my good."

For the first four years his mother was his teacher,  
then at five his father was his chief instructor

impressions which remained with him and influenced him throughout every year of his long and eventful life. Here he learned the Bible and was taught to pray, and also, as he watched his parents, he learned the customs of the strict Jews and the reasons for their observance.

Doubtless the name Paul, by which he is known, was not given him at the time of his conversion, as many suppose, but was one of his familiar names in his boyhood's home. He was probably called Saul by members of his own family, after the first king of Israel, while Paul was the name by which he would be known by all except the Jews. Paulus, the name by which he calls himself in all his epistles, is a Roman name, and doubtless he intended it to be significant of the fact that he was a Roman citizen.

In addition to the Biblical studies to which we have already alluded, not a little of the time of Paul's boyhood was occupied in learning a trade, for, according to one of the eminent rabbis, "He that teacheth not his son a trade, does the same as if he taught him to be a thief." This fact does not argue that Paul was brought up in poverty. Doubtless his parents were comfortably off, and it



is supposed that his father's business related to the camel's-hair cloth used in making tents, which was one of the great sources of wealth in Cilicia. Nothing is more natural then, than that the young Paul, since his religion required him to learn a trade, would become proficient in the art of tent-making, using this same native material which was called, from the name of his native province, "Cilicium." Some suppose that Paul's parents were wealthy and that when he changed his religion, and became a follower of the despised Nazarene, he was disinherited, and that he alludes to this fact when he declares that for Christ's sake he "suffered the loss of all things."

Such were the surroundings of Paul's boyhood, and such were some of the influences and some of the men that helped to form his character.

We need not dwell upon the subsequent history of Tarsus, though if our space allowed it would be found to be not without interest. Here the Emperor Julian died and was buried. Here the Romans ruled for centuries, on the whole justly and wisely, but after their downfall a checkered career awaited Tarsus under Armenian, Arab, and

Turkoman rule, until it became a part of the empire of the Osmanli Turks.

Its history for a thousand years has been on the whole one of steady decline until, as we have seen, St. Paul's proud and patriotic words can no longer be used of his beloved birthplace.

## CHAPTER III

### JERUSALEM, THE UNIVERSITY CITY OF ST. PAUL

A Disappointing City—Its Past and Present—The Most Depressing Spot—The Via Dolorosa—The Jews' Wailing-place—Paul's Journey to Jerusalem—The City in his Day—His Great Teacher—His Studiousness—His School Days—His Subsequent Visits to Jerusalem.



PROBABLY no modern city is more disappointing to the expectant traveller than is Jerusalem. We think of it in its ancient glory. We picture to our imagination the magnificent temple with its golden roof, and the other great buildings of the Hill of Zion. We read of its being the *rendezvous* in Passover times of a million pilgrims, and we naturally think of it as an enormous city comparable to the London or New York of the present day.

In advance we imagine its Oriental setting of two thousand years ago, but, as we approach in a modern railway train, and climb the steep ascent which leads to the city, behind a puffing American engine, our illusions gradually disappear.

At last the guard calls out "Jerusalem!" and we disembark at the station a mile from the city, get into a rickety modern hack, which has evidently done duty in some more civilized community, and are bounced over the rough roads and the intolerable cobble stones within the gates, until at last we are landed at our modern hotel, so different from the khan of ancient times. Here our disillusion has only begun.

The city of which we read as accommodating a million guests on the feast days could hardly to-day entertain a thousand strangers within its walls, and, since a multitude of pilgrims come every year from Russia, and Italy, and France, and Germany, these nations have erected great hostels outside the walls for the accommodations of their pilgrims. But these buildings, fine and even magnificent as they are, take us, not back to the Jerusalem of two thousand years ago, but to the modern city where half a dozen great nations have built these hostels and hospitals in order to gain political and commercial advantage, while they patiently await the time when they can oust from his possession the Turk, who has so long held sway within the sacred city.

Within the walls the streets are narrow, and

often after a rain unspeakably dirty. It must be said, however, that in this respect Jerusalem is each year improving. On my first visit, twenty-five years ago, offal and filth of all kinds lined the roadways, and one was obliged to pick his way very carefully to avoid it. Though it cannot now be called a clean city, it is certainly upon the up grade from a sanitary point of view. Along the principal street, set into little alcoves, are scores of merchants with their tiny stock of wares, urging you to buy their boots and shoes, their oranges, their brilliant cloths, or their green vegetables, as the case may be.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the most depressing spot of all, for, though it may perhaps cover the site of the crucifixion and interment of our blessed Lord, it is so overlaid with the gaudy ornaments and the tinsel of various Christian churches, Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic, Armenian, and Coptic, which have contended for its possession, that almost all sense of sacredness and

When we go to the hill where the magnificent temple once stood, we find, not a Christian church but a Mohammedan mosque; a glorious mosque, it is true, with a resplendent dome covered with beautiful tiles, but alas, how different from the temple where the one true God was worshipped, and His name was unconnected with that of Mohammed the false prophet.

The Via Dolorosa with its fourteen stations, where He Who bore the cross for us halted on the way to Golgotha, touches the heartstrings of every Christian, even though the traditional stations are merely traditional, for he knows that somewhere along these roads He bore His cross, somewhere near the place where we stand that cross was erected and the Saviour of mankind was nailed thereon. This thought hallows the whole region and makes even the dark and dismal streets of modern Jerusalem glow with a light that never was on sea or land.

Perhaps the spot which best expresses the feelings of the modern traveller is that just outside the great stone wall, known as the Wailing Place of the Jews, where the devout Jews every day, but especially on Fridays, gather to recall the glories

of the past, and to mourn over the decadence of the present; where the leader cries out

    "For the palace that lies desolate,"  
and the people respond,

    "We sit in solitude and mourn."

Again the leader calls in this strange antiphonal service,

    "For the walls that are overthrown"  
and the people respond,

    "We sit in solitude and mourn."

Once more come the sad refrain and the response,

    "For our great men who lie dead,"

    "We sit in solitude and mourn."

But before the end of the service the thought rises from the minor key to a more joyous strain, and with the memory of the past glory of this wonderful city, and the brighter thought of the New Jerusalem of which it is the antetype, we may listen to the more joyous words of leader and people:

*Leader:* "Haste, haste, Redeemer of Zion!"

*Response:* "Speak to the heart of Jerusalem!"

*Leader:* "May the kingdom soon return to Zion!"

*Leader:* "May peace and joy abide with Zion!"

*Response:* "And the Branch of Jesse spring up at Jerusalem!"

"Amen!"

But we must not linger over our own impressions of the modern Jerusalem. Since so many travellers have faithfully and at length recorded their impressions it is the less necessary to do so. Let us, if possible, think away the decadent city of to-day, and imagine the more splendid metropolis of nineteen hundred years ago, as the boy Saul approached it to complete the education begun in Tarsus.

Jerusalem has been connected with scenes so much more important than the education of St. Paul, that his residence there is thrown into historic shadow. We think of Jerusalem as the scene of much of the lifework of the Great Apostle's greater Master. We think of it as the scene of the Last Supper, of the Agony in the Garden, of the betrayal and crucifixion and ascension of our Lord, and all other events connected with its varied and momentous history pale into insignificance. Nevertheless, were it not for these greater events, the



city would be famous in all the history of the Christian Church as the chief scene of St. Paul's education, and as the city which, through its traditions, and through its great men and eminent teachers, set its stamp forever upon the life of the Apostle.

Sometime in his early boyhood, Paul doubtless began his first journey to the city which was, and still is, the Mecca of every faithful Jew. It is a momentous time in the life of every boy when he first goes away from home, either to school or to begin a business career. But to the boy Paul it must have been of still more thrilling importance than to most, for he was going to be educated in the one city of all the world which could strike the deepest chord in the heart of the Jewish boy, and thrill his soul with thoughts unutterable. Doubtless his homesickness and sorrow at leaving the home of his father and mother were somewhat assuaged by the thought of the glorious city to which he was travelling, as well as by the incidents of the journey.

salem, we do not know. Probably, however, he took the latter route, accompanied by his father or some older friend. But whether he went by land, or much of the way by sea, he would have some weary days of plodding on foot or horseback, across the mountains and plains which separate the seashore from Jerusalem.

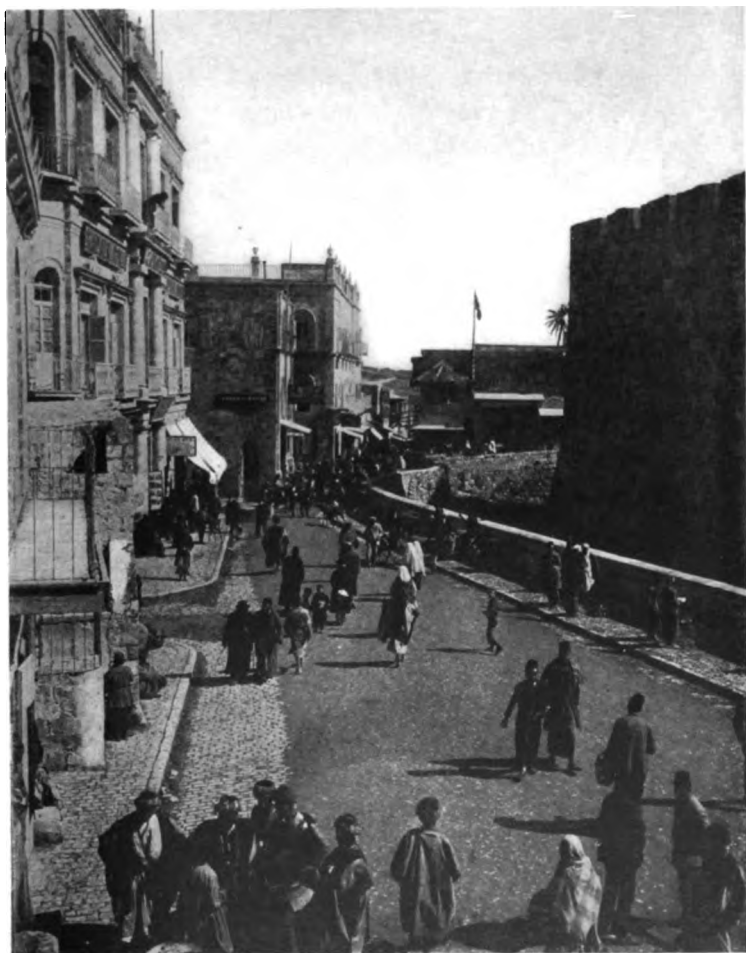
It is easy to imagine many details of this journey, for in most parts of Palestine and Asia Minor the means of locomotion are no faster or more commodious to-day than in the days of St. Paul. Indeed in some places the roads are far worse, for the Romans were great road-builders and bridge-builders as well, and many a Roman Emperor deserved better than the popes who have assumed the title, the name Pontifex Maximus, the greatest bridge-builder.

At night, the young Paul would assist his older companions in unstrapping the tent and its equipment from the back of the patient donkey, and would doubtless take a boy's delight in pitching the canvas, driving the pegs securely into the ground, and helping to prepare the evening meal in true gipsy picnic fashion. At most the little caravan would make about thirty miles a day.

Sometimes at night they would find a khan in which to sleep, a great building supported by arches, under which the horses and asses munched their hay, while sometimes above them would be a gallery with rooms opening out, within which the traveller might sleep.

But whether they found a resting place in a khan, or pitched their tent under the open skies, they would have to bring their own provisions and cook them for themselves, a process which doubtless delighted the heart of young Paul, for there are few boys that do not like such adventures. Many a night in the nearer East, after a hard day of travelling, have I found refuge in such a khan, and helped to prepare the evening meal, and have considered myself fortunate to find a khan, instead of a stuffy village guest room, filled with dirt and creeping things innumerable, which was often our only refuge.

How his young heart must have thrilled with enthusiasm as first he saw in the dim distance the walls and towers of Jerusalem! At length he could even make out the outlines of the temple itself, and other historic buildings, with which the teachings of his parents must have made him familiar



**David Street, just inside the Jaffa Gate at Jerusalem**



long before he actually saw them. And there was the Mount of Olives rising behind them all! Very likely the young lad and his companions sang as they entered the gates of the city, at least with their hearts if not with their voices:

Our feet stand within thy gates, O Jersualem!

. . . . .

"Oh pray for the peace of Jerusalem;  
They shall prosper that love thee."

At the time of the young Paul's advent in Jerusalem Palestine was thoroughly and completely under the control of the Romans. The cruel Herod was dead, but the supremacy of Rome, for which he had worked during his lifetime, was at last complete. The governor resided in the city of Cæsarea, we are told.

Soldiers were quartered there and at Jerusalem and throughout Judea, wherever the turbulence of the people made garrisons necessary. Centurions were in the country towns, soldiers on the banks of the Jordan. Roman money was current in the markets. Roman words were incorporated in the popular language; Roman buildings were conspicuous in all the towns.

The Jews, while they had not given up all hope of political independence, were inclined to submit to the Roman yoke, which indeed in some respects was easier and lighter to be borne than the sway of their own rulers under Roman suzerainty. But their law and their religion were still as precious to them as ever, and a Jew who gave these up was a renegade indeed.

In spite of the political despotism of Rome, learning flourished in Jerusalem. There were two rival schools when young Saul entered the city; one followed the teachings of Hillel, the other those of Shammai. The former, we are told, held the honour of tradition to be superior to the law; the latter despised the traditionists when they clashed with Moses. The school of Hillel was by far the more influential, and at this time the greatest teacher in this school was Gamaliel, the grandson of Hillel. He was one of the seven wise men who had been honoured by the Jews as their greatest teachers. The Talmud says, "Since Rabbi Gamaliel died the glory of the law has ceased."

Conybeare and Howson, whose life of St. Paul

but anecdotes are told of him which show that he was not trammelled by the narrow bigotry of the sect. He had no antipathy to the Greek learning; he rose above the prejudices of his party. Candour and wisdom seem to have been the chief features of his character, and this agrees with what we read of him in the Acts of the Apostles, that "he was had in reputation of all the people," and with his honest and intelligent argument when Peter and John were brought before the Sanhedrin.

Such in brief were the life and character of St. Paul's greatest teacher, and though Paul, according to Gamaliel's standard, became a heretic of the heretics, his teachings doubtless influenced the Apostle's early life, and perhaps his later life, more than those of any other man. The intellectual honesty of Gamaliel and his wide learning are reflected in his pupil, and doubtless influenced him to his dying day.

The method of teaching in those days was founded entirely upon the Scriptures. The chair of Gamaliel might be called in these days Old Testament Exegesis. Some passage of the then existing Bible, of the prophets, or of the historical works, was taken as a text, was commented on and



interpreted, while the students listened to their teachers, or freely asked questions if they desired. The method of teaching was not very different from that of the great philosophers of Athens, and consisted in free public discussions, which greatly promoted the intellectual activities of the people, even of those who were not directly connected with the schools.

We are told that St. Paul was "brought up at the feet of Gamaliel," and we can easily picture the scene, and the attitude of teacher and scholar. On a raised platform, doubtless, Gamaliel sat with pupils around him on the floor. Thus Paul literally sat at the feet of his great teacher and listened to his exposition of sacred things. That the young Paul was an apt and diligent student we may gather from his own words in his letter to the Galatians. "I advanced in the Jews' religion," he says, "beyond many of mine own age among my countrymen, being more exceedingly zealous for the traditions of my fathers."

must have been the customs and the traditions which were indelibly fixed upon his mind! He spent many Passover festivals in Jerusalem during his student days, and every year he could see men and women and children coming up by the hundreds of thousands, dressed in their very best, and with gifts in their hands.

At these times the ceremonial law of cleanliness must have been deeply impressed upon him, for every one who had been near a dead body, or an impure or loathsome disease, must come to the temple fourteen days before the festival, to be made clean, and to be allowed to mingle with the people in the temple courts. Even all gravestones must be whitewashed a month before the feast, in order that they might be so conspicuous that no pilgrim on his way to Jerusalem might touch them, and thus become unclean.

On the Passover evening, Paul doubtless brought his own little lamb which, at the moment between sunset and dark, when the silver trumpet sounded, was *killed*, with thousands of others that, like his,

and poured out at the foot of the great altar, but the blood of the Son of God, that cleanseth from all sin. But doubtless these Passover scenes fired his imagination and inspired the imagery of later days.

The young Paul's university days were not by any means the only ones that he spent in Jerusalem. At least six subsequent visits seem to be recorded in the Acts and in Galatians. He tells us in this epistle that after his conversion he spent three years in Arabia and Damascus and then returned to Jerusalem for a two weeks' visit with Peter and James. The imagination dwells on this meeting with delight. The persecutor who went out from Jerusalem returned to be persecuted; the hater of Christ to declare that he counted all things but refuse for His dear sake; the one who was exceedingly zealous for the traditions of the fathers to be far more zealous for the cause of Him Whom he had despised.

On another visit, as Luke tells us, he was intro-

Later we find him with Barnabas in the days of famine carrying relief to the brethren in Jerusalem.

Again at the Council of Jerusalem St. Paul had "no small dissension and questioning" with the Judaizers. A few years before, in the same city he had been the chief of the Judaizers; so vast a change had that scene on the Damascus road wrought in the heart of the fiery Apostle!

The Apostle's last visit to Jerusalem was the beginning of the end of his marvellous earthly career. Against the pleadings, and in spite of the tears, of his fellow disciples he went up to the city where so many great events in his life had occurred, feeling sure that once more it was his duty to go.

Here, as his friends feared, the Jews from Asia, who, as we shall later see, sought in city after city to kill him, stirred up a most violent hostility. He was rescued by the Prætorian Guard when he was about to be torn in pieces, and here, on the castle stairs, he made his magnificent speech, his grand apologia for his noble lifework. Here he declared his Roman citizenship, and hence the Chief Captain, Claudius Lysias, sent him with a strong guard to Cæsarea, to save him from the forty conspirators who had bound themselves

with an oath that they would neither eat nor drink until they had killed him. This was the intensely dramatic ending of his last visit to Jerusalem, his university city.

Even as he was defending himself in that last speech on the castle stairs, his mind harks back to his student days, as he says: "I am verily a Jew born in Tarsus a city of Cilicia, yet brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel, and taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers, and was zealous toward God as ye are this day."

## CHAPTER IV

### THE APOSTLE'S MOST MOMENTOUS JOURNEY

Paul's Emotions as he Set out for Damascus—What he Saw on the Way—Shechem and Jacob's Well—Jenin and its Squalid Surroundings—Samaria on its Beautiful Hilltop—The Plain of Esdraëlon—Snow-capped Hermon.



O journey was ever undertaken [says an eminent authority] on which so much interest is concentrated as this of St. Paul, from Jerusalem to Damascus. It is so critical a passage in the history of God's dealings with man, and we feel it to be so closely bound up with all our best knowledge and best happiness in this life, and with all our hopes for the world to come, that the mind is delighted to dwell upon it, and we are eager to learn or imagine all its details.

As we follow the headstrong young persecutor out of the city, we are inclined to wonder what his feelings and emotions may have been. Very likely he saw the spot where a little while before the

skies, and heard again the gentle words of forgiveness, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." He may have remembered also that in his dying moment Stephen called upon an Unseen One, saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

It was to persecute and imprison, and, if possible, to kill the followers of this same Jesus that Paul was now hurrying to Damascus at the head of his little cohort. Very likely the memory of the martyr and his words only inflamed still further his bitterness against the Nazarenes, and, as he travelled northward, and heard all along the way tales of Christ's marvellous works, heard how "He spake as never man spake," how He told stories which they called parables, about the lilies, and the birds of the air, and the work of the farmers, all these reminders of Him Whom the young zealot was persecuting through His disciples, would probably add fuel to the fire of his wrath.

Not long ago it was my privilege to journey over much of the same route that Paul took in this ever

then-known world, to proclaim everywhere the unsearchable riches of Him whose religion he then desired to blot off the face of the earth.

There were two or three routes by which Paul might have journeyed to Damascus, which is situated some hundred and thirty-five miles due north of Jerusalem. We do not certainly know his route, but the shortest and most natural way would have been not far from the road which now leads over the rugged ridge between the valley of the Jordan and the plains of the Mediterranean, past Nablous, as the ancient Shechem is now called, past the hill of Samaria, past the low mountains in which Nazareth nestles, and along the lower edge of the Sea of Galilee. Every mile of the early part of the journey teemed with memories of Him whom Paul was so soon to call his Lord and Master.

The recent journey to which I have alluded, in which I attempted to follow, so far as possible, in the footsteps of St. Paul, started from the Jaffa Gate, the chief entrance to the ancient city, or rather from the great breach in the wall near the Jaffa Gate, which was made a few years ago to



entrance to the city is a tall, ornamental clock-tower, built a few years ago by the Mohammedans in the modern Arabian style, on the top of the old gate-tower, making a strange contrast to the ancient massive tower of David on the other side of the street.

It may be interesting to note that, at the time of his visit, Emperor William II. wrote in the album of the German Protestant Church, which is shown to all visitors at Jerusalem, a text from one of Paul's letters to Timothy, which expressed the monarch's faith in Jesus Christ. "There is one mediator between God and man," under which in bold letters William II. signed his name, while the Empress Victoria over her name wrote another of St. Paul's confessions of faith, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, even Jesus Christ the righteous." Thus two of the world's rulers could find no better words to express their faith than those of the man whose journey we are about to follow, as he sets out to persecute the Christians and hale them to prison.

Hill after hill we climbed in long zigzags on the first day's journey, which took us from Jerusalem to Nablous. The first ten miles or so of the road

lies over a barren and rocky waste, but, as we looked back, we had many fine views of Jerusalem with its towers, its minarets, and its great hostels outside the walls. Even when the buildings of Jerusalem became blurred and indistinct in the distance, the Mount of Olives, crowned with its splendid Russian church and tower, stood out bold and distinct against the Syrian sky.

Doubtless Paul looked back more than once as he journeyed on, for Jerusalem was the centre of his world, and its buildings and natural surroundings were dearer to him than his own boyhood's home. His religion, his patriotism, the traditions of the elders which he revered, the teachings of his modern master, all centred in the Holy City, which was ever receding from his view, as unconsciously he made his way toward the spot where should occur the great crisis of his life. One of the last glimpses of Jerusalem which he would obtain was *the* traditional site where the parents of Jesus first *missed* their Son and turned back, sorrowfully *seeking* Him.

Very likely in Paul's time the country was less

many of the hills, which now are stripped of all vegetation. Even to-day the country is not wholly barren, however, for, after ten or twelve miles on this road, we came to a valley filled with olive trees, and lined with patches of fertile soil, of which the natives were making the very most. A few villages, too, could be descried, nearer or more remote, many of them composed of rude hovels of stone and mud, hardly distinguishable from the rocks around them. We were glad to learn from our Turkish guide that the best of these villages, the cleanest and most prosperous-looking of all, was a Christian village.

After a few miles of this oasis the trees largely disappeared, and again the country became unutterably sterile and barren. We lunched at an old khan, where one of the few springs in this region gushes out from among the rocks, and we could easily transport ourselves back to St. Paul's time, as we watched the Syrian women in bright garments, with water jars on their shoulders or goat skins under their arms, coming by twos and threes from all the country around, to fill them at the spring.

Thus we journeyed on over these historic roads,



**The Mosque of Omar which occupies the site of Solomon's Temple. The Altar of Sacrifice was on the great rock directly under the dome.  
This is the most beautiful mosque in Palestine**



Photo Bonfils

**One end of the "Street called Straight," in Damascus.  
Note the overhanging lattice window and the primitive street light**



every foot of the ground instinct with the memories dear to the heart of all Bible students, until, towards night, two symmetrical hills higher than most in their vicinity rose before us, and seemed at first sight to prevent our further progress. One of these was Gerizim and the other Ebal, the Mounts of Blessing and Cursing of Joshua's day, while nearby we saw a well that is of peculiar interest both to Jews and Gentiles, for not only is it the well dug by the father of the twelve tribes of Israel, but it is still more dear to the Christian's heart because on its ancient curb sat our Lord as He talked with the woman of Samaria. This is one of the best authenticated landmarks in all Palestine.

Shechem, or Nablous as it is now called, is still a very considerable city, and here live to-day the remnant of the interesting sect of the Samaritans, which has dwindled to barely 170 souls. They still have a high priest, observe their ancient ritual, and try to impress upon all who hear them or read their literature that Mount Gerizim is not only the most ancient place of worship of the true God, but the only place where he can be perfectly worshipped to-day.

Samaria is not far from Nablous. A beautiful terraced hill it is, where the tragedies of Ahab and Jezebel were enacted. Many olive trees dot this historic hill, and as one climbs the higher hills beyond and looks down upon it, it is one of the most charming sites in all Palestine. Here Ahab built his ivory palace, after the capital of Samaria was removed to this hilltop. No wonder he chose it for his capital for all about are fields green with sprouting grain; dull green olive orchards, and patches of red soil by way of contrast are seen, while the outlook from the Hill of Samaria in every direction is sublime.

On this hilltop the American excavators have within a few years been at work, and have unearthed what are believed to be the pillars of the palace of Ahab, overlaid as they are by many later Roman ruins. A fanatical Turkish village occupies a site on one side of the great hill, and near it was once a church built by the Crusaders in the twelfth century. Alas! The glory of the Crusaders' church is departed. Only a few ruins are left, while a little Moslem school is kept in one of its ancient aisles.

Tradition has been busy with this church, and

indeed with this whole region, and it is difficult to separate the true from the false. However eager we may be to believe, it is difficult to credit the story that, as we look through holes in the crypt into two tomb chambers, we are looking upon the last resting-place of the prophets Obadiah and Elisha. Such is the tradition, however, and of these facts we are solemnly assured by our eager guide.

It is more satisfactory to look off toward the east where we see a small bare hill crowned with a single big olive tree, near which nestles a little mud-coloured Turkish village, for this hill, we have every reason to believe, is Dothan, where Joseph found his brethren feeding their flocks, and was treated by them in so unbrotherly a manner. Here too Elisha prayed that the eyes of his servant might be opened that he might see the angel guards round about them, "and the Lord opened the eyes of the young man and he saw; and behold the mountain was full of horses, and chariots of fire



these days, on account of its "Hamburg-American Hotel," is the resting-place of many a traveller. Perhaps here St. Paul rested, in some village guest chamber or in a khan, if his eager spirit allowed him to rest before he had reached his journey's end and wreaked his vengeance upon the Christians.

Beyond Jenin our road lies across the Plain of Esdraëlon, a long, dreary stretch of fertile soil, where the wheels sank into the mud almost up to the hubs at every turn. At some seasons of the year the road is more passable even in these days, and possibly in St. Paul's time one of the splendid highways for which the Romans were famous may have made his journey easy all the way from Jerusalem to Damascus. But heavy and dreary as the road is to-day, the historic associations never failed to engage our eager attention. There is the hill of Jezreel where Saul was defeated by the Philistines, and the mountains of Gilboa in the distance, which David adjured in his lament over Saul and Jonathan:

of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil.

Beyond the Plain of Esdraëlon are the hills of Nazareth, and, as Paul gazed upon them, he may have gnashed his teeth in rage against the Son of Man, who was called a Nazarene.

El Fuleh is a large and exceedingly filthy Turkish village through which the railroad from Haifa to Damascus runs. A new railroad from Jerusalem here joins this line. This village is typical of the work which Turkish misrule can do. The pigs of an American farmer would be better housed than are most of the people of El Fuleh. At a distance the houses look like big beehives, and all of them are plastered with dung, drying for the fires which shall cook the noonday meal.

The railway which we here took for Damascus runs probably not far from the ancient road over which St. Paul would journey, and much of it runs through a wild and inhospitable country. At one point it skirts for a short distance the southern shore of the Sea of Galilee, and for many miles it follows the upper courses of the Jordan and its tributaries. Deep wadies or canyons cut

the landscape in many places. The road, sometimes for long distances skirts the edge of a promontory with a brawling stream tumbling over the rocks below. Here and there upon the hillsides one sees a few poor villages, or an occasional shepherd with his flock of goats or sheep, but much of the journey is through lands desolate and barren almost beyond description.

On a small scale the gorges of the river valleys resemble the canyons of Colorado and Arizona. The earth and rocks have been cut into curious shapes by the rains and rivers of the uncounted centuries.

One commanding feature of the landscape must have impressed the traveller to Damascus in the first century, as it does us of the twentieth; this is snow-capped Hermon, conspicuous for many miles before one reaches Damascus, and always the landmark of chief interest to every visitor to that ancient capital. Over nine thousand feet it towers above the plain. Its three peaks are always covered with snow, while the view from its top

St. Paul journeyed on his mission of destruction, it must have been before his eyes during long days of tedious travel. In serene majesty it looked down upon him when, at last, in the most memorable moment of his life, he was stricken to the earth, and rose, no longer Saul the Persecutor, but Paul the Apostle to the Gentiles.

## CHAPTER V

### DAMASCUS—THE SUPERB

Where Saul was Converted—Other Traditions of the Spot—  
St. Paul's Account of the Event—Ananias and his Kindly  
Deed—The Abana and Pharpar—The Railway to Mecca—  
What Paul Saw and what we See—The Lunatics of Damas-  
cus—Trolley Cars and Electric Lights—The Street Called  
Straight—The Houses of Judas, Ananias, and Naaman—The  
Window in the Wall.



**TRADITION**, ever anxious to fix the exact site of every great event in history, tells us that the awful vision which struck Paul blind, but at the same time opened his spiritual eyes, came to him at the spot now called Es-Sâlehiyeh, where the umbrageous gardens of the magnificent city of Damascus first break upon eyes that have been tortured by sterile mountains and thirsty plains, and half blinded by the overpowering Syrian sun. This view has always been famous and always will be,

oases in the world, smiling with brilliant flowers and luscious fruits, while gurgling streams of pure fresh water run through it in every direction, without being deeply moved.

Many other traditions cluster around this spot. Abraham is said to have rested here for the last time before entering the Promised Land. Here came Mohammed and, looking down upon the beautiful oasis and the magnificent city, then as now one of the oldest cities in the world, is said to have exclaimed: "I will go no farther; there can be but one Paradise for man, and mine shall be beyond the grave."

But far more important than any event which could have happened to Abraham or Mohammed, or any of the world's conquerors, who successively, from the earliest dawn of history to the days of the modern Turk, have ruled over Damascus, was the momentous occurrence which struck down the future Apostle only that he might in turn be up-raised to be Christ's most eminent disciple.

It is always interesting to hear a great man describe his own greatest experiences. This event

writers have thought it worth while, in the limited space of the New Testament, to record it no less than three times, once by St. Luke in the eleventh chapter of Acts, and twice by St. Paul himself in later chapters of the same book in defending himself from the unjust charges which the Jews had levelled against him. I can not do better than to quote a part of his own graphic description of the event which transformed not only his own life, but, it is fair to say, in some large measure the history of the world itself

And it came to pass [he says] that as I made my journey, and was come nigh unto Damascus, about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me, and I fell unto the ground and heard a voice saying unto me, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" And I answered, "Who art thou, Lord?" And He said unto me, "I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest." And they that were with me saw, indeed, the light, but they heard not the voice of Him that spake to me. And I said, "What shall I do, Lord?" And the Lord said unto me, "Arise, and go unto Damascus, and there it shall be told thee of all things which are appointed for thee to do."

He goes on to tell us how he was led by the hand and came into the house of Judas, where one

Ananias, a devout man according to the law, came to him and said, "Brother Saul, receive thy sight"; and, he adds, "the same hour I looked upon him."

It is interesting to note that this Ananias was not an eminent disciple, but a quiet and obscure member of the early church. He is never mentioned in any of Paul's epistles, but he was instrumental, as any humble Christian may be, in pointing an inquirer to the way of life. How little he knew what this blind man would do for the world and how much he would surpass his teacher! A lesson and encouragement is this story for every humble and devout Christian.

Let us follow St. Paul into the heart of Damascus, seeing things which, in his blindness, he could not see, but which, because of the unchanging customs of the East, are in many respects the same to-day as they were two thousand years ago. Mount Hermon is the same to-day as then, looking down from its serene snow-clad heights upon the busy city, which, throughout nearly five thousand years of recorded history, it has guarded. The Abana and the Pharpar still vivify the desert sands as they did when Abraham chose Eleazar of Damascus for his servant, and when Naaman, the Syrian



general, contemptuously said to Elisha, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

He might well have asked this question, for these crystal streams, gushing from an inexhaustible fountain at the foot of the Lebanon Mountains, are far more attractive as they tumble over the rocks in their early course, and sing their way along in innumerable streamlets through the great city, than the muddy waters of the Jordan, which is sometimes hemmed in by forbidding mountains and cruel cliffs, and sometimes flows sluggishly and tamely through the plains, as though exhausted by its exertions in its upper regions. Especially to the Abana, now called the Barada, is Damascus indebted for its continued vigour and ever youthful life through five millenniums.

The railway that connects Damascus with Haifa and Beyrout follows for miles this beautiful river, from the outlet of the gorge through which it runs, and where it is divided into seven branches. Two of these branches distribute the water into numerous conduits throughout the whole city, while the remaining five are used to irrigate the orchards so that, not only every house, but every plot of



**House of Ananias, Damascus**

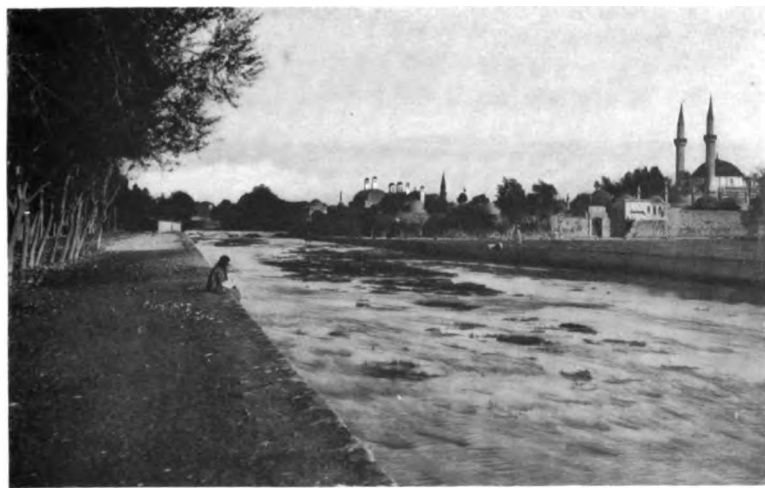


Photo Bonfils

**The Abana where it flows through Damascus**



ground is provided with this delicious life-giving water. As we follow up the river to its source, some twenty miles from the city, it grows ever smaller and smaller, but more and more picturesque, for the gorge through which it dashes narrows almost to a cleft in the rocks, but the railway never leaves the laughing streamlet lined with beautiful trees until we reach its very fountain head.

Paul, doubtless, approached the city from the other side, coming as he did from the southland, but on this side too, the Abana makes itself felt, and enriches miles and miles of the fertile soil, covered with a luxurious tangle of fruit and flowers, until at a considerable distance to the south of the city it loses itself in the so-called Meadow Lakes, and the parched wilderness again holds sway over all the land.

I have seen most of the really important cities of the world, and I can say without hesitation that few, if any of them, are more interesting than the metropolis into which we are following the blind Apostle. The road by which he entered the city cannot be far from the line of railway which connects Damascus and Mecca, which is chiefly of

importance as a route for Mohammedan pilgrims journeying to their most sacred shrine. By rail they can now make in eight days a journey which formerly took them two months, and the railway station for Mecca now stands very near the spot where Paul probably made his first entrance into the heart of the city.

i For some miles before this he had passed under the grateful shade of fragrant orange trees, great apricots, and spreading fig and pomegranate trees. A traveller, who visited Damascus more than a hundred years ago, tells us that fruit trees were then so numerous that those which died and were cut down were sufficient to supply the whole city with fuel. An umbrageous rim, more than three miles wide, all around the city, is still made by these fruit trees.

✓ What did Paul see in the first century of our era that we may see to-day, and what modern sights would be strange and perhaps incomprehensible to him? Doubtless he saw, as we see to-day, men and women and children hurrying through the streets, each intent upon his own little task, and occupied with his own little concerns. He would have seen all sorts of occupations going on before

his very eyes without entering any shop or factory for closer observation. He would see the barber shaving his customers on the street corner; he would see innumerable little cook shops where strips of lean meat with a piece of fat lamb's tail sandwiched between them, would be turning on spits over a hot fire of charcoal; he would see many a baker's shop with the thin dough pasted against the side of the mud stove, from which the flat cakes would be stripped when sufficiently baked.

Very likely he would hear some of the same street cries which we hear to-day though in a different language, for the Orientals have always been famous for their figures of speech and their flowery hyperboles in selling their wares. The merchant of wheat bread covered with butter and grape syrup, and sprinkled with sesame, calls out, "God is the nourisher, buy my bread!" Or perhaps he sings in a high falsetto, "Food for the swallows!" by which he would mean that it was delicate enough for the most charming girls.

To-day one often sees an Arab bending under the weight of a great two-handled jar, while in his hand he carries cups of brass, into which he pours from his jar lemonade or raisin water,

shouting at the same time, "Refresh thy heart; allay the heat!" Often one hears a water-carrier cry out, "Oh, thirsty one, the distribution!" which means that some benevolent individual has paid ✓ him for the licorice water, or the plain water, or the lemonade which his distended goatskin contains, in order that he may give it away to all applicants, and thus win heavenly merit for the donor.

Frequently one passes a fruit or vegetable vendor with a great load of cucumbers or turnips, or perhaps huge beets from which he cuts a slice for the purchaser, like a round of steak. This man very likely calls out, "O Father of a family, buy a loaf; many pounds of cucumbers for thirty paras." Perhaps the most far-fetched advertisement is the cry of the flower-sellers, who call out, "Salih hamatak!" which means "Appease your mother-in-law," that is, by presenting her with a bouquet.

Other sights and sounds, by no means so agreeable, meet the modern traveller, and doubtless those who journeyed through Damascus in Paul's time as well. Never have I seen more hideous

violent, are fastened with a heavy chain to a ring in the wall of some house or public building. There they sit upon the sidewalk day and night, covered, if at all, from the blistering rays of the sun or the dews of evening, by a little awning of ragged burlap, almost naked, gnashing their teeth, or perhaps with stupid, dull indifference in their eyes, depending upon the charity of the passers-by.

I offered one of these insane imbeciles a ten-para piece. He looked at it with stupid, unseeing eyes, and never attempted to take it from my hands, nor would he pick it up as I placed it by his side. The filth, and rags, and vermin in which he was clothed, if it could be said that he was clothed at all, were pitiable indeed.

At another time a wild lunatic with a small tree over his shoulder came rushing at me demanding "bakhshish," which I was very ready to give without any delay, for travellers are told that it is not safe to deny these roving madmen their demand for a small coin, which being granted, they usually go peacefully away.

All these sights were probably common in Paul's



his companions never dreamed. For instance, the three railways which connect the city with the outer world, one running to Haifa, under the shadow of Mount Carmel, another to Baalbec and Beyrout the great modern port of Damascus, and the third the pilgrim route to Mecca and Medina. More and more Damascus is becoming a modern railroad centre; it is even now connected with Aleppo, the chief city of Northern Syria, and, one of these days, will be on the route of the great line to Bagdad. Very soon one will be able to go all the way by rail from Jerusalem or even from Constantinople to this centre of modern as well as of ancient traffic.

Another sight which would certainly have amazed St. Paul and his companions is the clanging trolley car which rushes at break-neck speed through the streets, elbowing the patient donkeys and the stately, ragged camels out of the way at every turn. The ancient "ships of the desert," which have so long had the monopoly of the carrying trade of the Far East, seem still to look with

Electric lights, too, with which the city is fairly well supplied, would have opened the eyes of St. Paul's contemporaries in astonished wonder, and the great monument in the chief square of the city, which tells of the completion some years ago of telegraphic connection between Damascus and Mecca, would have suggested some of the modern marvels of electricity.

It is with peculiar interest that we to-day pass through the very "Street called Straight" in which Judas lived, the man who first took under his hospitable roof the blinded Apostle. A street still bears the name of "Straight Street," or "Rue Droit," as it is named on the French signs, and, in spite of Mark Twain, it deserves its name, for it is a long, and comparatively broad thoroughfare, which runs almost straight from west to east throughout the whole city. The bazaars on either side are among the most interesting of all in the city, while on streets near by, or leading off this main thoroughfare, are other attractive rows of shops, like the Sweetmeat Bazaar, the Fruit and

The modern Straight Street furnishes one of the few carriage roads in the city, and, compared with most, is clean and airy. This might perhaps be called "New Straight Street. It was built by Saladin we are told, and much of it is now covered in with a substantial roof. The old Straight Street of St. Paul's time runs nearly parallel with this new bazaar. Basil Matthews in his *Life of St. Paul* thus imagines what the Apostle saw after he left the house of Ananias, where he had received not only his natural, but his spiritual sight:

He found himself in the splendid colonnade of a great Roman street. He stood in the shadow of the covered footway and saw Roman chariots rattling over the broad, flagged, central way. The chariots were held up here and there by strings of camels coming in from the east gate—the "Ship of the Desert" rolling into the port of Damascus. Donkeys passed—each laden with a rick of withes for making baskets—till Saul could see only the long ears and the head of each ass peering out from the great arch of twigs. Looking down the great avenue with its rows of marble columns, between the footpaths and the central chariot way, he saw a triumphal arch spanning the street with triple ways beneath it.

Such may have been the Straight Street that Paul saw, but to-day it is very dull and unattractive as compared with New Straight Street. Its chief interest to us is that in this street is still pointed out—though we must take many of these traditions with a grain of salt—the house of Judas, to which the young convert was first taken, stunned and blind. This house is now a little mosque, and opposite is a fountain let into the wall, where Saul is said to have been baptized.

Not far away, in the Christian quarter of the city, is the house of Ananias, with the words "Ananiae Domus" over the door. It is now a Greek Catholic Church, far more neat and tidy than many such little churches. Down a flight of stairs we go, and find the traditional house of Ananias to be a cave-like grotto. On the walls are pictures of Ananias baptizing Paul by pouring the water over his head, while Judas stands near by.

The reputed house of Naaman is also in the Christian quarter, and is now appropriately enough in the midst of a leper settlement.

by far the most important and magnificent of all the two hundred and forty mosques in the city. On this site once stood a notable heathen temple, possibly that house of Rimmon in which Naaman asked the privilege of bowing down, though he would not worship the god. During the three centuries in which Christianity flourished in Damascus it became a magnificent Christian church, but when the Turks captured the city they transformed it into a mosque, and tried to blot out every sign of the Christian faith. Yet there remains to this day, on an ancient doorway, this motto:

Thy kingdom, O Christ, is a kingdom of all the ages,  
And Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations,

a prophecy which the vandal Turks can never make void.

The last spot which we can visit is the ancient wall through whose window it is said that St. Paul escaped. Here is his brief account of this adven-



**Damascus and the Great Omayyade Mosque in the foreground. One of the largest and most celebrated mosques in the world**





dow, in a basket, was I let down by the wall, and escaped his hands."

This short story comes at the end of Paul's account of his many tribulations, his stripes and imprisonments, his perils and his shipwrecks. It evidently made a deep impression upon him, for it was the first of many persecutions which should follow him until the end came. We looked with interest and reverence upon the ancient wall, which very likely was standing in the Apostle's time, and at the window from which it is possible, but by no means certain, that he was lowered in a basket. As we looked, we thought of our Lord's words, spoken at the time of his marvellous conversion, to Ananias, his humble instructor: "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake." This was the beginning of his sufferings, the real starting point of his first missionary journey to proclaim "the unsearchable riches of Christ."



## CHAPTER VI

### ANTIOCH IN SYRIA—THE BIRTHPLACE OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

St. Paul in the Desert University and in Tarsus—His Call to Antioch—Why Antioch Is of Interest to Christians—Its Port of Seleucia—The Magnificence of Antioch—Its Corruption—The Licentious Grove of Daphne—The Church in Antioch—The Derisive Name Given to the Disciples—The Beginning of Foreign Missions—Antioch To-day.



SO stirring and eventful was the later life of St. Paul, so intensely do his many biographers fix our attention upon certain great, outstanding events in his life, that we are apt to forget the long period of preparation and comparative obscurity which intervened between his conversion and his first missionary journey; yet a period of no less than ten or twelve years elapsed from the time of that wonderful scene on the road to Damascus and his life-giving interview with Ananias, before he was ready to start on the first of his three great missionary journeys.

In the meantime he had retired into Arabia for his three years' course of preparation in the Desert University with the Master Himself for his teacher. Then he had returned to his early home in Tarsus, and for four years had preached in different parts of Syria and Cilicia, enduring many tribulations, of which he writes so graphically in the eleventh chapter of Second Corinthians.

During these years of preparation and practice many Christians had settled in the great eastern capital of the Roman Empire called Antioch. It had become a strategic centre for the propagation of the Gospel. In God's good providence it was to become the birthplace of foreign missions. Realizing this in part at least, and understanding, though perhaps dimly, the importance of this city in relation to the spread of the Gospel, Barnabas, "departed to Tarsus, for to seek Saul. And when he had found him, he brought him unto Antioch. And it came to pass, that a whole year they assembled themselves with the church, and taught much people."

Little did they know what vast consequences hung upon this visit, or how God was to use the tent-maker, who had been working with his needle

in Tarsus and doubtless continued his humble occupation in Antioch, for the regeneration of the world. At this time Paul was by no means a young man. He was probably at least forty-five years of age. His youthful fire had been tempered already by many experiences glad and bitter, and yet his zeal for the Gospel was in no ways deadened by his years or experience.

It was only a day's sail, with a favouring wind, from Tarsus to Seleucia, the port of Antioch, which lay in all its corrupt splendour and magnificence sixteen miles from the sea, on the banks of the river Orontes, which was navigable to that point, and which made Antioch the commercial mistress of a very large section of the world.

It is said that the great mountains behind Tarsus could be seen on a clear day from the walls of Antioch, and that these mighty walls which in some places rose like small mountains around the city, could be seen from the heights around Tarsus, so huge were they.

Antioch will always be of interest to every Christian heart, for, next to Jerusalem and Nazareth and Galilee, it occupies the largest place in the Gospel story. The history of the city goes back

to the great world-conqueror, Alexander the Great. Upon his death, more than three hundred years before the birth of Christ, when his vast empire was divided up among his victorious generals, Syria and all the eastern provinces fell to Seleucus Nicator, after the Battle of the Kings at Issus. Seleucus founded the famous dynasty called after his name, which flourished for almost two centuries and a half. He is chiefly known as a great builder of cities, which, in order to perpetuate the memory of his family and friends, he named after relatives. He must have been a loyal son, for of the thirty-seven cities which he built, sixteen, or nearly one half, he named Antioch in honour of his father Antiochus.

One of the two is Antioch in Pisidia, far to the north of the Mediterranean, and not very remote from the present Constantinople. The other Antioch, and by far the most important city of its name, is the great emporium with which we have to do in this chapter.

Seleucia, the port of Antioch. was named after

of Revelation were written, was also built by Seleucus and named for his mother. Several other Laodiceas were also built by Seleucus, one of them near the Syrian Antioch. This city is now known as Latakia, and as our steamer anchored in her roadstead, our thoughts went out to the kingly builder of cities and his mother, who, through one of her namesake cities, has given such an opprobrious epithet to the English language, for a "Laodicean" of all men we regard with aversion and contempt, as being "too good for hell and not good enough for heaven."

In St. Paul's time Antioch, though it had lost its ancient glory as a centre of Grecian culture and civilization, was at the height of its power as a mighty Roman capital. It contained five hundred thousand people, and was the third largest city in the Roman Empire. It stood at the gateway of the East and the West. Through its port of Seleucia it could send its products to every part of the then-known world, even to far-off Britain.

from a glance at the map, at the point of the sharp angle which the Mediterranean makes, as it bends from east to south, its position seemed to predestine it to be a great metropolis. One can scarcely understand why at this day it has fallen into such utter desuetude and decay.

So much has been written about the ancient Antioch that we can easily depict it as St. Paul saw it on his first entrance to the city which was to mean so much to him and to Christianity. As he entered the seaport of Seleucia he found it one mighty fortress, comparable to Gibraltar or Sebastopol. A splendid road as well as a navigable river connected the port with the great city. As though the river and the road were not sufficient for the commerce of Antioch, a huge canal was cut from Seleucia to the capital through masses of solid rock. The tunnel through which the canal ran was nearly twenty-five feet in height, and in some places the rocky walls on either side towered to a height of one hundred and twenty feet above the water. This was one of the greatest engineering feats of antiquity. Moreover the protecting breakwaters, and the great dock cut out of the

solid rock at Seleucia, made the harbour the most famous in the world.

When Paul entered the city of Antioch there were doubtless many remains of the Greek Empire with its magnificent art and architecture, for from east to west one of the later kings of the Seleucian dynasty had laid out a splendid corso with double colonnades of marble which ran for five miles in a straight line through the very heart of the city. In wet weather people could walk from end to end under cover. Trees, flowers, and fountains, we are told, adorned the promenade, and poets sang of the beauty of the statue of Apollo, and of the Nymphæum erected near the river.

To avert the anger of the gods during a season of pestilence, Antiochus IV. ordered the sculptor Leios to hew Mount Silpius, which overlooked the city, into one vast statue of Charon the infernal ferryman. It frowned over the city and was named the Charonium. These things Paul doubtless saw, as well as the splendid theatres and aqueducts and baths which were added by the Roman conquerors shortly before his time. They had rebuilt the ancient wall, in some places to a height of fifty or sixty feet, surmounted by a hundred

huge towers, while on the top of the wall it is said that two chariots could drive abreast.

But Antioch was noted not so much for its magnificence as for its shameless corruption and immorality. The black picture is not overdrawn when we read that

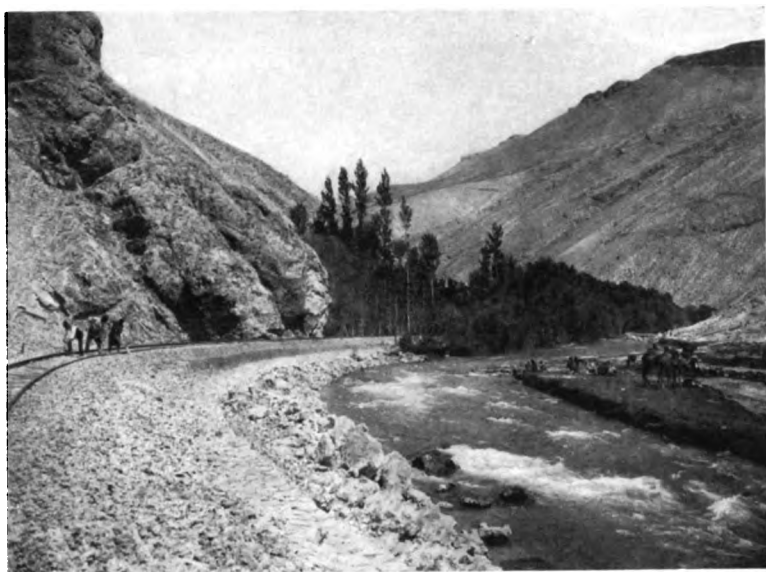
licentiousness, superstition, quackery, indecency, and every fierce and base passion were displayed by the populace. Their skill in coining scurrilous verses was notorious; their sordid, fickle, turbulent, and indolent ways rendered Antioch a byword for all that was wicked. . . . So infamous was the grove of Daphne, five miles out of the city, filled with shrines to Apollo, Venus, Isis, etc., and crowded with theatres, baths, taverns, and dancing saloons that soldiers detected there were punished and dismissed from the imperial service. Daphnic morals became a proverb. Juvenal could find no more forcible way of describing the pollutions of Rome than by saying "The Orontes has flowed into the Tiber."

Into this cesspool of moral filth came the great Apostle with his rigid morality, his strict sense of even the proprieties of life, and, above all, with the spiritual life and power which could transform night into day, and the filth of heathen superstition and corruption into the purity of Christian chastity.



Antioch, however, was not only famed for its vice and corruption and for its magnificent luxuriousness and splendour, for Cicero tells us that many poets had spent their younger days in Antioch. The great General Germanicus, the father of Caligula, died at Daphne near the city, and many an emperor had visited or lived in this famous metropolis. Better than all for the fame of Antioch, many obscure Christians found their way thither after the death of Stephen, and through their preaching a great number of the Greeks believed. It was because of this rapid growth of the Christian community that the church in Jerusalem sent Barnabas to Antioch to shepherd the flock, and he, finding that there was far more Christian work than he could accomplish, went to Tarsus and brought St. Paul thither as we have seen.

For a year they laboured together and built up a strong church of liberally minded Christians, who were glad to contribute of their means to the mother church in Jerusalem and to send the money by St. Paul himself. In later years, after the destruction of Jerusalem, Antioch became the true centre of Christianity. Here were held in



**The Abana near its source**



**Antioch as it looks to-day. The once magnificent city of 500,000 people, the Queen of the Mediterranean, the third city in the Roman Empire, has now shrunk to a little town of 28,000 people, and is dirty and dilapidated**



the third and fourth centuries no less than ten church councils, while in the later history of the church the Patriarch of Antioch ranked ahead of the bishops of Rome, Constantinople, Jerusalem, and even Alexandria.

In these days we care little for the church councils, or for the forgotten patriarchs of Antioch, but two events connected with the city stand out forever memorable in the history of the Christian Church. In this city the very name by which hundreds of millions are proud to designate themselves to-day was given to the followers of Christ, given probably in sport and derision in the first place, for the Antiochians were famous for their nicknames and their derisive jests. Their bitter tongues had a tang which made them notorious throughout the world, and hearing the disciples speak so much about the Christ, they could think of no better title to give them than that of Christians.

That this name was undoubtedly given by the  
heathen people of Antioch is shown by the fact

them contemptuously the "Nazarenes," remembering their tradition that "no good thing could come out of Nazareth." But despite the irony and insolence of heathen Antioch, no better name could possibly have been chosen for the followers of the new faith.

The other event which has made Antioch forever famous is that this was the city from which Paul and Barnabas started on their first missionary journey, and it thus became the birthplace of Christian missions throughout the world. To Antioch the Apostles returned at the end of their first journey; again they set out from the same city for their second and third journeys, which were destined to carry the glad tidings to remote parts of Asia, to far off Europe, and even to Rome itself.

How are the mighty fallen! The proud city, with its half million inhabitants, has dwindled to a little town of twenty-eight thousand people, only four thousand of whom are Christians, mostly belonging to the Greek Church. There are very few Protestants, though a vigorous mission is sustained here. The Antioch of to-day spreads itself thinly over less than one-tenth of the area of the ancient city. Its trade, which formerly sent

caravans to Babylon, Persia, and India on one side, and its ships to Alexandria, to Rome, to Spain, and even to Great Britain on the other, has dwindled to an insignificant business in licorice, corn, and soap. A few steamers come to the ancient roadstead, bringing the few goods for which the inhabitants can pay, and taking away their scanty products; but much of the time cholera or other diseases quarantine the world against the poor little town.

Nevertheless there are some things of interest even to-day in Antioch. Some fine columns remind one of its ancient glory; also beautifully carved sarcophagi, one of which, from its inscription and the face carved upon one end, doubtless contained the body of a splendid athlete of the second century. There is a statue, too, recently discovered, of an orator or poet, which reminds us of the intellectual activity of the ancient city.

The most interesting remains of old Antioch lie upon the southern slope of Mt. Silpius, the hill which was once covered and crowned by the ancient city. We can still follow the historic wall, and marvel at its vast length and thickness. It takes five hours to walk around it, and in many

parts it is ten and one-half feet thick. In some places it is only four or five times the height of a man, while on the top of the mountain seven men standing upon each other's shoulders could scarcely touch the top of it. Where the wall crosses a deep ravine it is no less than sixty feet high.

On the return to the city from the journey around the wall one sees the battered remains of the rock-relief of which I have already spoken, the head of which is more than fourteen feet high. The tooth of time has done its work on this huge rock statue, but its outlines can still be traced. In returning one may enter the city by the site of St. Paul's Gate, for in after centuries one of the gates of the city was named for the obscure tent-maker, who at the call of Barnabas made his way within the walls of the ancient capital nearly nineteen hundred years ago.

We ought not to leave Antioch without visiting the site of ancient Daphne. Here a number of little waterfalls tumble down the mountain side

ruins of an aqueduct, some stone sarcophagi partly unearthed in the ancient burying ground, and a deep grotto which is thought to have been dedicated to Hecate. Here, too, are a few descendants of the cypresses and laurels which made Daphne famous, but its ancient glory and beauty have forever departed, and with it, we may believe, have departed the grossest forms of the licentious worship of old, a worship which can never again blast the earth, since it has been forever supplanted by the simple faith and pure doctrine preached by St. Paul and his companions, both in Antioch and throughout the world.



## CHAPTER VII

### ANTIOCH IN PISIDIA, WHERE ST. PAUL MADE HIS FIRST RECORDED SPEECH

The Many Antiochs—How we Reach Antioch To-day—Scenes by the Way—The Anatolian Railway—Afion Kara Hissar, the Picturesque—How St. Paul Reached Antioch in Pisidia—Antioch as it Was and as it Is—St. Paul's First Speech and its Results—Driven out of the City.



THE city where St. Paul made his first recorded public address is of special interest, for this was an epoch-making speech. It sounded the keynote of all Paul's ministry. It attracted vast numbers of people to the synagogue where it was delivered. It aroused tremendous enthusiasm, and at the same time provoked unbounded antagonism. It opened the door of the Gospel to the Gentiles, and for that reason alone it would be of supreme interest to every Christian.

This city of Paul's first speech was Antioch in Pisidia. It is important to designate the city by

have already seen, no less than sixteen cities for his father, Antiochus. The name Antioch, however, is not repeated in ancient geography as often as many names recur in modern geography. There is, for instance, a Washington in almost every State in the Union, and no postmaster would be wise enough to know where a letter addressed simply to Newton should go, unless the State was also added to the address.

It is interesting, by the way, to note that the name Newton was as popular in the ancient geographies as in the modern, only it was called Neapolis, or New Town, in those days. There was a Neapolis through which St. Paul passed on this very journey, some twenty miles from Antioch; another Neapolis on the coast of Macedonia, where he landed on his way to Philippi on a later journey, and the great modern city of Naples is but another New Town or New City, spelled a little differently.

The modern traveller in visiting the city of Antioch would be likely to start from Constantinople. He will take the steam ferry at the bustling Galata Bridge, perhaps the most famous and the most crowded bridge in all the world. He will land at Haidar Pasha after a half hour's sail,

where he will take a very comfortable train on the Anatolian Railway, which is built and equipped in first-class German style.

For fifty miles the road winds beside the beautiful Sea of Marmora, affording charming glimpses of mountain and ocean, of peaceful bay and bold, surf-washed headlands. At Ismid the road begins to rise and great granite mountains, snow-covered through much of the year, come into view. Through stern, rocky, barren defiles the railroad winds its way, occasionally skirting a small village with adobe houses, usually surrounded by groves of olives and mulberries and vineyards. The silk-worm is a chief source of the little wealth of this region, and the thousands of acres of mulberry trees furnish the worms with food.

At some stations one sees small boys with long poles on which are strung big round rings of bread covered with seeds. At others the boys who purvey eatables for passengers carry apples, not in a basket however, but strung like big beads on a long cord. The station of Arafîé is near a great lake, and here are men and boys with large pickerel for sale, which the third-class passengers eagerly buy to take home.

After a long day's ride we reach Eski-Shehr, a place of considerable importance, and one which every traveller is likely to remember, for here he must spend the night, since few if any trains in Asia Minor travel in the nighttime, but tie up at some convenient station and wait for daybreak before resuming the journey. Here we are besought by native vendors to buy meerschaum pipes and beads and trinkets of all kinds, for the chief source of supply of meerschaum clay for all the world is found near by.

Bright and early the next morning, before it is fairly light, we are off once more. Every moment is full of interest, since our surroundings are so novel and the route so untravelled. Our fellow-travellers themselves are objects of unfailing interest; their brilliant sashes and turbans add a touch of colour to the greyiness of the winter day. Their gaily embroidered saddle-bags, now so much sought in America by rug fanciers, their baggy blue trousers, and the bright embroidered handkerchiefs wound around the fezes of the young dandies, all remind us that we are far from the Occidental lines of travel.

Our train stops at every station some fifteen

or twenty minutes, and gives us ample time to stroll about on the platform and watch our companions of the rail. The stations are well built and substantial, and at every one is a fountain with running water, for the Turk always likes to drink and wash in running water, even though it runs only from a spigot. At the stations a stam-pede is always made for the fountain by the third-class passengers, with brown water jars or old kerosene cans, which they fill and take back to their comrades on the train.

Eski-Shehr is well up among the mountains, some three thousand feet above the sea, and from now on, for many days, in following St. Paul across Asia Minor, we find ourselves on a great elevated tableland, a huge and lofty prairie, lying from three thousand to five thousand feet above sea level.

Now, indeed, we are in the land of the classics. This is the very route that Cyrus the younger followed with his great army, four hundred years before Christ, in the expedition of which Xenophon tells us. At the town of Chai where we arrive at noon on the second day, the army of Cyrus mutinied, and halted for five days, demanding an in-

crease of pay. Thus we see that strikes and quarrels over wages are not altogether things of modern invention. Near here, too, was fought a great battle a hundred years later, when Seleucus I., the founder of Antioch, and the mighty ruler of all this region, defeated Antigonos, the one-eyed general of Cappadocia.

Shortly before reaching Chai the train makes a long halt at Afion Kara Hissar, the most interesting town on the route, and in some respects one of the most picturesque towns in the world, for in the very centre of the town there rises a mighty monument of stone, a symmetrical granite mountain eight hundred feet high. On the top of this acropolis a Byzantine fortress was built, which seemed in the olden days to make the town absolutely impregnable.

About the middle of the afternoon of this second day we reach Ak-Shehr. This city was for a long time supposed to be the ancient Antioch for which we are bound, but later explorers have found that beyond a question, Ak-Shehr is not Antioch, but the equally ancient city Philomenion. Here we must leave the railway, and proceed by a tolerably good waggon road, which is, however, frequently

impassable in mid-winter, to Antioch, the city of Paul's first recorded speech.

Before we view its scanty ruins, however, let us follow for a few minutes St. Paul's route on his first journey to Antioch. He had sailed from the port of the more famous Antioch, in Syria, and after various adventures in Cyprus, he came to Perga on the Mediterranean coast. He did not stay long in this fever-stricken city, though long enough, as some commentators suppose, to contract the malarious disease for which it had so evil a reputation. It was probably in the month of May that he reached Perga, and here a sad disappointment awaited him, for his trusty and beloved disciple, John Mark, refused to go any farther.

Paul evidently charged this refusal to cowardice, or at least to incompetency, though Barnabas, his stalwart companion, took a more charitable view of his young nephew. But Mark would go no farther, and was unmoved by Paul's upbraidings or the entreaties of Barnabas, and the two older men took their journey as soon as possible from the hot, marshy plains of Perga, over the rugged mountains, from which they could look back on the



Photo Bonfils

**Seleucia, the Port of Antioch. This was once a magnificent seaport carrying the commerce of the world to and from Antioch**







tropical plain so beautiful from a distance as it skirted the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

We can imagine the sick and wayworn traveller sustained by the strong arm of his companion, as they toiled on day after day, up the steep mountain side, through the narrow gorges, and at last across the great central plain part of which we have already crossed in our journey from Constantinople, until they came to the important Roman city, as it then was, of Antioch. It stood upon a hillside and was strongly fortified, with low gateways in its walls to admit the incoming travellers.

Then it was a city with fine white marble buildings, an immense theatre, a temple to the moon, a marble shrine to Bacchus, and other public buildings that marked it as the capital and most important city of all that region. To-day only a few scattered fragments of its ancient glory are seen, some huge foundation stones, the fragment of a splendid aqueduct, and some rock cuttings which are supposed to be the sanctuary of the chief god

a fragment remains, around which centres the chief interest of the city to-day. The modern town of Yalovach lies near the site of the ancient city, and, like most Turkish towns, it gives evidence of the sad degeneracy of modern times in its architecture and general squalor. To-day there is probably not a Jew in the town of Yalovach, but in Paul's time a large and influential colony of Jews was found in Antioch, and the synagogue, their house of worship, was that one building to which we have referred. Though no least stone of the building can be found, it is yet of supreme interest to the Christian traveller.

Here the great Apostle came on his first Saturday in Antioch. It was the Jewish Sabbath, and not only had the Jews assembled for their weekly worship, but also many of the Gentile residents of Antioch, who had become converts to Judaism. The ruler of the synagogue read the lesson of the day, which was probably from the first chapter of Isaiah. The stately words had re-echoed through the synagogue: Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth, for Jehovah hath spoken. . . . Come now, and let us reason together, saith Jehovah; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white

as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Then he laid aside the book, and seeing the two distinguished strangers, of whom he had doubtless heard in advance, he said to them, "Brethren, if ye have any word of exhortation to the people, say on."

Paul was not slow to accept the invitation. Then began his memorable address, the first of which we have any report, recorded by Luke in Acts. xiii. We shall perhaps read it with new interest when we think of its setting in the synagogue of that heathen city of Antioch. We notice that it seems like an echo of the address of Stephen the martyr, that speech that Paul probably heard in a synagogue in Jerusalem. Paul, like Stephen, rehearsed the story of the Israelites only to lead up to the proclamation of Jesus as Messiah and Saviour.

We notice, too, with peculiar interest, that in Paul's first words he couples the believing Gentiles with the Jews. "Men of Israel, and ye that fear God," he says; and then a little later, in the fervour of his eloquence, he draws still closer to the Gentile converts. He calls them brethren, and couples

them with the Jews in the very same breath. "Brethren," he says, "children of the stock of Abraham, and those among you who fear God, to us [not to the Jews only but to all of you who hear me] is the word of this salvation sent forth."

Probably this was the first time in all history that a Jew ever called a Gentile "brother," and placed him on the same exalted platform with the stock of Abraham. Then he goes on to preach to them all, Jews and Gentiles alike, of Christ and Him crucified: Christ the fulfilment of ancient prophecy; Jesus the Son of David; Christ the Son of God; Christ the Risen One, Christ the Saviour of sinners and the atonement for sin.

It was an amazing speech. It was apparently so unexpected that the rulers of the synagogue knew not what to do, but the people desired to hear more of this matter, and asked the Apostles to speak again on the next Sabbath. A week passed, and with every day the excitement grew more intense, so that on the following Saturday "almost the whole city" was gathered to hear the word of God.

wily Jewish leaders, always ready to stir up opposition against the new religion, found influential allies among the chief women of the city who had become Jewish "proselytes of the gate," while their husbands, the magistrates, probably remained attached to their heathen worship. With the help of these influential allies the Jewish rulers not only contradicted Paul and Barnabas, and blasphemed, but, after some months, they stirred up such persecution that at last they were able to cast them out of the very borders of their city.

We can easily imagine them as they departed, dejected perhaps and dispirited, apparently defeated in the city where at first everything looked so propitious. As they turned back to look upon the city they were leaving they remembered the words of their Lord, and taking off their sandals, they shook out the dust that had collected in them as they journeyed, as a sign not only of man's disappointment but of God's disapproval.

Their six months' stay in Antioch, however, had not been in vain, for many Gentiles heard the glad tidings and glorified the word of God. A door, wide and effectual, had been opened to the Gentiles not only of Antioch but of all the world. Hence-

forth they were to be considered by Christians not as aliens and outcasts, but brethren, as Paul called them. "The word of the Lord was spread abroad throughout all the region," and not only throughout the region of Antioch, but, starting from Antioch, throughout all the Gentile world. Perhaps some such thoughts as these cheered the noble Christian warriors, as they turned their backs on Antioch and their faces toward Iconium, whither we shall follow them in our next chapter.

## CHAPTER VIII

### ICONIUM, THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD

The Road from Antioch to Iconium—The Great Upland Plateau of Asia Minor—Konia and its Surroundings—How it Got its Name—Konia's Golden Age—The Whirling Dervishes and their Religion—Their Beautiful Mosques—Why they Whirl—Christian Work in Konia—How Paul and Barnabas were Treated in Iconium.



WE now follow the great Apostle from the Pisidian Antioch where he had been so hardly treated, to the city which Sir William Ramsay calls the oldest city in the world, the city of Iconium, or Konia as it is called to-day. In this journey we are following St. Paul from persecution to persecution, from tribulations to still greater tribulations, yet we can hear him say with undaunted courage and cheerful voice, "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice."

The road which the Apostle must have taken



at Ak Shehir, which we left at this point in order to visit Antioch, we proceed in a south-easterly direction until we come to the modern town of Konia, which, unlike most of the cities of St. Paul, is perhaps of as much importance to-day as in the Apostle's time.

After crossing the mountains in the neighbourhood of Antioch we come at once to the borders of the great central tableland which, as before remarked, averages more than three thousand feet above the sea, and is such a marked feature of Asia Minor. On a small scale it is not unlike the great central plateau of North America, which embraces Western Kansas and Western Nebraska, much of Colorado, as far as to the Rocky Mountains. South Africa, too, contains such a vast prairie upland, elevated some thousands of feet above the sea, and embracing the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony.

In reaching our own great central plateau from the east the rise is so gradual that one scarcely knows that he is going uphill until he finds himself nearly a mile high under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. Not so, however, is the traveller beguiled who journeys to the central plain of Asia

Minor. A rough, steep mountain road leads him from any part of the coast to the crest of the mountain ranges that almost completely surround Asia Minor, and encircle like a mighty fortress the vast plain that lies between them.

On a clear day one can see the minarets of Konia from the mountain heights thirty miles away, and between him and his destination stretches a level prairie, snow-covered in winter, but smiling in the spring and summer with an almost tropical vegetation.

From time immemorial this plain has been noted for its fertility, and, wherever water can be obtained, it becomes as a garden of the gods. But water is scarce in the plain of Konia, and especially in these days of broken aqueducts and ancient disused wells, and not until one comes within some five miles of Konia where the streams from the Lystrian hills irrigate the soil, does the unusual fertility of the country display itself. But for miles in a great circle about the modern city the gardens and vineyards, the fruit trees of various

the traveller, and I know of no city in all Asia Minor which has left a more abiding impression upon my mind than the one which we are now approaching, as we follow in the footsteps of Paul and Barnabas. Our visit, to be sure, was in mid-winter. The snow was still piled high in some of the side streets, the wind blew shrilly and gustily through the narrow alleys, but a day or two of warm sunshine contended with the north wind for the mastery, and changed the whole aspect of things even in this forbidding season.

I have already spoken of Iconium as the oldest city in the world, on the authority of Sir William Ramsay the great archæologist, who has done more to elucidate Pauline geography than any other man. He acknowledges that Damascus rivals Konia in antiquity, but the story of both cities goes back before the dawn of recorded history.

The city derived its name from the *Eikones* or images of mud which, according to the ancient legend of the place, were made by Prometheus and Athena at the command of Jupiter, who caused the winds to blow upon the eikones and they became living men and women. According to this legend Iconium was the first place settled



**The Wood Bazar in Konia, with the governor's "palace" in the rear**



**The chief mosque of the Whirling Dervishes in Iconium**



after the flood, but the traditions of the place go back even beyond that time to the days of King Nannakos, who was told by the oracle that when he died there should come a great flood in which all men should perish. Thereupon he called all the people together to a great temple and cried so bitterly and with such an outburst of tears, in which his Phrygian subjects joined, that we are told that "the weeping in the time of Nannakos" became a proverb even among the Greeks of later days.

The Golden Age of Iconium, however, both commercially and politically was not in the time of Nannakos, or even of St. Paul, but many hundreds of years later, when the Seljukian Turks, in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, made Konia the capital of the splendid empire of Roum. "The city was then so magnificent," it is said, "with beautiful buildings, palaces, mosques, and mausolea, that the proverb arose and lasted long among the Turks, 'See all the world, see Konia.'"

The Seljukian mosques retain much of their ancient glory to the present day. Indeed I saw nothing of comparatively modern interest in all Asia Minor that equalled these splendid temples of

the Seljukian dynasty. The greatest mosque of all is that of the Mevlevi Dervishes which contains the tomb of Hazret Mevalana, the founder of this curious order of Mohammedans usually called the Whirling Dervishes. This great mosque is decorated without and within in the most lavish fashion. The pattern of the mosaic work is marvellous in its intricacy and beauty. The mosque is hung with magnificent rugs and scores of beautiful lamps in silver and brass, while the tombs of the dervishes, who are honoured with a resting-place beneath the great dome, are covered with costly cloths embroidered in a most elaborate and eccentric fashion. The tomb of the founder of the order is especially dazzling in its magnificence. It is covered with shining cloth which looks like a pall of solid gold, and, as Hazret is buried standing up, it is of a peculiar shape for a sarcophagus.

This order of Moslems is of special interest to us because of their approach to the religion of Jesus; indeed they are frequently called "The Protestants of Mohammedanism." Their mosques are covered with tiles of Christian blue rather

And yet, as I have said, these are the Whirling Dervishes, and this is the spot where they originated and from which they have spread throughout the Mohammedan world.

We are apt to look upon these Whirlers and Howlers as the most absurd of religionists, yet if we look into their history we find that a spiritual idea underlies their strange practices. Their founder read in the Bible about David dancing before the Lord. He was a great admirer of the Psalms of David. He thought there must be some connection between the physical and spiritual exercises of the poet king, so he and his followers began to dance or whirl, all the time shouting "Allah, Allah, Allah," until, physically exhausted, though wrapt as they believed in spiritual ecstasy, they could whirl and shout no longer.

Curious crowds of non-Mohammedans in Constantinople, and Smyrna, and other large places, watch the Whirling Dervishes with a derisive smile on their faces and contempt in their hearts, but as I have seen them in the quiet of their own sanctuary, with no gaping crowds looking on, the exercise has seemed to me as serious as a prayer meeting, for the solemn faces of the dervishes



indicated that, to them at least, it was no laughing matter but an act of religious worship.

As I went into the courtyard of the mosque of these strange devotees, the first sight that caught my eye, aside from the splendid minarets and domes of the mosque, was a beautiful fountain from which gushed the pure water for which Konia is famous. Here a solemn dervish, wearing a tall, grey sugar-loaf hat without a brim, and clad in a long grey robe, took charge of us, and conducted us through the mosque. Moreover he was no ordinary dervish, but a descendant of the Prophet himself, as the green band around his tall hat declared. Within he showed us, not only the beautiful rugs and lamps and marble chairs and the magnificent tombs, the head of each one of which was crowned with a marble fez, but, most precious of all, a rug from Mecca that he told us had belonged to Mohammed himself.

But more interesting to the Christian than these magnificent relics of a decadent civilization are the institutions which promulgate the doctrines and carry out the teachings of St. Paul, who has made Konia more famous than all the dervishes and kings who called it their home. Here is "The

Apostolic Institute," a flourishing school for Armenian boys, to which even the Turks are not averse to sending their sons. This was founded by a Protestant Armenian, Jenanyan by name, and is carried on to-day by another scholarly Armenian, a graduate of Yale, who, with his able corps of teachers, perpetuates the memory and the teachings of the great Apostle in the Apostolic Institute.

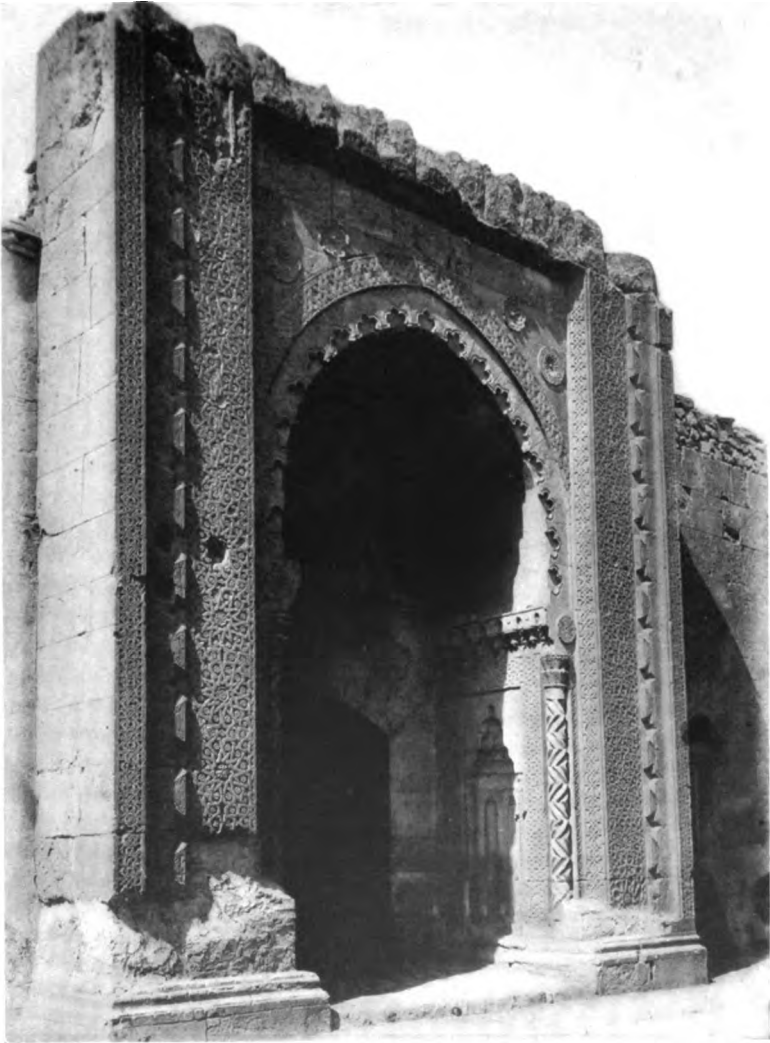
Here in Konia, too, has lately been established an American Christian hospital and dispensary, under the charge of Drs. Dodd and Post, two noble, self-sacrificing missionaries. On a fine site containing eleven acres they have recently erected a monument to American Christian enterprise in the shape of a large and well equipped hospital building to take the place of the hired house formerly used.

Besides the Protestant schools and hospital there are Armenian Greek Catholic, and Roman Catholic churches and schools, and Konia is one of the few places in Asia Minor where the worship of Christ has never been entirely discarded.

Such is the city to which St. Paul journeyed

Antioch. The great Mevlevi mosques, whose minarets dot the city in every direction, were not there then, it is true. The wall which surrounded the city was of Roman construction, and not of the Seljukian period, as the one that we now see. But in many respects, the objects that greeted St. Paul's eyes were little different from those which the modern traveller sees.

Then as now the twin peaks of St. Philip and St. Thekla, which rise straight out of the plain, kept guard over the city to the westward. Then as now the soft-footed camels plodded their way slowly and majestically through the narrow streets and knelt in the Woodmarket to unload their heavy burden of logs and fagots, which they had brought from the mountains. Then as now the traders ~~at~~ the little booths in the bazaar, under the brown awnings, sat cross-legged before their small stock of wares, inviting the passer-by to stop and purchase. Few of the notable features of the street life have greatly changed, for in the slow-moving East customs and costumes and manners remain the same from generation to generation.



**A beautiful doorway of an old Mohammedan college in Konia**



in which the willing ears of the people were eagerly lent to these new doctrines, was followed by a period of coldness, distrust, persecution, and final banishment. The character of the city, however, and hence the character of the opposition to the Apostles, was different from that of Antioch.

Antioch was a free Roman city, and the upper classes, the nobility and the rulers, were those who were especially incensed against St. Paul, and finally compassed his banishment. Iconium was a Hellenic city, with no Roman hierarchy, but the unbelieving Jews, who were always the Apostle's chief opponents, stirred up the rabble to perform for them the same work which had been accomplished by the rulers of Antioch.

However it was not until the Apostles had lived for a long time in Iconium that the hostile Jews aroused the mob against them. "There they abode, speaking boldly in the Lord, which gave testimony unto the word of His grace, and granted signs and wonders to be done by their hands." So effective had been their preaching that the

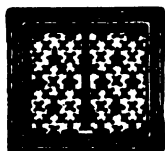
assault was about to be made, and they knew that they were to be stoned and "used despitely," they took counsel of prudence and common sense, knowing that their mission was not yet fulfilled, and fled to Lystra some seven hours farther toward the west.

Their banishment from Iconium was not a permanent one. In the same chapter of the Acts we read how they returned again into Iconium, where they found that their work had not been in vain, for they confirmed the souls of the disciples, exhorting them to continue in the faith, and "that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." These brave Apostles knew full well the meaning of these words. Driven out of Antioch, driven out of Iconium, they fled to Lystra where they received as we shall see a persecution more savage, and tribulations still more severe. Yet whether in Antioch, or Iconium, or Lystra, or Derbe, or "in the region that lieth round about," they had but one mission and one message, for there and everywhere, as the simple, unadorned, but tremendously effective account of St. Luke records, "they preached the Gospel."

## CHAPTER 1X

### LYSTRA—THE FICKLE

Our Journey to Lystra—Leaving Konia—Arabas and Evil Eye Beads—Beautiful Scenery—A Halt at a Khan for Lunch—As the Country Looked in St. Paul's Time—The Travellers we Met—Our Inhospitable Reception—A Missionary Doctor and the Change he Wrought—Finding the Ruins—The Reception of Paul and Barnabas—A Dramatic Story.



IN following the footsteps of St. Paul from Iconium to Lystra I felt that I was breathing the very atmosphere of St. Paul's time, as well as journeying over the actual road which he travelled. Not only have the physical features of this part of Asia Minor remained the same in the changeful yet unchanging years, but the character of the people, their mode of cultivating the soil, the houses in which they live, their ignorance, superstition, and fickleness, as will be seen from the succeeding story, all remind us that the people of to-day in this neighborhood are essentially the people of two thousand years ago.

In America, and even in more sedate Europe,



changes in the customs and habits of the people are so inevitable that the only certain thing is the certainty of change. A desert to-day is a populous state to-morrow. A barren, absolutely uninhabited lake front at the beginning of the century is a city with millions of inhabitants at its close. In this oldest part of the Christian world, however, where we are travelling, it takes a millenium to produce the changes of a century in other lands. What changes one sees are for the most part alterations for the worse rather than for the better. Signs of degeneration rather than of evolution are noted on every hand. The splendid Roman roads have become mere cart paths or impassable reminiscences of the former grand highways.

The great bridges of solid cut stone are often used still, as they have been for two thousand years, but in other places one must ford the stream over which the Roman charioteers with their prancing horses rode in triumph. Unless one sees, as in Iconium, mosques and colleges of the noble period of Mohammedan architecture, the

palaces and theatres, now contain nothing but mean hovels of mud and stone, with possibly a few mosques and Greek churches of a degenerate type.

Yet, in spite of these changes for the worse, one seems to be translated two millenniums into the past when on the journey from Konia to Lystra, for this country, then as now, was largely occupied by a semi-barbarous people, upon whom the Romans and Hellenists of the more populous towns looked down with a supreme contempt.

Our first days in Konia had been warm and sunny, for, though it was still February, there was a hint of the coming spring in the air. But the day that we started for Lystra was threatening and gloomy. Soon the snow began to fall and the dull leaden sky and rising wind gave promise of a heavy storm. But our time was limited and we must visit Lystra then or never. Besides it seemed altogether more Pauline to endure some hardships and perils; so we started in the same direction, and perhaps through the same street by which he left the city which had treated him—

back; very likely the latter animal, humble though he was, was pressed into the Apostle's service, for on this road to-day one meets many travellers astride the patient ass.

Our equipage, however, consisted of two large Turkish wagons for the five people who were to make the journey. These wagons are called Arabas, and are admirably fitted for the rough roads of Asia Minor. Their springs seem absolutely unbreakable, and well they need to be, for our road took us through deep sloughs of mud, over the crest of a low range of mountains where the only pass is strewn thick with boulders, across the rocky beds of ancient rivers, and through streams with a very uncertain bottom. There were no seats in our arabas except those that we had made for ourselves with our bedding and boxes of provisions.

Our horses were not thoroughbred racers by any means, but they were strong and willing, and into their manes and tails were braided many blue beads to keep off the evil eye, while around their necks were strings of the same evil-eye beads, which were also worked into various parts of the harness. These evil-eye beads indicate the universal superstition of the East. If any caravan

could thus be guarded from evil ours was surely safe from harm. One of our *araba-jis*, or drivers, was a Greek, with a long, brown scarf wound around his head; the other was a Turk, dressed like a kavass, with much gay embroidery about his person, and some murderous-looking but harmless pistols thrust into his girdle.

After ploughing through the muddy streets of Konia, where the black slush often reached the fetlocks of the horses, we came out into the gardens and vineyards that surround the city on every side, and which have long made it famous as the garden spot of Asia Minor. For some ten miles our road took us over a plain as level as a house floor. We jogged along at the rate of some three miles an hour, and, after something more than three hours, began to ascend a rough hillside, until we reached a height of nearly a mile above the sea, and fully a thousand feet above the city of Konia.

Here a magnificent view greets the eye. Kara Dag, the Black Mountain, is the most conspicuous feature of the landscape. On its sides are the

not churches at all, but ancient buildings of a secular character. To the north is the city of Konia, surrounded now as in ancient days by its beautiful gardens. To the south we can see Baba Dagh, or The Pilgrim Father, a mountain eight thousand feet high, that rises like its nobler companion Kara Dagh, directly out of the level, ocean-like prairie, as the conspicuous mountains of this region frequently do, thus adding greatly to their picturesque impressiveness.

In the nearer distance is the plain of Lystra, and to this we now gradually descended. Our journey was about half completed, and we stopped for a noonday lunch in an old khan built of tremendous blocks of hewn stone, with mighty pillars supporting the roof. It looked more like a cavern than a house of refuge, and it dates back doubtless to Seljukian times, some six hundred years ago. Here numberless travellers over this lonely and desolate road have found shelter with their camels and horses and donkeys, and in just such a khan, very likely, St. Paul may have rested, as he, too, took the same route over the mountains of Loras Dagh to Lystra.

The country is thinly populated and we saw

but few travellers. Occasionally we met, or passed, a small string of camels, led as usual by a diminutive donkey, astride of which an aged Turk was often sitting, while a younger man walked by his side. Occasionally another araba would pass us, but on this inclement day, for the snow was still falling and the wind was constantly rising, few people were on the road. Indeed travel now, as in Paul's time, between those cities of ancient Lycaonia is almost entirely interrupted in winter time, and a blizzard is much dreaded, and often as fatal to the traveller caught in it as a similar storm upon our western prairies.

Four hours longer, after our noon halt, we plodded through mud and snow and slush until we came to a small river, crossed by a fine Roman bridge, sadly out of repair. Some of the great stones had been carried away, perhaps to build a pigsty or some other small building in the neighbouring village, and we were obliged to seek a ford, and drive our horses through the belly-deep water.

Just beyond lies the wretched little Turkish village of Khatun Serai, the modern Lystra, for the ruins of the famous city of old lie less than a mile away. Lystra in Paul's time was largely

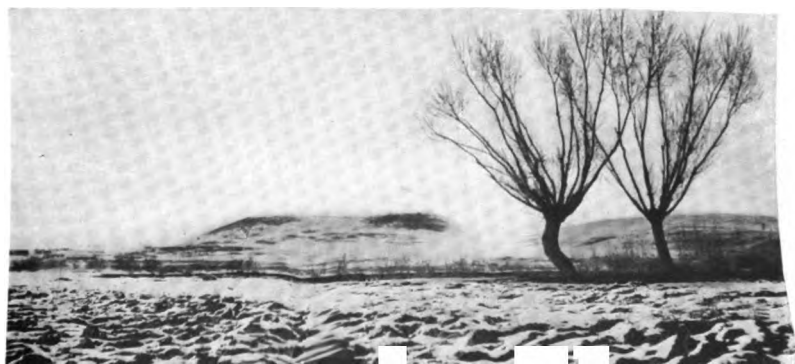
inhabited by a rude and barbarous people, and its inhabitants are no different in character to-day, though of a different race. To be sure Lystra was then a Roman colony, and there were a few aristocrats belonging to the ruling classes who spoke Latin or Greek, but the great majority of the people were Lycaonians, and, as St. Luke tells us, they "lifted up their voices in the speech of Lycaonia."

The thousands in the populous city of old have dwindled to a bare three hundred, counting men, women, and little children. Of the temples and monuments and theatres of old scarcely a trace can be seen. Every house in modern Lystra, with the exception of the mosque, which is a poor little affair without even a minaret, is a one-story hovel of mud or stone, in which an American would scarcely think it fit to stable his horses.

We found the inhabitants still less hospitable than in Paul's time. Doubtless a traveller is a far greater rarity in these days than in ancient times. Prying faces were thrust behind the curtains of our araba to look at the strange women from America with their unveiled faces. The Mudir, or head man of the city, was among the



**The Whirling Dervishes who originated in Konia, the old Iconium**







first arrivals in the motley throng that surrounded the araba. In reply to a polite request that we might visit the ruins of the ancient city he gave a prompt and curt refusal. The boys and young men, taking their cue from the head man, began to revile us as Giaours, or Christian dogs.

Determined if possible to find the ancient ruins, notwithstanding the forbidding words of the head man, and the rudeness of the others, we drove out of the city for a little distance, while the boys pelted our arabas with snowballs and stones, and then gathered on a neighbouring hilltop to hoot and yell at the hated Christians. A kodak pointed at them by one of our party soon dispersed them, and they scuttled down the hillside in great haste lest the evil eye of the camera should blight their lives. They did not escape, however, before a fairly good picture of the unmannerly crowd had been obtained.

It was not the easiest thing in the world to find the ruins of old Lystra, for Khatun Serai is surrounded by hills, and our only information about the exact site of the city was that it was upon a hillside about a mile from this little village. Every hill was covered with a pall of spotless snow, while in the valleys and on the ploughed fields it had

largely melted into the brown earth. At last, however, with the help of Sir William Ramsay's invaluable descriptions and pictures of the site of Lystra, we were enabled to determine the particular hillside and part of the plain on which the ancient city was situated though very few ruins are still above ground. It was too late, however, to inspect it closely that evening and slowly and toilsomely we made our way through the mud and snow back to the little village.

In the meantime a wonderful change had come over the hearts of the modern Lystrians. They had learned that one of our company was a missionary doctor. Then their whole attitude changed, for there were many diseased people in the little village, and to them the coming of a skilled physician from America, whose fame had already spread to this little hamlet, gave promise of life and health. Now it seemed that they could not do enough for us. They turned out of the only guest room in the village two Turkish loafers, and gave it to us for the night, selling us eggs and

I afterwards planted, and found that they yielded as good fruit in the soil of Cape Cod as on the uplands of Asia Minor. A constant procession of lame, halt, and half blind invaded our hut, which was shared by our four horses and our two *arabajs*, and all were helped and comforted by our good missionary doctor, some receiving medicines and slight treatments then and there, and others being invited to visit the hospital in Konia, where they would be cared for.

The sudden change in our treatment by the villagers, gratifying as it was to the cold and weary travellers, showed that the character of the Lystrians for fickleness had not changed with the changing centuries. In Paul's time they first blew hot and then blew cold. With us in the twentieth century the process was reversed, and their cool and forbidding reception was changed to a warm welcome. It was late before a frugal meal could be cooked in the smoky apology for a fireplace, and we could seek the comfort of the cot beds we had brought with us, and all night long our sleep was disturbed

Early the next morning we visited without molestation the ruins of the ancient city, though, as has been said, very few are to be seen to-day. We found, however, the pillar of which we had read, on which is a still legible inscription which shows that here stood the temple of "Zeus without the walls," at the gate of the city, erected in honour of Cæsar Augustus.

Here occurred one of the most dramatic scenes in all the Bible story. The people, rude as they were, were imbued with the legendary lore of Lycaonia. Ovid tells us how Lycaon, who gave his name to all this region, was directed by an oracle to found a city here. In this city Jupiter visited him in bodily shape, and he was so angry because Lycaon had cruelly murdered a legate from a neighbouring kingdom and served up his flesh as a dinner to the god that he overturned the tables, caused flames to burst forth in the palace, and laid it in ashes. Meanwhile Lycaon fled in terror; his speech forsook him, his human form was gradually changed into that of a wolf, and he

the past, and filled with the idea that the gods had once actually visited their city, Paul and Barnabas came to tell of the true God and His Son Jesus Christ. There were few Jews in the city, and no synagogue, so far as is known, but in the streets and open squares the intrepid Apostles preached the Gospel. The ignorant rabble were only too ready to believe that history was repeating itself, and that again the gods had come to visit their old haunts.

They were led to this belief, not only by the fiery eloquence of the newcomers, but by their supernatural power, as shown in healing the cripple who had doubtless long been a familiar figure in the streets of Lystra. When Paul fixed his piercing eye upon him and saw that he had faith to be healed, for doubtless this cripple was one who had heard Paul's message, and believed it, the Apostle cried with a loud voice, "Stand upright on thy feet!" Then the cripple leaped and walked, and the people shouted in enthusiastic chorus, "The gods have come down to us in the likeness of men!" Barnabas is thought to have been a tall and

had once dined with Lycaon in their own city. Paul, of meaner appearance, according to his own statement, was more active and more eloquent, and him they called Mercury, the messenger of the gods.

I need not rehearse the story in detail; how they brought oxen and garlands, and were about to sacrifice to the Apostles as though they were gods indeed. We know with what difficulty these modest servants of God, though they might have posed as deities and fared better than kings, put these honours away from them with horror at the very thought of being worshipped; how, in the same breath in which they declared that they also were men with like passions as the humblest Lycaonian, they proclaimed unto them the living God "which made heaven and earth, and the sea and all things that are therein."

No passage in the Bible is more dramatic, and few are more familiar than this; none certainly shows forth more vividly the character of the great Apostle, who, though endowed with extra-

only intent upon the message he had to deliver, and the work he had to do.

How he was later treated by the fickle Lystrians, and what he saw on his journey to the sister city of Derbe must be reserved for another chapter.

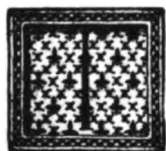
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## CHAPTER X

### FROM LYSTRA THE FICKLE TO DERBE THE PEACEFUL

The Temple of Zeus-before-the-City—Paul Stoned—What One Sees on the Ancient Site of Lystra—The Ancient Citadel—Timothy of Lystra—The Journey to Derbe—The People One Meets on the Way—The Site of Derbe—Gaius of Derbe—A Peaceful Refuge—The Apostasy of the Galatians.



IN our last chapter we followed St. Paul to the famous temple of Lystra called the temple of "Zeus-before-the-City," where he and Barnabas were hailed as gods, and where they had great difficulty in restraining the people from worshipping them as Zeus and Hermes, or Jupiter and Mercury as they would be called in the Latin tongue. Both Latin and Greek were used in Lystra at this time, though probably only the Roman officials spoke the former language, while even the barbarian rabble understood Greek, so that doubtless the exact words in which Paul and Barnabas were proclaimed as gods were Zeus and Hermes rather than their Latin names.

Reluctantly the people dispersed when they

heard the emphatic and almost indignant remonstrances of the Apostles. They led away the oxen which they were about to sacrifice before the temple. They put away the garlands which the Apostles did not allow them to place on their brows, and the city resumed its normal quiet aspect.

But soon all this was changed. The Jews who were always following hard on the footsteps of St. Paul, to root up the good seed which he had sown, came from Antioch and Iconium and persuaded the people that it was through some alliance with the powers of darkness that the miracle on the lame man had been wrought. It seems almost incredible that the people who would worship Paul one day should stone him the next, but such revulsions of feeling among an excitable and fickle mob have often been paralleled in human history.

Luke wastes no words in telling the story. In a single verse he sums up the facts that nearly resulted in the martyrdom of the great Apostle, and almost cut short his life at the very beginning of his mission to the Gentiles. Here is Luke's tellingly succinct account: "And there came thither

certain Jews from Antioch and Iconium, and persuaded the people, and having stoned Paul, drew him out of the city, supposing he had been dead." However, his work was not yet finished, and as the disciples stood round about him, though bruised and battered by the cruel stones, he rose up and came into the city.

All that one sees to-day on the site of ancient Lystra is a hillside covered with fragments of broken marble and a few larger stones, scarcely one of them in the position where it was originally placed, for Lystra, like most of these ancient cities, has served as a quarry for the neighbouring villages, and for nearly two thousand years past, when any of the inhabitants wished to build a house or a mosque, a retaining wall or a sheep pen, they have hastened to the almost inexhaustible treasures of marble and granite, which were built up with so much pains and expense into the beautiful cities of old. Magnificent marble columns, ornate capitals, memorial stones covered with inscriptions, the tombs of the dead even, have served the vandals of later generations, and provided for them abundant building materials.

So it has come about in Lystra as in other cities

of antiquity that scarcely a trace of its ancient glories remains. Indeed it takes a skilled and learned archæologist to determine even the site of many of these ancient cities. Lystra was passed by Sir William Ramsay, who journeyed within a few yards of the site of the city without ever realizing that he was practically on the spot for which he was searching; and it was only the discovery of a Lystrian coin, and a single monumental inscription by Professor Sterrett of Cornell University, a few years later, that settled for ever the site of the ancient city for which explorers and archæologists had been so long searching.

On the sloping hillside on which the chief buildings of Lystra stood, and on the level plain at its foot, are now seen only some stone sheepfolds where the shepherds shelter their flocks by night or in stormy weather. Imbedded in one of these rude sheepfolds we found a beautifully sculptured stone with inscriptions that would rejoice the heart of an archæologist. In another part of the plain are the ruins of a small Christian church, and near it a fountain gushes forth. This fountain is called Ayasma, and its very name shows that it was considered sacred by the Christians.

On the crest of this hill on whose slopes were the chief buildings of Lystra, was the citadel, about one hundred and fifty feet above the plain. It required a hard scramble to reach the top, but the glorious sight well repaid us for the exertion. The hill of Lystra is situated in the centre of the valley, and on every side, especially to the westward, there is a stretch of well-watered, fertile country, for the two streams which flow near the town bring life and beauty to this favoured spot in the barren Lycaonian uplands. No wonder that some magnificent sultana from Konia, in the time of the Seljukian Turks, made the village her country residence, as the name Khatun Serai, or the "Lady's Mansion," indicates.

The most interesting site in all Lystra is the one already mentioned, that of the temple where Paul and Barnabas were hailed as gods. At least there is every probability that it has been discovered, for on the level plain, just before the land begins to rise to the hill on which the chief buildings were

Here undoubtedly was the temple of "Zeus-before-the-City," and wonderful discoveries and confirmations of Scripture doubtless await the excavator's spade.

Before we finally bid adieu to Lystra, I must remind my readers of a young man who has forever made the city famous, for this was the birthplace of Timothy, the son of the godly Eunice and the grandson of the pious Lois. It is extremely likely that this young man was one of the disciples who encircled Paul when, bruised and fainting, he was dragged out of the city as one dead. Perhaps he lifted him up and helped the others to carry him back to some friendly home in the hostile city. We do not know whether or not he made himself known to Paul on this visit, but upon Paul's second missionary journey he found the young Timothy already a Christian—"well reported of" by his fellow Christians, and by all the people of the neighbourhood.

On this occasion he joined himself to St. Paul, and ever after he was his "beloved son," and often

Lystra besides the mother and the grandmother of Timothy. The former had married a Greek who was evidently a man of importance in the city, and Timothy, in addition to the advantage of a noble and affectionate disposition, had the double advantage of a godly training by those women of "unfeigned faith" whom Paul immortalized in his second letter to Timothy.

It is interesting to note that in the Apostle's catalogue of his many sufferings and persecutions he says, "Once I was stoned." How vivid must have been his memory of that day in Lystra as he wrote these words long afterwards in his letter to the Corinthians!

The next day after the stoning, though still weak and suffering, he started for Derbe, a city some eleven hours to the south-west of Lystra by the fastest possible conveyance of the present time. If the Apostles went on foot it probably took two days and perhaps longer, by reason of the weakened condition of Paul. The rough road between the ruins of the two cities over which the traveller now journeys is very likely the same one over



Photograph by Mrs. Francis E. Clark

**The "Guest House" at Lystra where four horses and two drivers and five Americans lodged February 15, 1912**



From photograph by Mrs. Francis E. Clark

**A sheepfold near the site of the ancient city of Lystra. A large marble block with a long Greek inscription seen at the doorway**





whole length Kara Dag, the great black mountain, "the mountain of the thousand and one churches," is in sight, for "it rises like an island in the Lycanian plain."

The whole plain is largely a desert for lack of moisture, though wherever a little depression collects the water, the natural fertility of the soil is shown by the luxuriant grass that springs up. But the sheep and goats, the principal occupants of the plain, are not the most particular animals in regard to their food, and they find abundant nourishment in the low growing plants, many of which are aromatic, like thyme.

It is interesting to feel during every step of this journey that, however cities may have risen to a glorious pre-eminence or fallen into decay, however dynasties may have come and gone, and mighty rulers lived and died and been well-nigh forgotten, yet the natural features of the country remain the same from century to century. We see the same glorious hills on our journey that St. Paul saw; we cross the same rivulets and larger streams; we see the multitudes of sheep and goats grazing on the barren plain as he saw them; and the tents of the wandering nomads in this region

are made of the same camel's hair cloth that he wove.

It may not be altogether without interest if I quote some paragraphs written on the spot, when traversing this same general region of Asia Minor.

The fellow travellers whom we meet or pass on the road are all of one description; no automobiles, no hacks or four-in-hand turnouts do we see, no tally-ho coaches or gigs or buggies, no bicycles or tricycles, no phaetons or landaus, not even a baby carriage or anything else on wheels do we meet, but long processions of knock-kneed, ragged camels, carrying strapped to their patient backs, and dangling on either side, a heavy load of some five or six hundred pounds in weight, which for many weary days they must bear, as they go swaying and stumbling across the country from sea to sea.

Our fellow travellers are by no means destitute of politeness or cordiality. In fact they could give many points to modern travellers in the way of gentle courtesy on the road. Almost every camel driver and donkey boy whom we pass makes a kindly bow to us, and cries out, as we get within earshot, *Oughourlar Olsoun*, which means, when translated, "A pleasant journey to you!" If we are sufficiently up in our Turkish to respond in a proper manner, we shall reply to him, *Sagh Olsoun*, whereby we mean to say,

the way and in every house which he enters, at every table at which he sits, and on all possible occasions, are exceedingly pleasant and show an inbred courtesy which speaks well for the fundamental character of the race which has coined and adopted them as a part of its common verbal currency.

For instance, when we enter a Turkish or Armenian house we are often greeted by this kindly phrase, *Khouda el inden yapusha*, which, being interpreted, means "May the Almighty cling to your hand!" a most beautiful way of expressing good will and a wish for continued blessing. The response very often is, *Akubetin khair olsoun*, which means, "May your end be good!" or in other words, as every Mohammedan interprets it in his own mind, "May you become a good Moslem before you die!" When one rises from the table where he has partaken of all the good things which his host can offer, if he is versed in Turkish politeness, he will say, *Bereket versin*, "Let it give a blessing."

When we receive a present, however small it may be, the recipient should say *Elenizé dagh luk*, which is not our meagre, conventional "Thank you," but is a poetic expression meaning: "Health to your hands, my dear Sir."

For special and peculiar services there are special and peculiar expressions of appreciation and thanks, and not one unvarying, meaningless formula as in Western languages. For instance, when a Turk receives from a friend a drink of anything but coffee, he remarks as he hands back the empty glass, *Afiyet*

*olsoun*, by which he means to say, "May it be for your health!" Why he does not make this same response when treated to coffee I have never yet learned.

Even the wooden spoons which we dip into the common bowl that always graces the centre of the Turkish dinner table, are decorated with a motto of hospitality and good cheer, such as "Eat, my friend, eat," or "Pardon our poor fare and call it not entirely tasteless." Or perhaps it may be, "Consider not the poor food which is set before you, but the spirit in which it is given."

Such were some of the greetings that we received as we journeyed in this region, and perhaps St. Paul may have received somewhat similar greetings from passing travellers, as he took his way from Lystra to Derbe. At last the bruised and weary Apostle draws near to the city which is to be his next resting-place, Claudian Derbe, as the Emperor Claudius graciously permitted it to be called. There was one outstanding feature of the landscape which must have impressed him as it does every modern traveller. This is the great mountain Hadji Baba, which rises eight thousand feet above the ruins of the ancient city. The name means "Pilgrim Father," and some have supposed that it has reference to the great missionary pilgrim father who journeyed around its base to the Roman

garrison city of Derbe. This great mountain can be seen from Konia, and the traveller keeps it in his eye throughout the whole of the two days' journey.

Until recently the site of Derbe has been unknown, but owing to the perseverance and insight of Professor Sterrett and Sir William Ramsay, the situation of this city, the last of the Pauline cities to be discovered, has now been identified. This fact shows how little of Derbe is still above ground. Even the ruins are so scant that they make scarcely any impression upon the traveller who searches for them. The few ruins that can be seen are of comparatively recent date, the stones of the ancient Derbe having been carried off to near-by villages.

We know less about Derbe than any other of the cities visited by the Apostle. We know that it was the native town of Gaius, who was at one time Paul's companion in travel, and who with Aristarchus was seized by the angry people of Ephesus when they thought that the shrine of Diana was in danger. Gaius of Derbe also accompanied Paul, with Sópater of Berea and Timothy of Lystra, as far as the province of Asia on a later journey. Moreover, Gaius was one of the few men in all the Bible who was honoured with an epistle written

especially to him, and now a part of our sacred canon, for the first verse of the Third Epistle of John reads, "The elder unto Gaius the beloved, whom I love in the truth."

Though we know little of Derbe and its ancient inhabitants we may well believe that here St. Paul found a peaceful haven of rest. We read of no persecutions, of no envious Jews, of no stonings or beatings. Here he stayed until he was healed of the cruel wounds he had received at Lystra. Here, Luke tells us, he preached the Gospel and "made many disciples," but only a fraction of a verse records his uneventful life in this, the last Roman outpost of the Lycaonian country. After their stay in Derbe the Apostles retraced their steps and went back, over the same route, to Lystra, and Iconium, and Antioch, "confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to continue in the faith, and that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

What a chance was here for the display of heroics! But not a word is said of the undaunted courage of the Apostle in returning to the very cities where he had been stoned and maltreated, and from which they had been banished. More

than once on future journeys did they return to these same cities. Lystra, Iconium, and Antioch were probably visited four times by St. Paul.

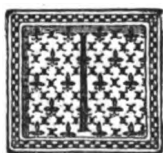
We cannot here relate the story of the Galatian churches. The Epistle that bears their name tells us the most that we know of their later story. They were soon visited by Judaizers who tried to persuade them that circumcision was necessary, and that a Jewish type of Christianity was the noblest and most worthy one. Many were evidently persuaded by these false teachers, and we do not wonder that Paul wrote in fiery indignation, "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth?" . . . "Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." The whole Epistle is an appeal for freedom in opposition to the bondage into which the Judaizers would again bring the Galatian Christians. "I could wish to be present with you now," he writes, "and to change my tone; for I am perplexed about you. . . . For freedom did Christ set us free; stand fast, therefore, and be not entangled again in a yoke of bondage."



## CHAPTER XI

### "THE MAN OF MACEDONIA" AND WHITHER HE LED THE APOSTLE

After Derbe Where?—St. Paul Starts again from the Syrian Antioch—The Second Missionary Journey—Scenes by the Way—A Turkish Cemetery—The Glorious Natural Scenery—Classic Ground—"The Man of Macedonia"—Troas and its Ruins—A Later Visit—The Man who Slept during Paul's Sermon—The Voyage to Neapolis or Kavala—A Momentous Day for Christianity—Mohammed Ali and his Birth-place.



IN previous chapters we have followed St. Paul as he journeyed through the cities of Antioch, Iconium, Lystra, and Derbe, returning a few months later by the same route, and confirming the faith of the churches he had founded in these cities. He then retraced his steps to the coast of the Mediterranean, and sailing from Attalia returned to Antioch in Syria, "from whence they had been recommended to the grace of God

to the whole world, a mission as yet fulfilled only in a small part, could not always remain even in the world's third city, though he tarried for a season with the brethren there, and in the meantime attended a famous and important council at Jerusalem.

A few months later found him on his travels once more. Going around the eastern end of the Mediterranean, he came at length to Adana, and to his birthplace, Tarsus, two important centres of modern missionary work; then through the famous Cilician Gates to the cities of Galatia which he had twice before visited, and at length to Troas on the Ægean. On this journey he was accompanied by Silas, his disagreement with Barnabas over John Mark having led them to take different routes, Barnabas going to the island of Cyprus, and Paul to Asia Minor.

At Lystra, he found his beloved son Timothy, who, as we have said, was probably converted on the first journey, and in the meantime had had opportunities to test his faith, and was now ready to accompany Paul, and "suffer hardship with him as a good soldier of Christ Jesus."

A good authority, in calculating the time that

the disciples would take for this journey, tells us that if they walked, it would take eight days from the Cilician Gates to Derbe, two more to Lystra, one to Iconium, four to Antioch, and seventeen to Troas. But of course he stopped on the way to encourage the disciples and strengthen their faith, and he always rested on the Sabbath Day. Since Timothy was circumcised at Lystra his stay there must have been of considerable length. It is supposed that he passed through the Cilician Gates about June 1, A.D. 51, and that after traversing the whole of Asia Minor he reached Troas sometime in the following September.

The modern traveller finds none of the great cities on this route in the flourishing condition in which Paul found them. Tarsus and Adana, to be sure, are still very considerable towns, but in Paul's day Tarsus, as we have seen, was one of the great centres of Asia, famous for its schools, for its gymnasia, for its annual games and sports in the great open-air theatre.

Iconium has retained more of its ancient importance than any other city on the route. Derbe, Lystra, the ancient Pisidian Antioch, Pergamos and Sardis which he may have visited on the way,

are all heaps of ruins. One passes many insignificant Turkish villages where one or more graceful minarets tell of the prevailing religion of the present day. If one tarries, as very likely he will, in one of these villages for a noonday lunch or a cup of coffee at one of the numerous coffee houses, he will hear the muezzin's call from the minaret. Five times a day a dark figure emerges from an opening in the upper part of the white tower, and coming out on the narrow balcony, repeats the name of Allah in sonorous tones, and calls, "Come to prayer! Come to prayer!" In the morning his admonition is "Prayer is better than sleep," and at noon, "Prayer is better than food!"

The houses on either side of the narrow village streets are usually built of mud, or sun-dried brick, with here and there a more pretentious one of stone. In the little shop windows one sees strings of evil-eye beads, warranted to keep off all dangers from the man or beast who wears them, jars of antiquated candy of various bright colours, strings of dried okra, tomatoes and peppers, other strings

of it on the sidewalks, as in most Eastern lands. The chick-pea vendor cooks his crisp morsels, and the helva maker his toothsome sweetmeat in the face and eyes of every passer-by.

The impression made upon the modern traveller in Asia Minor is most depressing. When we think of the mighty rulers that established here their kingdoms,—of the palaces and castles they built, of the splendid highways that stretched from one end of the country to the other, of the magnificent bridges of solid masonry, of the great cities, each one with its acropolis and necropolis, the hill of defence for the living and the burial-place for the dead,—the contrast between the present and the past is certainly not in favour of the twentieth century. Most depressing of all are the Turkish cemeteries which one passes every few miles. They are always established near some travelled highway, and sometimes one sees a score of them in a day's journey. The memorial stones, many of which have absolutely no inscription, are scarcely ever upright, but lean to every point of the compass. These cemeteries are usually

only redeeming feature in the otherwise doleful scene.

But however depressing the man-made features of Asia Minor, the natural scenery is always beautiful. One never gets out of sight of the mountains of God. Even Switzerland cannot outdo in grandeur and beauty a hundred glorious viewpoints on this journey. Mountains covered with snow throughout almost the whole year are seen on the way from the Mediterranean to the Dardanelles. Sparkling fountains gush from the mountain side, and tumble in white cascades to their base. In some places magnificent forest trees cover the hillsides; in others every forest tree, and every low-growing bush even, has been pulled up by the roots, to furnish fuel for the improvident villagers, and down the hillsides thus denuded of trees and shrubbery the spring rains have poured their torrents and left the hills barren and desolate.

Throughout the whole journey we are on classic ground. We are following the footsteps of the greatest conquerors of ancient times. Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Mark Antony and his paramour, Cleopatra, had all journeyed in Asia

Minor, some of them with tremendous armies at their heels. When we go back to the days beyond the Greeks and Romans, we remember that Cyrus the Great, Darius the Mede, Croesus the type of all millionaires, Attalus, Gyges, Cambyses, all lived their little day here and were the great men of the world in their time.

As we approach Troas we come to the very centre of classic lore. Of Troas Homer sang. In the *Æneid* Virgil relates the story of Troy, and how Italy was the inheritor of its glory. Horace told the Romans that if the walls of Troy were rebuilt, the power of Rome would be forever lost. We are told that Julius Cæsar, when at the height of his power, intended to fix his capital at Troy and from that point rule both East and West, embracing the whole world in his kingdom.

It had not reached its noblest estate in St. Paul's time, at least as a Roman city, but it was a great and growing metropolis, just such a city as the Apostle loved to use as a centre for his Gospel propaganda. Even to-day the traveller in Troas finds many signs of its former glory. It was evidently a granite city like modern Aberdeen, though most of its granite pillars have been carried

off, either by Mohammedans or Christians, for their building operations during the last fifteen hundred years.

A traveller in the early part of the last century, who saw far more of the ruins than are left for the modern tourist, tells of a stupendous column which was concealed among some trees in the neighbourhood, the like of which scarcely existed even in Egypt. Another early traveller speaks of "hundreds of columns," and says that many are bristling among the waves to a considerable distance out at sea. We are even told that the granite columns of Troas have been used for making cannon balls for the defence of the Dardanelles, though perhaps not in this last and greatest world war. But all these reminiscences of former glories do not interest the Christian so much as the fact that once, in the fall of the year 51 A.D., a man insignificant in personal appearance, but mighty in spirit and in his influence over all time, came to Troas, after a long and tedious journey over the mountains and across the plains of Asia Minor.

Here he had a wonderful vision. A man of Macedonia appeared to him in a dream, beseech-



ing him and saying, "Come over into Macedonia and help us!" Paul had never been out of Asia. To him Europe must have been as strange a country as is China or Japan to the American who has never visited those shores. But ever since, the "Man of Macedonia" and his message have stood to the Christian for the call of opportunity, the message of Providence: often for the unconscious cry of the needy for help. Indeed the "Man of Macedonia" and his message have passed into the literature of the world. It is not too much to say that this is the most important vision ever vouchsafed to mortal man.

St. Paul was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. Attractive as Troas must have been to a man who was always seeking important centres of influence, especially centres in the Roman world, he did not linger there. "Straightway we sought to go forth into Macedonia, concluding that God had called us to preach the Gospel unto them." Setting sail, therefore, from Troas, he made a straight course to Samothrace, and the day following to Neapolis



From photograph by Mrs. Francis E. Clark

**An old Roman bridge near Lystra, now impassable**



**Kavalla to-day (Neapolis in St. Paul's time)**

**This city has been the scene of much fighting in the present war, being captured by the Greeks and then given up by King Constantine again to the Bulgarians**



famous city, on his return from his third missionary journey. Here he spent a week, and a minute account is given of his last day. It was Saturday evening, the evening of the Jewish Sabbath. On the following morning the vessel was to sail which would carry St. Paul away from his devoted Trojan disciples. With them he celebrated the Lord's Supper.

Dean Howson's account of the Bible story of that evening is so graphic that I cannot forbear quoting it in part:

The night was dark; three weeks had not elapsed since the Passover, and the moon only appeared as a faint crescent in the early part of the night; many lamps were burning in the room where the congregation was assembled; the place was hot and crowded. St. Paul, with the feeling strongly impressed on his mind that the next day was the day of his departure, and that souls might be lost by delay, was continuing in earnest discourse, and prolonging it even till midnight, when an occurrence suddenly took place which filled the assembly with alarm, though it was afterwards converted into an occasion of joy and thanksgiving.

A young listener whose name was Eutychus was overcome by exhaustion, heat, and weariness, and sank into a deep slumber. He was seated or leaning in the

balcony, and falling down in his sleep was dashed upon the pavement below and was taken up dead. Confusion and terror followed, with loud lamentation, but Paul was enabled to imitate the power of that Master whose doctrine he was proclaiming. He went down and fell upon the body, like Elisha of old, and embracing Eutychus, said to the bystanders, "Do not lament, for his life is in him." With minds solemnized and filled with thankfulness by this wonderful token of God's power and love they celebrated the Eucharistic feast

It has been a comfort to many modern preachers to know that even in Paul's congregation one at least was overcome by sleep. This incident, connected with the city of Troas, occurred some six years later than the journey we have been describing, but we have introduced it here, since in these chapters we are not likely to return to this ancient and interesting city.

The voyage from Troas to Neapolis was a speedy and favourable one. On a later journey the same voyage occupied five days instead of two. Over

ship. It was a memorable company indeed that this ship contained: Paul the greatest of Apostles, and Timothy and Silas his most faithful disciples. In Troas, too, he had been joined by Luke the beloved physician, the graphic and accurate historian, to whom we are indebted for much of our knowledge concerning St. Paul and his journeyings.

It was a momentous day for Christianity too, when that ship entered the harbour of Neapolis, and for the first time Christian missionaries set foot upon European soil. To the ship that safely bore its precious freight from Asia to Europe we are all indebted, for the day that these pilgrims landed on European soil began the history of the Christianity that has spread from the Ægean to the Atlantic, and across to the shores of America, and then in reflex waves has gone back to the Asia from which Paul and his companions sailed.

A historian writing less than fifty years ago speaks of Kavala, the Naples or Neapolis of Macedonia, as "a small Turkish village." When I visited it in the early days of 1870 I found it a

crowned with a Turkish fortress. The narrow streets are cleaner than most Turkish cities can boast, and there are some really fine and imposing buildings. These are mostly tobacco warehouses, or homes of tobacco magnates, for to this noxious weed must at least be given the credit for the present prosperity of this rising town, since it is the greatest tobacco port and manufacturing centre of Macedonia.

Since 1912 Kavala has been the football of the Balkan Powers in their frequent wars. It has belonged to Turks, Bulgarians, Greeks, and now (1917) to Bulgarians again, but what nation will permanently occupy this fine port it is difficult to determine at this writing.

The chief ruins of Kavala which date back to Paul's time are the remains of a huge Roman aqueduct, whose magnificent arches, until within two years before my visit, had brought water to the city for two thousand years.

A more modern centre of interest is the house where Mohammed Ali, the great conqueror of Egypt, was born. This house is maintained by the government in its original condition, showing how Mohammed when he was a baby swung in a cradle

hung from hooks in the ceiling of the room where he was born. Ali loved his birthplace, and when he became rich and powerful he founded here a great school for poor boys who came from all the region round about. Here, once a week, in the great dining room everybody who comes is fed, free, gratis, for nothing! Turks, Jews, Christians, Greeks, Armenians, Americans even; no one is turned away. As I visited the establishment I saw huge fires of logs in the basement of one of the school buildings, and over the fire pots of pilaff cooking. This delicious concoction, made of rice and meat and various delicious sauces, gave forth a savoury smell, and I do not wonder that many a hungry mortal comes for a square meal once a week to this ancient foundation and blesses the name of Mohammed Ali.



## CHAPTER XII

### PHILIPPI, THE CITY OF THE DEAD

The Great Egnatian Way—The Journey from Neapolis to Philippi—Scenes on the Way—The View from the Spur of Mt. Pangæus—Shakespeare and Philippi—A Series of Tragedies—The Many Graveyards—The Ruins of Philippi—Where Prayer was Wont to be Made—The Story of St. Paul in Philippi—The Godly Women—The Prisoners' Wonderful Deliverance—The Church of the Philippians.



VERY man of European extraction may well pause in reverent gratitude for a moment, as he remembers the first landing of Christian missionaries on European soil, so pregnant is that occurrence with the mighty events of the future. With that quartette of brave and unselfish adventurers, Paul and Silas and Timothy and Luke, came that also which was to make Europe famous as the centre of civilization for centuries to come. Her morals, her manners, her art and architecture, her poetry, her prose literature, all landed with the advent of those four men upon her soil.

We do not know how Neapolis looked in Paul's

time, though it must have been a place of some considerable importance, since the great Egnatian Way, a splendid road paved with marble, which stretched all the way from Rome to this outermost boundary of Macedonia, ended here. This road, beginning at the Golden Milestone in Rome, stretched across the southern part of Italy to the Adriatic, began again at Dyrrhachium, then across Macedonia to Thessalonica, Apollonia, Amphipolis, Philippi, and Neapolis. With all our modern pride in road building, since time began there has never been constructed such a magnificent highway as this. Paul followed it for many weary days in the journeys we are about to describe, and the modern traveller does not get far away from it.

In following St. Paul's route, we arose early one February morning and left our fairly comfortable hotel in Neapolis, the modern Kavala, for four hours of travel near the Via Egnatia, which should take us to ancient Philippi. Our vehicle was a somewhat dilapidated hack such as Americans are familiar with at almost every country railway station, but a surprisingly comfortable conveyance for this part of the world. Rattling down some steep, roughly-paved streets, we came to the

centre of the old Neapolis, passed near the great Roman aqueduct, which must have stood there in Paul's time, and ascended another steep street on the other side of the market-place.

Early as it was we found that the people of Kavala were up and doing. The stalls of the fruit dealers were attractive with oranges, pomegranates, lemons, and dates. The vegetable dealers displayed a tempting array of cauliflowers, cabbages, onions, leeks, and potatoes. As in all Eastern cities there was no privacy in shop or home. The cook was preparing his breakfast on the sidewalk; the shoemaker was plying his awl, the tailor his needle, and the blacksmith shoeing his horses almost in the very street. At the top of his voice the *silep* vendor cried his liquid refreshment, a concoction made of orchid roots, with a sprinkling of cinnamon and ginger on top.

Heavily veiled Turkish women were making their way to market, and though it was a fine morning, many of them carried an umbrella, which they ostentatiously thrust between themselves and the passers-by to show their extreme modesty. Some however, having caught the spirit of the modern woman, lowered their veils so that two

piercing black eyes could be seen, while still others, who must have been the Mary Walkers of their city, exposed fully half their faces. Great water buffaloes disputed our passage through the streets, and we met an endless procession of donkeys, cows, men, and women, all of them equally heavily loaded.

After passing some large, modern, tobacco warehouses, and some fine homes belonging to the tobacco magnates, we came to the edge of the city, and faced a tremendous rocky hill, seemingly composed of solid granite, on which not a blade of grass or the smallest shrub could find lodgment. Black and forbidding is this great mass of rock, like the mountains of Montenegro.

Beside this modern road, and in many places not more than fifty yards away, the old Roman road which St. Paul trod was plainly visible. It is now so out of repair as to be impassable, and yet in some small stretches it is as smooth and well paved as in the ancient days, though I saw none of the marble slabs with which it is said to have been covered. To feel that I was actually walking in the footsteps of St. Paul, I descended from our ancient chariot, and walked upon some of these

stones of the ancient road, while our kodak photographed the scene.

Up, up, up, our horses toiled until we reached the summit, and at the same time one of the most beautiful views which all Europe could furnish—Kavala, made more enchanting by the distance. Beyond the city rippled the waters of the Ægean. To the east is Samothrace, a lofty island which for thousands of years has been a landmark for Grecian mariners. Thasos, we could see to the south-east, an island famous in song and story and in actual history. Still farther off we caught a glimpse of towering Athos rising more than six thousand feet above the sea, on whose precipitous sides no less than 180 monasteries existed at one time, and where were preserved in the famous libraries some of the most valuable Greek manuscripts. Even now the mountain shelters many monasteries and hundreds of monks.

When we turn about and look toward the west a scene of still greater historic interest is spread out before us. There is the wide, low, marshy plain of Philippi, where one of the most momentous

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met the Imperialists, marshalled by Octavius Cæsar and Mark Antony. Here the Republicans lost the battle. A glorious page of Roman history was turned, and the monarchy with all its strength and pomp, but also with all its corruption, lust, and cruelty, was established. With the field of Philippi in plain sight we could read our Shakespeare with new interest. There on that field, according to the bard of Stratford, Brutus soliloquized:

“Oh that a man might know  
The end of this day's business ere it come!  
But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!”

There, on that field, Cassius runs upon his own sword, which is held by his slave Pindarus, while he exclaims:

“Cæsar, thou art revenged  
Even with the sword that killed thee.”

In order that the army might not be overwhelmed by the news of the death of their great leader, his

field of Philippi Brutus killed himself by running upon his sword,

“Brutus, the noblest Roman of them all!”

When the news of the disastrous battle of Philippi reached Portia, the wife of Brutus, in her island home at Nisida near Puteoli, where afterwards Paul landed on his way to Rome, she is said to have killed herself by the most horrible of all suicidal methods, swallowing live coals of fire. Such were some of the tragedies connected with the bloody field of Philippi.

We descended the steep slope of this spur of Mt. Pangæus by rapid zigzags, until we came to the marshy plain at its foot. A few miles of a very tolerable road and we found ourselves on the site of ancient Philippi, a city which every student of St. Paul's life and letters must ever remember as conspicuous in the story of the great Apostle. Here he preached with power and persuasive eloquence; here he was arrested and cruelly beaten and imprisoned in a filthy dungeon; here, through a direct interposition of Providence, he was released, and here occurred the wonderful conversion of his jailer which has stood as a type of instantane-

ous conversion in all the ages since it occurred. To the Church in Philippi St. Paul wrote one of his most inspiring Epistles, by which Christians for nearly two thousand years have been warned, encouraged, and strengthened.

But it must be acknowledged that Philippi in its present condition is one of the most dismal and dispiriting places in all Bible geography, and may well be called a City of the Dead. Long before one reaches the site of the ancient city Turkish graveyards obtrude themselves upon one's view with their shabby tombstones, scarcely a single one of them upright. The utterly unkempt and uncared for condition of the cemetery grounds is most depressing. Many of these tombstones were evidently rifled from the boundless stores of ancient Philippi. Round columns which once supported the porch of some ancient temple, it may be; blocks of marble or granite dug out of the old theatre; stones of all sizes and shapes add a peculiarly desolate appearance to these graveyards, especially as many of them have fallen to the earth. The Philippi graveyards, and there are many of them, do not possess the one redeeming feature of many Turkish cemeteries, beautiful and



lofty cypress trees, which in other places hide the disfiguring gravestones.

At first sight it seems as if there was absolutely no human habitation within sight of ancient Philippi. On approaching nearer, however, one sees a little cluster of rude stone huts, to the east of the ancient acropolis. Aside from this little hamlet the only sign of a dwelling-place for man is a dirty khan. On the doorstep sits a dirty Greek in baggy Turkish trousers smoking his cigarette. Within is a smoky fireplace with a poor draft which sends more smoke out into the dingy room than goes up the chimney. Into the fireplace is built an ancient marble containing an inscription, which can still be read if one brushes away the soot and dirt. Here the traveller may obtain a tiny cup of thick Turkish coffee for an extravagant price, and here our horses rested before we took up our journey again for Drama, the railway station, some ten miles farther on.

But there is one redeeming feature about the site of ancient Philippi, and that is the riverside,

upon its banks. Here we saw two women upon their knees, but alas, they were not praying, but washing their dirty linen, an equally praiseworthy operation perhaps, if only the prayers were not omitted in their proper season.

Beyond the river to the south stretches a great level plain often flooded in the winter time, and only partially capable of cultivation on this account. Beyond the plain rises a striking mountain which the proprietor of the khan told us was called Bounar Dagħ, or the Mountain of Springs, and, indeed this whole region might be called the Plain of the Springs.

On the north side of the little river rises the steep acropolis of Philippi, rough and forbidding, and requiring a good half hour's climb to reach the top. This is crowned now by some Turkish fortifications of very little interest. On its sides are scant remains of theatres and buildings, and some arches which are said to have belonged to a Christian church, but so long has Philippi been used as a quarry by the villagers and the tombstone seekers in all that region that little is left to mark the site of the once famous Roman colony.

The one exception to this statement is a striking ruin, supposed to be the palace of the Governor of Philippi, near which, it is thought by some, was the prison of St. Paul. All this, however, is mere conjecture, but it must have been some building of marked importance, as is shown by the enormous stones used in its construction, so huge that the iconoclasts who have carried off the rest of Philippi were evidently daunted at the thought of their removal. Some of these stones that I measured were twelve feet in length and four feet thick. Here also are several great springing arches, with fine ornamentation visible in many places.

This one ruin gives the traveller some faint idea of what the city of Philippi must have been in Paul's time. It was the "First City of the Province," as the Bible tells us. After the great battle to which we have alluded Octavius made it a Roman colony, and many of his veterans were established there. Streets and houses crowded up the slope from the plain to the top of the hill, which was crowned by a huge, dark castle. Stone walls of great thickness were built all around to protect the city from attack. Curious knobs of



From a photograph by Mrs. Francis E. Clark  
**The Acropolis of Philippi. An old Turkish fort on top**





dark rock here and there were cut into the shape of Greek idols. There, too, on the hillside can still be traced the seats of the open-air theatre, and the white pillars of the temple of Silvanus.

We need not dwell long upon the familiar story of St. Paul in Philippi. There was no Jewish synagogue in the city, and he went to the Proseucha, the Jewish place of prayer by the river bank. Here he found Lydia who had come from far-away Thyatira, a long journey in those days. She was probably a widow of business ability, and doubtless of some considerable property, since she dealt in the finest of wares, and to carry her stock in trade must have required some capital. The madder root from which the so-called purple dye of Thyatira was made still grows abundantly in the neighbourhood of Lydia's own city, and I was able, after leaving Philippi, when visiting Thyatira, to obtain some of the dye root like that with which Lydia's cloths were coloured.

But Lydia was not the only godly woman who lived in Philippi. Euodia and Syntyche were also in that little group. It is worth while to note the exceedingly quiet, simple beginning of Gospel work in Europe. Four men from Asia and a few

women apparently made up that first congregation of believers. Thus begins every great reform, every far-reaching movement in the religious world.

But the Gospel was not to have free course in Philippi. A poor slave girl who had the powers of a ventriloquist, and, because of that, impressed the people with the belief that she had miraculous gifts of divination, heard Paul and cried out "These men are the servants of the most high God!" Thus she continued to cry day after day until rebuked by Paul, and the evil spirit was summoned to come out of her. It is thought by some that then she lost her powers as a ventriloquist, or else ceased to use them to impose upon the people, and thus was no longer of value to her masters. They raised a riot. The Christians were accused of disturbing the peace of the city, and teaching unlawful truths. They were beaten and thrown into prison, but their undaunted spirits could not be quelled. In the sleepless night, their bruised

O, let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before Thee!

According to the greatness of Thy power, preserve those that are appointed to die!

The Lord helpeth them to right that suffer wrong: The Lord looseth men out of prison; the Lord careth for the righteous.

If this was the Psalm it was a prophecy as well as a song, for very soon, the Lord did loose the prisoners, and, through a great earthquake that shook the prison walls and opened the prison doors, Paul and Silas were released. Through the same marvellous circumstance the jailer and his family were led to accept the Apostles' teaching and be baptized; and the prætors of the city, learning now that their prisoners were Roman citizens, and that in beating them without a trial they had laid themselves liable to severe punishment, came to the prison, and humbly begged the Apostles to leave the city. This they could not, or would not, do at once, but, going to the house of the faithful Lydia, they abode for some days longer before pursuing their journey to Thessalonica.

During these days doubtless other converts were added to the church, and the faith and courage of those who already belonged were confirmed



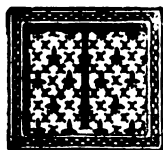
and strengthened. During those days was laid the foundation of the most beloved of all St. Paul's churches, the one to which he wrote his most affectionate epistle, the church of which he could say: "I thank my God upon every remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine for you all, making request with joy, for your fellowship in the Gospel from the first day until now."

He tells them that they "shine as lights in the world, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation"; he praises them for their liberality, as the only church that had "communicated with him as concerning giving and receiving"; the church that had "sent once and again to his necessities." We can imagine that the aged prisoner in the Roman dungeon, as he wrote to the beloved Christians of this church, closed his letter with unusual emphasis and joy as he wrote these words: "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all."

## CHAPTER XIII

### THESSALONICA THE CITY OF THE LIVING

St. Paul's Journey from Philippi to Thessalonica—How Thessalonica Obtained its Name—The City in St. Paul's Time—How it Looks To-day—Glorious Mount Olympus—The Prison of Hamid II.—The American Industrial School.



IF Philippi is to-day the city of the dead, Salonica is no less emphatically the city of the living. In following St. Paul we come to few cities so large and prosperous, so bustling and modern in every sense of the word, so thoroughly alive, as Salonica, the ancient Thessalonica, to which St. Paul, bruised and sore from his recent experience in Philippi, wended his slow way. He had, however, the comfort of a good road over which to travel, a comfort which is denied to the modern traveller. This road is the great Via Egnatia, which, as we have seen, connected Rome with the Eastern provinces. The hundred miles or more across Macedonia was one of the best

parts of this magnificent highway. It is said to have been paved with marble as smooth as a house floor, and constantly kept in repair.

It is interesting to remember that it was a continuation of this same road which the Apostle trod years later, when he made his journey from Pozzuoli to Rome; at least when he reached Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, he struck into the Appian Way, which is a continuation of the Egnatian Road, a road which has not its rival in any part of the world to-day.

The first stage of his journey took him to Amphipolis, thirty-three miles from Philippi. This was one of the most important cities of ancient Greece, and its strategic position in the past, commanding the highway from the coast to the Macedonian plains, added to its importance. In the earliest days it was called "The City of the Nine Ways" because of the great number of roads that centred here; but when the Athenians established a colony at this point they called it Amphipolis, because it was a city surrounded by water.

It is interesting to note again that we are still

the Apostle and his companions travelled, yet to the classical scholar as well every rod of this journey is of interest.

Concerning Amphipolis Thucydides wrote, and because of his failure in an expedition against this city he was exiled. Demosthenes, in one of his great orations concerning the threatening power of Philip of Macedon, speaks of Amphipolis as of great importance in the struggle between Philip and the people of Athens. It was also the scene, as a famous authority tells us, "of one striking passage in the history of Roman conquest. Here Paulus Æmilius, after the Battle of Pydna, publicly proclaimed that the Macedonians should be free, and now another Paulus was here, whose message to the Macedonians was an honest proclamation of a better liberty without conditions and without reserve."

As Paul left Amphipolis he saw, across a narrow stretch of salt water, Stagirus the birthplace of Aristotle, and, farther on among the mountains which he must cross, he passed the tomb of Euripides.

mellifluous name conjures up to the mind of the classical scholar everything that is beautiful and picturesque. In Apollonia Paul rested perhaps but one night, and then pushed on thirty-seven miles farther to Salonica, the great capital of Macedonia. Here he found a city after his own heart, the centre of a teeming population, a great political capital, an important seaport, the "Liverpool of Northern Greece," as it has been called, its ships plying the waters of the Thermaic Gulf, as they sail for or return from all the great ports of the world.

Here was a cosmopolitan population such as Paul most loved, for it gave him his greatest chance to proclaim the good news of salvation to all classes and conditions of men. Here were Jews and proselytes to the Jewish faith, Greeks and Romans, high-born and low-born, a heathen rabble whose prejudices could be readily excited, and noble women and men too who gladly gave ear to the Gospel.

The city to which we have now come has had a continuous history for nearly twenty-five hundred years. Even before it was re-founded and re-named by Alexander the Great, in the year 315

B.C., a city had existed on this beautiful gulf facing mighty Mount Olympus. But its known history dates from the time when Alexander rebuilt it and called it Thessalonica after his step-sister, who was the wife of Cassander. It is said that Philip of Macedon named his daughter Thessalonica because, on the day he heard of her birth, he won a victory over the Thessalians. Thus the victory of Philip and the name of his daughter, and the memory of the half-sister of the conqueror of the world, are all embalmed in the name of the city which St. Paul has made more famous than all the conquerors of the past, because he abode there some four months, and wrote to the disciples whom he gathered there two of his most important letters.

Who would have suspected, as they saw this little Jew, in his brown cloak, with his companions, measuring off the weary miles between Philippi and Amphipolis, between Amphipolis and Apollonia, and from Apollonia to Thessalonica, that he would have done more for the fame and perpetual remembrance of these cities than all the generals and rulers and philosophers and poets and historians who flourished in them during all the centuries of their greatness.

As Paul approached Thessalonica he saw a city with its harbour full of shipping, its houses rising in tiers one above another from the edge of the water to the summit of the acropolis behind the city, and around all a great white wall five miles in circumference. Through the heart of the city stretched the noble artery of trade, the Egnatian Way. At its eastern end it passed under a beautiful marble arch, which was built in honour of the victory of Octavius and Antony over Brutus and Cassius in the Battle of Philippi.

Fortunately for Thessalonica the city had sided with the Monarchists against the Republicans in this battle, and when it was over, both Antony and Cæsar visited Salonica, and commemorated their triumph with the splendid marble arch which remains to this day. Under this archway doubtless Paul and Silas passed many times during their somewhat lengthy stay here.

It has been my privilege more than once to visit Salonica, to enter it from the sea, sailing from Athens, and to leave by the route by which Paul entered it on his first visit, and also to enter it by

are the same now as in St. Paul's time, as well as the changes which the centuries have wrought.

It was on a beautiful day in February that we last entered the harbour of Salonica, the city whose name even has been less changed with the lapse of the centuries than most of the cities we visit in this book. We had just steamed by glorious Mount Olympus, the most famous mountain of all antiquity, that rises ten thousand feet sheer from the blue waters of the Ægean. More fables and legends have found their home in Olympus than upon any other mountain; more gods and goddesses, demons and spirits of all kinds good and bad, inhabited its misty fastnesses, according to ancient superstition, than were found in any similar part of the earth's surface. There it stands to-day, majestic in its isolation, cloud-capped and mysterious as ever.

One cannot wonder that it was peopled with divinities by the simple people of the elder time, who had never heard the message of the true God, which Paul and his companions had come to Thes-

. . . . .



white houses and minarets in the distance. We approached slowly and carefully, for in 1912 the harbour had been mined by Turkish authorities to prevent the entrance of Italian gunboats, since the unjust war which Italy had forced upon Turkey had begun. A little pilot steamer came from behind a headland five miles from the city to lead the way, and at the slowest possible speed we approached the beautiful metropolis. It must be said that, like all Turkish cities, for it did not then belong to Greece as now, distance lent enchantment to the view, though it may also be said that Salonica was one of the cleanest and most progressive cities in the domains of the Sultān.

We see one conspicuous sight, however, which Paul did not see, and that is the many minarets, which rise white and glistening from between the white houses of the city, and overtopping them. Scores of these beautiful ecclesiastical towers add greatly to the beauty of the city, and though the worship of which they tell is a debased and sensuous one, yet it is far better than the religion of the heathen temples which greeted Paul's vision, for, if they tell of Mohammed the prophet they also

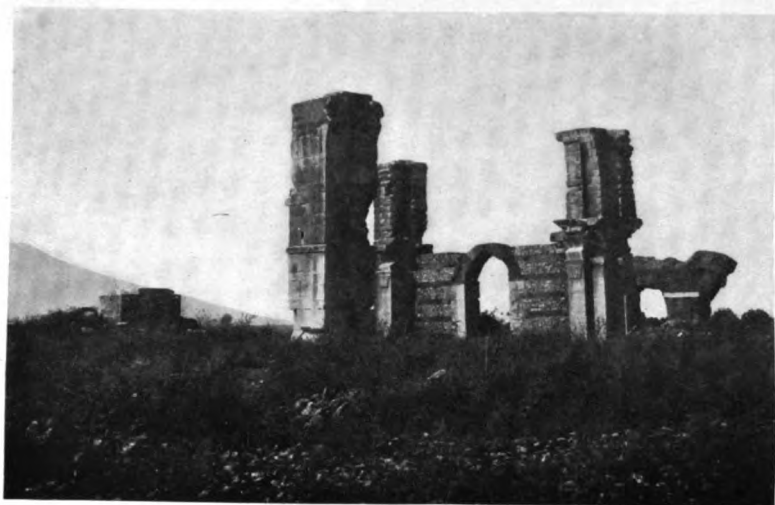


Photo P. Zepage

The ruins of the traditional governor's palace at Philippi





declare that there is one God and not a myriad of pagan deities.

As we land at the busy quay we find all the bustle and confusion of a great seaport. Scores of small boats armed with vociferous touts desire to carry us and our belongings ashore, with whom much bargaining must be done to secure a fair price, unless some kind missionary friend meets us to make the landing easy. We were so fortunate as to find such a friend patiently waiting in a small boat, with a much be-decked and be-pistolled kavass, who relieved us of all trouble in landing and in the custom-house, and in half an hour we found ourselves in the little Protestant Bulgarian chapel (for it was Sunday morning), listening to an earnest sermon in that tongue so impossible for strangers to understand. But we could comprehend the spirit of the sermon, and we knew the tunes to which the old hymns were sung, and we felt that even in modern Salonica the spirit and teachings of St. Paul were not unknown.

After the service we went with our missionary friend through the street that follows the water front, and on to his industrial farm school, some five miles out of the city. In this street St. Paul,

as in Damascus, would have seen what would have been to him amazing sights. Through the centre of the street runs an electric car track, and the whizzing "broomstick trains" dart back and forth at a rate which would have amazed the lesiurely camels and donkeys and their riders of former days. Close up to the great wall which prevents the waters of the bay from inundating the city lie the black hulks of the modern steamers which make every great harbour in the world their port of call.

On the shore side of this fine street are large hotels, great business warehouses and office buildings, while farther on it is lined on both sides with beautiful residences. All of these things would have looked strange to Paul's eyes, but Olympus is the same now as then, towering gloriously to the clouds on the farther side of the bay. The blue waters of the Thermaic Gulf, which lie between the city and Olympus, glisten in the sunlight, and ripple under the gentle breeze as of old, and the hill behind the city, crowned with its fortress now as then, tells us that the days of war and bloodshed unhappily were not left behind with the advent of the Christian era and the teachings of the great Apostle.

On this street a few months after our visit, and just after the Greek occupation of Salonica, the good King George of Greece was assassinated. As we travel along this busy thoroughfare, either on foot or in the electric cars, we see a motley variety of people, for Salonica, now as in the older days, is famous for its cosmopolitan population. This is one of the meeting places of the East and West. Here the Occident and the Orient jostle each other in the same narrow street.

In the Apostle's time the Jews were numerous, and so they are to-day. There was no synagogue in Philippi, in Amphipolis, or in Apollonia, but evidently there was a large synagogue in Salonica, and here the Apostle first proclaimed his universal message. To-day it seems as if every other person one meets on the street is a Jew. The Jewish women are distinguished from the Turkish by their unveiled faces, and from the Greeks by the fillet around their heads and the green silk headdress hanging down behind. Often too they wear long green robes lined with fur.

Besides the Jews and Turks and Greeks there are Bulgarians and Armenians, English and Ger-

man, French and Italian, and occasionally, very occasionally, an American. But the quality of the Americans makes up for their lack in number, since most of those who make Salonica their home are engaged in mission work, and have for their chief purpose there the proclamation of the Gospel preached by Paul.

Just beyond the end of the street-car line we saw a large villa embowered in trees and surrounded by a great stone wall at least twelve feet in height. Outside of the stone wall were guardhouses, placed only a few feet apart, and between the guardhouses Turkish soldiers constantly marched back and forth, keeping their watchful gaze upon the villa, lest by any chance its royal inhabitant should escape, for here was imprisoned none other than Abdul Hamid II, "Abdul the Accursed," the assassin of tens of thousands of his subjects, the greatest murderer of modern times. Deposed in the revolution of 1908, he was transported to this comparatively humble villa, a place far less magnificent than dozens of his own palaces, and here he was safely guarded by the new government after the young Turks came into power, until the advent of the Greeks and their conquest of Macedonia

obliged them to remove the old Sultan to a new prison in Constantinople.

Beyond the Sultan's prison we come out into the open country that surrounds the busy city. Before us still looms mighty Olympus, seemingly a little more grand and majestic from each new point of view. To the left rise other hills, most of them rounded and bare, affording pasturage for innumerable flocks of sheep and goats. There on a beautiful site, under the sheltering hills, with the broad blue gulf in front, is a sight that does our eyes good, for we see a genuine American house, built by an American missionary as a centre for a Christian school for boys, where poor lads of all races, from all the country round, are received and taught, not only the lore of the school books, but the work of the farmer and of the mechanic to fit them for their future life of toil, as well as the better knowledge which is found in the Book of books.

This is an enterprise started by the Rev. Dr. J. H. House, a missionary of the American Board of Foreign Missions who has given many years of his long life to work for the Macedonians, and who has crowned these fruitful years by establishing

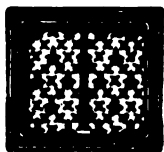


this important industrial centre, which is already looked upon as a model by his Greek and Turkish neighbours. Surely this modern apostle is following in the footsteps of his great predecessor, who, when he came to Salonica nearly two thousand years ago, not only proclaimed the Gospel message to all who would hear, but wrought with his own hands, as these boys are taught to work. that he might be chargeable to no man.

## CHAPTER XIV

### TURNING THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN

Macedonia, a Holy Land—What St. Paul Wrote to the Thessalonians—The Egnatian Way again—The Arch of Victory—The Result of St. Paul's Stay in Thessalonica—The Churches of Salonica—Saint Demetrius—Fleeing to Berea—Tent-Making—The Vali and St. Paul—The Epistles to the Thessalonians.



It has been said that the Acts of the Apostles have made Macedonia a Holy Land, and since Thessalonica is the chief city of Macedonia, the city where the Apostles had their greatest triumphs and from which the Gospel spread most widely into all the world, we may call it the Holy City of the Acts of the Apostles. It is, then, well worth consideration in another chapter; indeed many chapters would not exhaust its past glories, its present interest, or its importance in the history of the Christian Church.

In writing to the Thessalonians from Corinth, the first epistle which St. Paul wrote to any of his

churches, he says: "From you [the church of Thessalonica] sounded out the word of the Lord, not only in Macedonia and Achaia [Greece], but also in every place your faith to God-ward is spread abroad." We have other testimony from the book of Acts as to the marvellous effects of Paul's preaching, for we are told that not only some of the Jews believed, but a great multitude of the devout Greeks as well, and not a few of the chief women, while even from the enemies of Paul we have confirmation of the extent of the work they performed and the commotion it caused, for they complained to the rulers of Thessalonica, "These who have *turned the world upside down* have come hither also."

In a previous chapter we have walked through one of the busy streets of the city, where the clanging electric cars of the modern day jostle the pannier-laden donkeys of the oldest civilization. Such a street as this we might find in Athens or Trieste, in New York or London. But go back from this street on the water front a few rods, and we are in a city which we can easily imagine was not unlike the Thessalonica that St. Paul knew. The narrow streets with their horrible cobble-

stone paving, where the houses nod to each other across the way, and the inhabitants can shake hands from the upper windows; the public fountains where for centuries barefooted maidens have come with great earthen jars to draw water; the thousand-year-old wall that circles the upper town;—these all remind us of the city that was, rather than of the city that is.

But the most interesting street of all is the one which Paul knew as well as the most recent visitor in this twentieth century. It is none other than the Egnatian Way again, for this street runs to-day through the very heart of Salonica, as two thousand years ago it ran through the heart of Thessalonica. The houses on either side, it is true, have been built and rebuilt, and demolished and restored time and again since Paul's time. But these ancient highways follow the same lines century after century. Doubtless the old Roman pavement is covered many feet below us with more modern débris, but that this was part of the most famous road ever built is proved by the triumphal arch of which I have before spoken, which still spans the *Via Egnatia* as in the days of the Apostles.

Though the beautiful sculptured marbles which

once covered this arch have been removed and taken to the museum in Constantinople, some traces of its former magnificence still remain. Only a few years ago the traveller might have seen upon this arch the figures of the consuls in their long togas, and have read the inscription in Greek letters, that told every passer-by that the victorious Roman Imperialists had made Thessalonica a free city, and that there were seven "politarchs," as the magistrates of Thessalonica were called. This was an unusual name for the rulers of a city, and the minute accuracy of St. Luke's account is shown by his use of this word, which puzzled the commentators until the inscription on this Roman arch was discovered, to prove that St. Luke knew what he was talking about better than the writers who criticized him.

This famous street is now the busiest in all Salonica. It is the Broadway, the Washington Street, the Strand of the modern city, as it was of old Thessalonica. It is lined with shops of all sorts and sizes, butchers' shops and restaurants, barbers' shops and bakeries, fruit stores and to-

sented on the modern *Via Egnatia* of Salonica, or *Rue Vardar* as it is called to-day. Until recently the lordly camel trod the streets of Salonica as solemnly and superciliously as in the days of St. Paul, but now he is seldom seen, for the railway and the trolley car have largely banished him to the interior cities of Macedonia.

What was the result of the Apostle's message and his life in this busy city of long ago? He lived here doubtless from December A.D. 50 to May of the year 51. He first preached to the Jews according to his usual custom, and though he made some converts among them and among the Jewish proselytes, he soon found a larger field among the Gentiles. We are especially told that a great multitude of devout Greeks believed.

To this day the Greek Church is the predominant Christian church of Salonica, though overlaid with many superstitions, a church in which Paul would doubtless find much to disapprove, yet during all these centuries it has maintained the Christian name, and, in its creed, the essentials of the Christian faith. It may be considered a direct, though a decadent, successor of the Apostolic Church.

There are many beautiful Greek churches in the Salonica of to-day. Among them may be mentioned "The Church of the Twelve Apostles." But, alas, some of these old churches have been transformed into Turkish mosques. Among the most important and magnificent of these venerable churches which the Mohammedans have converted to their own use is the Rotunda, a temple which Paul probably saw, and which in its architecture is like the Pantheon at Rome. This is now a mosque, as is the Church of St. Sophia, which was built by Justinian, and whose architect was the one who built the magnificent St. Sophia of Constantinople. Here was once a stone pulpit, now removed to the museum at Constantinople, from which, it is said, St. Paul preached, a tradition about which there linger the gravest doubts.

Perhaps the most magnificent of the modern mosques is the one that was formerly the Church of St. Demetrius, who for some strange reason became the patron saint of Salonica, instead of St. Paul. Tradition tells us that this church was



**Rue Vardar. The old *via Egnatia***

Photo P. Zepage



From a photograph by Mrs. Francis E. Clark  
**The Church of the Twelve Apostles, Salonica**





that Christ must needs have suffered and risen again from the dead, and that this Jesus whom I preach unto you is the Christ."

After these three Sabbath-days Paul and Silas seem to have turned to the Gentiles, and for some months, apparently, were allowed to continue their propaganda unmolested. But at last the Jews, according to their invariable custom wherever the new Gospel made headway, "took to themselves certain lewd fellows of the baser sort and set all the city in an uproar." They could not find Paul and Silas in the house of Jason, their host, so they dragged Jason and some of the brethren before the rulers with the accusation that these men had turned the world upside down.

This charge was as true as it was picturesque; far, far more true than the accusers themselves knew. Paul, through the doctrines that he was preaching, was indeed turning the world upside down, or rather, as someone has quaintly put it, he was turning it downside up, for it was all wrong, and he was righting it through his preaching, his writings, and his life.

apparently taking little stock in the accusation of the rabble, took security of Jason and another of the Christian disciples to insure the city against further turmoil which might be caused by the preaching of the Apostle. Paul could no longer tell the story of Christ and Him crucified in Salonica, but he could not remain silent. He must tell it to others, and so he willingly departed by night to another city of Macedonia some forty miles distant.

We must not suppose that during his residence in Thessalonica Paul did nothing but preach the Gospel. In fact he tells us himself in his first letter to the Thessalonians that he laboured night and day that he might not be chargeable to any of them. Doubtless he worked at his trade of tent-making, for that was, and is to-day, an important part of the business of this ancient city. What a picture is presented to us, as we think of this humble artisan, toiling by day perhaps in one of the open shops of Salonica, and by night with the aid of his smoky lamp, to furnish the bare means of subsistence, that no man might have occasion to reproach him for making gain of the doctrine! Compare Paul in his humility with his future glory, the greatest man who ever trod the

streets of Salonica, though they had been trodden by emperors and conquerors.

On our journey between Salonica and Drama, we were in the same train with a Vali of Salonica, who was returning to Constantinople, after his term of office had expired, for all this region then belonged to Turkey. The railway stations were crowded with people who had come to do him honour. Thousands of troops welcomed him, and bade him farewell as the train moved off. He doubtless thought himself a great and distinguished man, and yet how small and insignificant are his distinctions and honours as compared with those of the humble tent-maker of Thessalonica! What stranger would go across the street to see the Vali of Salonica! What Christian would not go half around the world to see the tent-maker of Thessalonica!

One more supreme distinction must be accorded to Salonica, for to this city were written two of the letters of St. Paul, which through all the ages have

all the great Christian truths appear: the divinity of Christ, His death for men, His resurrection, the Christian's union with Him, and the gift of the Holy Spirit, but they appear less as doctrines than as vital elements of personal religion, the moving forces of St. Paul's own life and ministry, a genuine and invaluable self-revelation of St. Paul the man.

These are letters that will never grow old. They are as important for us to read as for Jason and Sopater, and Gaius and Secundus, Paul's Macedonian friends, and we may well take into our hearts anew his exhortation to those brethren, "*Ever follow that which is good—both among yourselves and to all men.*"

## CHAPTER XV

### BEREA, THE CITY OF THE HIDDEN CHURCHES

The Reason for the Persecution by the Jews—The Journey to Berea—"Karaferia"—An Ancient City—A City of Abundant Watercourses—Gipsies and Wallachs—The Dead Policeman—The Traitor's Tower—The Seventy-two Hidden Churches—St. Paul's Pulpit—Driven out of Berea.



**E** have seen how Paul and his companions were driven out of Thessalonica by the unbelieving Jews, inspired by the meanest motives, for though they pretended that the new doctrines were subverting the authority of the Roman Empire and setting up a new King, even Jesus, in place of Cæsar, their chief motive for this and other persecutions was that the Apostles placed the Gentiles on an equal footing with themselves. Jealousy, selfishness, a sense of superiority to all mankind, and national exclusiveness combined to form this unworthy motive which led them to dog the footsteps of St. Paul, interrupt his work, and seek to discredit his character and destroy his influence.

From Antioch to Iconium, from Iconium to Lystra, from Lystra to Derbe, across the great Asian plateau, across the sea to Macedonia, the jealous hatred of the Jews followed him, driving him out of Philippi, and now from Salonica to Berea he is pursued by the same implacable hatred.

The quiet, self-restrained, almost casual way in which St. Luke records these many persecutions, these constant harryings, these secret flights and hairbreadth escapes from death is remarkable as we think of the thrilling tale he had to record. In what vivid colours a romancer might have pictured this wonderful story even without departing from the truth! But the biographer of St. Paul evidently had no wish to produce a sensation, but simply to tell a plain, unvarnished tale, which is all the more effective, because he leaves it to the imagination of every reader to supply the thrilling and harrowing details.

Paul and Silas were sent away from Thessalonica to Berea by night. It was a journey of some forty miles, and probably took the wayfarers fully two days to accomplish it. It may be of interest to compare the description of this journey by a famous traveller, Cousinéry, who wrote many years ago,

with the journey as it may now be taken by a modern traveller:

After leaving the gardens [he says] which are in the immediate neighbourhood of Thessalonica, the travellers crossed a wide tract of corn-fields and came to the shifting bed of the "wide-flowing Axios." About this part of the country, if not before, the day must have broken upon them. Between the Axios and the Haliacmon there intervenes another wide extent of the same continuous plain. The banks of this second river are confined by artificial dikes to check its destructive inundations. All the country round is covered with a vast forest, with intervals of cultivated land, and villages concealed among the trees. The road extends for many miles through these woods, and at length reaches the base of the western mountains, where a sharp ascent leads up to the gate of Berea.

Since this account of the journey was written great changes have occurred even in slow-moving Macedonia. Now, the traveller who wishes to visit Berea takes a morning train on the railway which connects Salonica with Monastir, an important town, once Turkish, then Bulgarian, now (1917) Servian, on the borders of Albania, and noted for its constant outbreaks and scenes of brigandage. Such a train we took in the last days of the Turkish occupation.



The railway station at Salonica was guarded by scores of Turkish soldiers, for Macedonia was in a state of great unrest, not only because of the Italian war, but for fear of an Albanian uprising. But after the necessary preliminaries of having our names recorded, our passports viséd, and our tickets bought, we found ourselves in a comfortable second-class car, bound for the very city to which Paul was hurried away by night, as though he were a criminal fleeing from justice.

For a time the railway skirts the shores of the bay, and we get glorious glimpses of the shining waters of the Thermaic Gulf, with cloud-capped Olympus beyond. But soon Olympus is hidden by the nearer mountains, among which the railroad pushes its persistent way. We saw none of the great stretches of forest that Cousinéry describes, but there were flourishing orchards of mulberry trees, olive groves, and vineyards. We saw many of the small villages of which he speaks, but no large town until, after about two hours of travel, the brakeman shouts out "Karaferia," and we know that we have come to the station for old Berea. The word that the brakeman shouted is the Turkish name, while the Greeks call it Verria,

and the Slavs know it by the monosyllable Ber. All the names, however, mean very much the same as the ancient word Berea, which tells of the abundance of water with which, as we shall see, the city is blessed to-day as in ancient times. The town lies about a mile from the station, and we find some ancient hacks drawn by equally ancient horses, waiting to carry us up the hill.

Before we can take a carriage, however, our American passport must be again viséd and our visiting cards handed to the polite station master, in order to assure him that we are neither revolutionists, nor anarchists, nor Albanians, bent upon the destruction of the city. Through pleasant groves of mulberry trees our road passes, constantly climbing until we come to the outskirts of modern Berea, which is situated on the exact site of the Berea of old to which Paul fled.

Though not one of the great towns of antiquity, the city has a history of which it is justly proud. It was founded a thousand years before any of the great cities of Europe were built, saving perhaps Athens and Rome. Two thousand years before the first house was erected in New York or Boston, Philadelphia or Baltimore, there was a city here.

Its inhabitants were evidently wise in their day and generation, and understood the all-conquering power of Rome, for it was the first city after the Battle of Pydna in the year 168 B.C. that surrendered to the Romans. Some fifty years before our Lord's advent, Pompey's conquering infantry went into winter quarters there, but it was not until some fifty years after Christ was born that the man who was destined to make Berea famous for all time entered the city, a lonely fugitive with one or two companions, who had been chased from city to city, and who now found a quiet refuge for a few weeks or months in hospitable Berea.

To-day it is a populous and busy city of some twenty-two thousand people, and a very mixed population it is, consisting of gipsies and Jews, Wallachs and Albanians, Greeks and Turks. The Greeks are in a majority, and number two-thirds of all the inhabitants. The winter population is much larger than the summer for in the late autumn the Wallachian shepherds with their families come down from the surrounding mountains, and make this city their abode during the stormy months of the year.

As we approached Berea we were struck with the beauty of its situation. Its white minarets glisten in the sunlight. The many trees which line its streets remind us of some of our own tree-embowered cities, like the two Portlands of America, for instance, on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Beyond rise tiers of glorious mountains, snow-capped through much of the year, and sparkling streams hurry down their sides and flow through the very heart of Berea. The promise of the more distant view is not altogether fulfilled, however, as we enter the precincts of the city, for the first ward to which we come is the gipsy settlement, and the swarthy, black-eyed, unkempt sons and daughters of Egypt gaze curiously at us from every shop and doorway.

The gipsies are iron-workers for the most part, and their streets resound with the anvil chorus of the forge, and the clangours of the hammers on the metal, as they fashion a horse-shoe and laboriously hammer out the nails which fasten it.

Almost at the moment we entered the town a shot was heard, and a policeman who was trying to disarm an Albanian, who was carrying weapons contrary to the law, was laid low. So far as we

could learn, the Albanian walked off quietly unpursued, while the poor policeman breathed his last on the train that took us back to Salonica in the afternoon, and which was carrying him to the hospital there. Such an incident, seemingly commonplace, told volumes about the Albanian peril, and the antipathies between the irreconcilable races of Macedonia.

Notwithstanding the murder things went on quietly and peacefully in the streets of Berea so far as we could see. The merchants in the tiny shops sold their goods in leisurely fashion. Little girls with crooked knitting needles plied them industrially as they walked along. The unusual advent of four strangers, for an American missionary and a Greek pastor accompanied us, seemed to give the Bereans no little diversion, as we made our way with interested curiosity through the narrow streets. All sorts and conditions of men we passed and repassed: Wallachs with white leggings, each with a shaggy burnous or shepherd's coat over his shoulders; stout-limbed Albanians looking like ballet girls in their white fustanelles; Jewish women with quaint head-dresses; Turks in trousers that look like blue meal bags, and Greeks in modern

European costume,—all made a strange and picturesque variety in this living panorama. Everywhere is the abundant water which gave the city its name, gushing from the hillsides, flowing through the streets, bubbling up in innumerable fountains, dashing and splashing through the walled-in channels, as the “water comes down at Lodore.”

The Wallachian courtyards are the most picturesque. They are surrounded by extensive walls, and within each courtyard is a multitude of huts; in each hut several rooms, and in each room a shepherd's family. Many curious sights we see. There is a great tower in ruins, with blocks of stone lying around in confusion and huge piles of broken brick, mortar, and masonry declaring that a mighty structure must have once existed there.

The intelligent and wealthy Greek gentleman who kindly served us as guide told us that this tower, which had been sealed up by the Turks since the twelfth century, had lately been destroyed by the Young Turks, and that for a curious reason. It seems that in the eleventh and twelfth centuries Berea was in the height of its

power. It was a city larger and more important than Salonica even, but it was betrayed to the Turks by a Christian, and the punishment of the traitor, according to tradition, was that he must wander around the tower night after night through all the centuries until the Christians came again and he should give the keys of the city back to their former owners. This tradition, with the hope of future Christian domination, so pervaded the city that the Young Turks, it is said, destroyed the "Traitor's Tower," which contained a great library, in order that the force of the superstition might be broken. I take this story, however, with several grains of salt, and have no doubt that some of its embellishments at least were supplied by hatred of the young Turk. However, Berea has now come back into Christian hands, and is incorporated into the kingdom of Greece.

There are thirty-two mosques in Berea, and we were surprised to see that the graveyard in front of one of these mosques was used as a clothes-yard,



Photo J. D. Neranzi, Leipzig

**St. Paul's Square, Berea, with pulpit, and ancient cypress trees said to be 2000 years old**



**The old "Library" of Berea, now destroyed by the Turks**





which the outside world appears to know absolutely nothing. I have consulted several volumes of commentaries and descriptive writings, as well as the scanty guide-books on Macedonia, and other available sources of information, and find no remotest allusion to this most interesting feature of Berea. Even the missionaries and Greek Christians of Salonica, forty miles away, so far as I could learn, had never heard of them. But the Greek gentleman who volunteered to be our guide rightly considered them the most interesting and unique sights of the city.

There are no less than seventy-two of these hidden churches, which were tucked away in all sorts of obscure and undreamed-of corners when, some hundreds of years ago, the Greeks were in deadly fear of Turkish persecution. It would be impossible for a stranger to find a single one of these churches, but our guide, who had been born in Berea and had always lived there, was familiar with the location of many of them. No outward sign gave a hint that there was a church anywhere

other, then would enter a courtyard where a family, or perhaps a dozen families, lived, and where the housemothers were cooking the noonday meal or doing the weekly washing. Out of this courtyard another door would open into a still narrower yard, and there, at the end we would see a door with a rude cross marked upon it in chalk or charcoal. One of the inhabitants of this inner courtyard would be found to have the key to the door, and opening it would usher us into a tiny church, perhaps not more than ten feet square, but in it we would always see one or more icons, or pictures, of Christ or the saints, covered with tinsel or gold-foil except for the hands and faces. There would also be a row of candle spikes on which to impale the tapers so freely used in Greek worship, an altar, and a Holy of Holies behind a painted curtain.

Some of these churches were much larger than such a one as I have described, and on the farther side there was often a way of egress, sometimes an underground passage, so that if the persecuting Turks should catch the worshippers at their devotions, it might be possible to escape massacre by fleeing in different directions. Most, if not

all, of these churches are used at the present day, at least on special occasions, and on the name days of the saints to whom they are dedicated.

It would seem that with seventy-two Greek churches and thirty-two mosques, to say nothing of the little temples where the Wallachians worship, the twenty-two thousand inhabitants of Berea might have sufficient religious privileges, of a kind at least. But, alas, there is not a single Protestant church of any kind in Berea, perhaps not a single Christian who would accept the doctrines of Paul in their purity. Let us be thankful, however, that the name of Christ is still known, and that in these seventy-two churches He is still worshipped though in much ignorance and darkness and superstition.

There is one more place which the traveller must visit before he leaves Berea, and that is a beautiful open square surrounded by enormous cypress trees, where it is said Paul used to preach, and where a pulpit is shown, though an undeniably modern one, which we are asked to believe was

for, from time immemorial it has been a public forum, and Turkish services, we are told, are even now held there.

The great cypress trees are truly impressive and are said to be two thousand years old. One of them had recently fallen to the ground and had been sawed in two. We tried to count the rings to tell its age, but they were so involved and difficult to trace that, after counting till our time and patience were exhausted we gave up the task, and preferred to take it on faith that possibly the great Apostle might have stood under one of these very trees in its early youth.

We know comparatively little of Paul's life in Berea. St. Luke is as brief and succinct as ever in his account of it. We know that as usual the apostle went first into the synagogue of the Jews, and we learn that these Jews "were more noble than those of Thessalonica." To this day it is commonly said that the same is true of the modern Bereans. A graphic writer thus pictures the scene in that synagogue:

The rabbis and ministers, attired in their flowing

prophets. The Apostle directs them to reference after reference, proving that Jesus was indeed the Christ. May we not imagine him saying, "Turn to your roll containing our old prophet Micah's prediction; you will find there mentioned the birthplace of the Messiah." The presiding minister reads aloud: "But thou, Bethlehem-Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto thee that is to be the ruler of Israel." "Jesus," Paul may be supposed to say, "was born there."

Thus this writer goes on imagining that Paul told the Jews how His tribe was predicted, how He was to be born of a Virgin, to be a lineal descendant of David, and how His rejection and death were described by the prophets, while the rabbis turned the scrolls and read the prophetic passages in confirmation of Paul's statements.

This is not altogether a fanciful account of the Apostle's experiences in Berea, for we know that the Jews "received the word with all readiness," and also that they "searched the Scriptures daily whether these things were so." We also know that many of them believed, and that this was also true of the "honourable women" among the Greeks, "and of men not a few."

But the unbelieving, jealous Jews were soon upon Paul's track once more. They could not let him rest even in remote, obscure Berea, but from Thessalonica they came, ready to hound him to death, and eager to drive him out of Macedonia. As in their own city they "stirred up the people," and Paul knew that in order to continue his work and to carry the Gospel message to still other peoples he must at once leave the city where he had been so hospitably received.

While Silas and Timothy stayed in Berea to comfort and strengthen the infant church, Paul, who seems to have been the only one whom the hostile Jews really feared (a splendid testimony this to his tremendous spiritual power and untiring vigour), was sent away by sea to Athens. Thus again we see how God makes the wrath of men to praise Him, for, though driven from obscure Berea, Paul is enabled to proclaim the everlasting Gospel in Athens and Corinth, the world's greatest centres of learning, philosophy, art, and commerce.

## CHAPTER XVI

### ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT SPEECHES

How St. Paul Went to Athens. Thermopylæ and Marathon—  
The First Glimpse of Athens—The Piræus Then and Now—  
Athens's Many Gods—What Paul Saw in the Market-place  
—The Magnificent Works of Art—What we See To-day—  
The Stoics and Epicureans—The Brief but Epoch-making  
Speech—Its Failure and its Success.



**T. PAUL** came to Athens by sea from some point on the Macedonian coast, whither he had escaped when driven out of Berea by the opposition of the Jews, who everywhere pursued him with malicious vindictiveness.

The journey was and is a most interesting one. Splendid mountains rise from the western shore. Charming islands dot the coast along which the little vessel on which St. Paul was embarked threaded its way; and every mile is alive with memories of the glorious victories, or the terrible disasters of the Greek



able renown by defending their country in the narrow pass? Did he recall the glories of Marathon and the defeat of the Persians as he sailed near that historic spot? It is not unlikely, for Paul was a scholar as well as a Christian, and such heroic deeds of genuine patriotism would appeal to his martial spirit.

But I think that chiefly his mind was on the celebrated, but superstitious and frivolous city, which he was about to see for the first time,—a city of song and story, a city of marble temples and palaces, of sculpture and painting and gods innumerable. He was doubtless considering his message, and how he should deliver it so that it might make some impression on the minds of the fickle sensation-mongers of Athens.

As he looks eagerly forward to catch the first glimpse from the ship's deck of the world-famous city, a flash of reflected sunlight perhaps struck his eye. It was the gleam that flamed from the armour of the mighty statue of Minerva, which stood, as the ancient coins of Athens show us, on the very summit of the Acropolis. So brilliant

reflection from them, we are told, often first reminded the sailor of his approach to Athens. Thus it is very likely that the earliest warning which Paul had of his approach to the city came from one of the heathen divinities which it was his mission to overthrow.

Soon after that he landed at the Piræus, then as now the harbour of Athens, a town which still retains many of the characteristics of the seaport which St. Paul saw. To-day huge steamers with their black hulls and belching smokestacks, from Brindisi, Trieste, Constantinople, and Smyrna, and even from far-away London and New York, take the place of the corn-ships from Alexandria, and the many little coasting vessels from Greek and Macedonian ports of the olden time.

But the every-day life of a great seaport is much the same in every age. To-day one sees swarthy sailors with their rolling gait wandering on the docks of the Piræus, while vendors of cakes, oranges, sweetmeats, and dates are trying to tempt them to buy. Low dram shops, the present-day relics of a barbarous age, line the streets. Ragged children are pitching pennies or playing with little stones an absorbing game like "Duck on the Rock."

Slatternly women stand at dirty doorways gossiping with their neighbours. These sights are probably little changed by the centuries.

But Paul would not be likely to tarry long at the Piræus, nor need we. We will follow him up the long straight road, then lined with fragments of the great wall which once connected Athens with her seaport, until, after a four-mile walk, we come to the far-famed Agora, or market-place of Athens.

Before Paul had come as far as this he had seen many signs of the idolatrous city. He had passed beautiful marble statues of Minerva, Apollo, Mercury, Jupiter, and other gods and goddesses. Shrines and temples were everywhere, before and behind, to the right and the left. There were also statues of the great statesmen, warriors, and law-givers of Greece, like Solon and Demosthenes, as well as of her mythological heroes, Hercules, Theseus, and many others; but the great majority of the statues were of her innumerable gods.

The religiousness of the Athenians went ever farther



From photograph by Mrs. Francis E. Clark  
**A sheepfold in Asia Minor**



**Mars' Hill, Athens**



the Attic mind knew no bounds in this direction, abstractions were deified and publicly honoured. Altars were erected to Fame, to Modesty, to Energy, to Persuasion, and to Pity.

Crossing the market-place, Paul would have upon his left a rough and ragged, rocky hill, surmounted by a temple to the god of war. This was the Areopagus, or Mars' Hill, where afterwards he made his memorable speech. On his left was the still more famous hill, the Pnyx, on whose partially levelled top Demosthenes and other great Athenian orators had held their audiences spell-bound, and where, it is said, the listeners were so erudite and accurate at one time, that a single false accent on the part of an orator was corrected on the spot by the critical audience.

Before him, as he passed on toward the east, was the Acropolis, or citadel, of Athens, a hill of solid rock far higher than either of the others we have described, and covered on every projecting ledge and cranny, as well as on its broad, level top, with the most magnificent temples, shrines, and statues of antiquity, as the ruins one sees to-day mutely testify.

It would be wearisome to describe in detail all

the temples and images and sanctuaries of heathen worship that St. Paul must have seen as he mounted the steep ascent of the citadel, passed through the magnificent marble Propylæa, or gateway, built by Pericles four hundred years before in the golden age of Athens, on to the masterpiece of all, the Parthenon, the temple of the virgin goddess, Minerva.

Her three statues on the Acropolis were perhaps the chief objects of Athenian worship. One was of ivory and gold, the noblest work of the world's most famous sculptor, Phidias. Another was made of the brass and copper captured in the Battle of Marathon, and was the gigantic statue whose gleam could be seen far out at sea; while the third was the most sacred of all, for it was said to have fallen down from heaven, like Diana of the Ephesians, like the pedestal of the Virgin in the Church of the Holy Pillar in Saragossa in Spain, and like other statues and relics deemed holy for the same reason by the Roman Catholics of our day. Volumes and libraries of volumes have been written about these temples and statues and their worship, and the people who gathered about them, for there are none

others so famous, even in their ruins, in all the world.

But what do we see to-day, standing where Paul stood? Mars' Hill is still there, for nature's monuments are not easily removed or defaced, but the temple of Mars has left no trace behind. Tourists wander over the hill and find nothing but the bare, rough foundation rock. Children play hide-and-seek around it, and goats nibble the grass and moss that spring up in its crevices.

The Pnyx, too, can be easily recognized, but no vestige of a ruin of temple or shrine can be seen there, only the outline of the rocky forum on which the greatest orators stood.

With the Acropolis it is different. It is crowded with ruins to-day. The Parthenon, the Temple of Minerva, the splendid gateway with its massive marble columns, the beautiful little Temple of the Wingless Victory, and the larger Temple of the Erechtheion, all stand magnificent in their ruins. The ground is strewn with marble columns, capitals, and cornices, and to walk over it is like picking one's way over a marble quarry.

But the images of the gods and goddesses have vanished, like the religion for which they stood.



They are either utterly demolished or have been removed to some museum in Athens, in England, or on the Continent of Europe. The guns of Turk and Venetian, the violent hands of Goth and Vandal, of Slav and Norwegian, have done their worst, but so immense and massive were these temples of the Acropolis, that they stand almost like the foundation rock itself. They are battered, broken, weather-stained, with the beating rain and bleaching sunshine of twenty-five hundred years, but splendid even in their ruins.

Here we can see the actual works of man, on which St. Paul looked. Not only do we see the mountains and valleys, the beautiful harbour and the little streams, the Illyssus and Kephissos, which were present to his view nineteen hundred years ago, but the very fluted pillars of the temples on which he gazed when "his spirit was stirred within him as he saw the city crowded with idols."

Famous schools of philosophy as well as religion, schools which have affected the thought of mankind in all the ages since, had their origin and home in Athens. Though they were decadent in the time of St. Paul, yet they had their adherents, and

they moulded the thought and speech of the Apostle if only to refute their errors.

As he looked from the Acropolis he could see the "Painted Cloister" of the Stoics, where Zeno their founder had taught his pupils. The Stoics, though stern and ascetic in their morality, and though they opposed the worship of images, were Pantheists, and their god was the Spirit of the Universe. There was no room in their faith for a personal God. The soul itself was material, and they could not conceive of the Christian doctrine of the resurrection.

Of the Stoics it has been finely said:

To them pleasure was no good. Pain was no evil. Nothing could be more repugnant to the Stoic than the news of a Saviour who has atoned for our sin and is ready to aid our weakness. Christianity is the School of Humility; Stoicism was the Education of Pride. Christianity is a discipline of life; Stoicism was nothing better than an apprenticeship for death.

The other dominant school of philosophy which Paul encountered in Athens was the Epicurean; and the "Garden" of Epicurus, where his disciples still gathered, though their master was long since dead, was a noted spot in Athens, and could

doubtless be seen by St. Paul as he gazed from the Acropolis over the beautiful but wicked city. And to this wickedness the doctrines of Epicurus directly contributed, for though the master and his more cultured disciples may have found their pleasure in refined and delicate ways, even in self-denial, as it is claimed, yet pleasure was the sum-all and end-all of life to them, and in coarser and less intelligent souls this doctrine led to all kinds of license, lust, and debauchery. There was no room for God in the philosophy of Epicurus, nor, of course, for the resurrection. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," was their practical motto, and, "if the dead rise not," Paul agreed that their motto was sensible.

I need not pause to describe the other systems of philosophy prevalent in Athens, for we can now picture to ourselves the scenes and the people, and the circumstances which led to the immortal address on Mars' Hill.

Here was a city in many respects the brightest and most glorious in the world, with more treasures of art heaped together within its small compass than anywhere on the planet; a city that was always gay with processions and festivals, cele-

brating the rites of some deity; a city without political or industrial importance, but where the people lived in a continual round of petty excitements, which had to do, not with the present, but with a dead or dying religion and mythology. So fearful were the Athenians, with all their innumerable deities, that they might miss some god, and so fail to propitiate him, they had set up in several places altars inscribed "To the Unknown God."

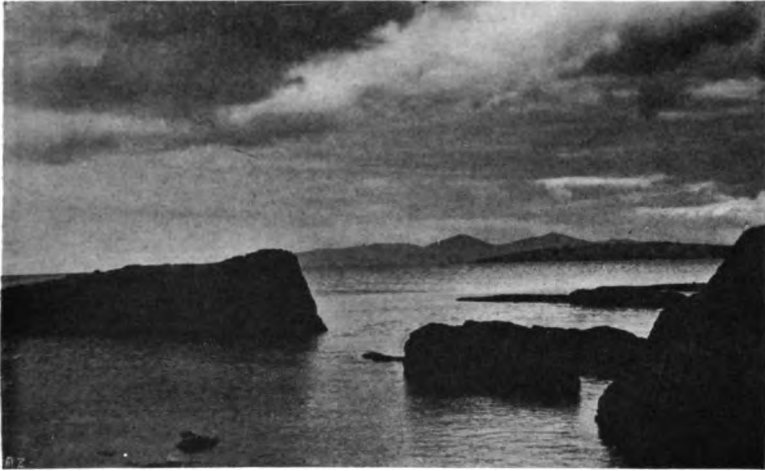
Into this welter of superstition and idolatry, this strange mixture of culture and frivolity, of reason and bigotry, came a man who, according to tradition, which ancient artists have followed, was small of stature, his body distorted by lameness, his beard long and thin, his head bald, with a bright grey eye under thickly-overhanging eyebrows.

Such a man was not one, it would seem, to challenge the learning, the cynicism, the atheism of a gay, frivolous, self-sufficient city, the centre of the world's art and philosophy. But God had chosen the "weak things of this world to confound the things which were mighty," for "the weakness of God is stronger than men."

Every day Paul talked with the Jews in their synagogue, and with the idle crowd in the market-place, as Luke tells us in the Acts. There were various opinions as to his doctrines. Some called him a "babbler," literally, "a bird that picks up seeds from the ground," and hence one who chirps and twitters like a bird,—a merely contemptuous expression. Others thought he was telling of new and strange gods, and many Athenians, who would not object to a few more gods, were willing to hear more.

They took hold of him and brought him to Mars' Hill, the rocky eminence that lay just to the right of the market-place, as one looked from the Acropolis. Perhaps they led him by the very steps hewn out of the rock which we now use in climbing the little hill. On the top was a rocky platform, and on seats hollowed out of the rock sat the judges to try the most desperate criminals, and to decide questions of religious controversy. Here on the hill, too, was a temple to Mars; and the hideous Furies had their shrine and their statue in a cleft of the rock just below.

Here then Paul stood at last, in the midst of enemies and idlers, philosophers and poets, Stoics



**The approach to Athens by the sea**



**The Acropolis, Athens**



and Epicureans, and a great company of those who only wished to see and hear some new thing. Here he stood to make a defence of his faith which should echo through all the ages to come. And yet it was a very brief and broken speech. It would scarcely take three minutes to deliver it. It contains less than three hundred words, yet it contains truths that shook the world.

It is too familiar to require extended remark. The Apostle begins by recalling the altar he had just seen "To the Unknown God," and in conciliatory mood tells his motley audience that he has come to set forth unto them this, the true God, though unknown to them.

He quotes one of their own poets, Cleanthes, who had sung:

"Hail, O Zeus! for to thee should each mortal voice  
be uplifted;  
*Offspring are we, too, of thine*, we and all that is mortal  
around."

Some authorities think that the Apostle may have been thinking of Aratus, a poet who had lived in Tarsus in the third century B.C., who had written similar lines. Aratus wrote:



"Zeus fills all the city streets,  
All the nation's crowded marts; fills the watery deeps,  
And heavens; every labour needs the help of Zeus.  
*His offspring are we.*"

Paul quotes this, for it is a Christian sentiment though uttered by a heathen writer concerning one of his own deities. But this is only the prelude to Paul's speech. In the last forty words his whole message was embraced. In them he told of Christ the Judge, ordained of God, and of His resurrection from the dead.

This was too much for this frivolous, mocking, unbelieving crowd, the most decent of whom would only say as they went their way that they would "hear him again about this matter." His speech seemed to be the direst failure, broken off almost before it was begun, ending in the jeers of an idle, insulting throng. In reality it was a glorious success, not chiefly because in consequence of it one of the judges of Mars' Hill (Dionysius the Areopagite), Damaris, and some others seem to have believed on Paul's Saviour, but because it was the challenge of the new religion to the whole world.

It is not too much to say, with an author of distinction: "That speech on the Areopagus is an imperishable monument of the first victory of Christianity over Paganism."

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE EYE OF GREECE

A Decadent City in St. Paul's Time—Athens Redivivus—Her Modern Prosperity—Her Monotonous Architecture—The Glorious Seventy Years—Athens's Many Enemies and Destroyers—The Two Squares of Modern Athens—Picturesque Soldiers—Newsboys and Bootblacks—Hymettus, Pentelicus, and Lycabettus.



MILTON in his *Paradise Regained* calls Athens "The Eye of Greece, Mother of Arts and Eloquence." To this very day, through the long period of her decadence and eclipse and of her subsequent revival as the political capital of an independent country, Athens has maintained something of her traditional glory. To speak of a city as "The Athens of America," or of England, or of Germany (and the inhabitants of many cities like to designate thus fondly their town), is to claim for it a certain literary and artistic superiority, even though the golden age of Athens is twenty-five hundred years in the past.

In St. Paul's time the gleam of this golden glory

was still reflected on the proud temples and magnificent statuary of Athens, even though she had become a conquered Roman province, and, commercially and politically, was far less important than her neighbour, Corinth. Nevertheless she stood in the eyes of the world for all that was excellent in art and letters, and the coming of the great Apostle to her famous shrines and Academic groves was a unique event in his life, and, as it proved, in the history of Christianity.

But what do we see now in Athens, nearly two thousand years after St. Paul walked up to the Agora from the Piræus, between the ruins of the great stone walls that used to connect the noblest city of antiquity with her seaport? Corinth, once her rival, is a ruin but partially exhumed by the enterprise of American explorers. The Isthmus, once the highway of the world's commerce, is largely a rocky waste, with a few fertile farms and smiling vineyards to tell of her former glory, but Athens, like the phoenix, has arisen from her ashes over and over again, and, though she has lost her classic glory, is in some respects more important to-day than in St. Paul's time.

Then she was a quiet, provincial city, full of

philosophers, idlers, and questioning speculators, of little importance in the political or commercial world, but with all the memories of her former commanding greatness and with her glorious monuments and works of art largely unimpaired.

Now Athens is surpassed by a hundred cities from the intellectual and artistic standpoint, but still none can rival her memories, her traditions, her ruins. To-day she is no longer a rather insignificant free Greek city of a Roman colony, as when St. Paul visited her. She is the capital of an independent kingdom,—a kingdom small and poor, to be sure, as compared with her great neighbours, but a kingdom that is occupying a large place in the eyes of the world.

The finances of Greece are on a more stable basis than ever, a sure proof of the commercial welfare of a nation. The drachma is the monetary unit of her currency. It is worth twenty cents in American money, the same as the French franc, the Italian lira and the Austrian krona. For

France. The present value (1917) of the currency of many European nations is entirely problematical.

Athens has been enlarging her boundaries, erecting new public buildings and hotels, repairing her streets, unearthing her ruins and restoring some of them. Everywhere there were before the war signs of growing prosperity. But this was largely commercial prosperity. The centre of literary and artistic activity had long ago moved from Athens, probably never to return.

Apart from a few fine buildings—the palaces of the King and the Crown Prince, the great Stadium, the Academy, the University, the Library, the homes of Professor Schliemann and a few wealthy Greeks, the architecture of Athens is monotonous and depressing in the extreme. A square packing-box seems to have been the model for ninety-nine houses out of a hundred. Hideous rectangular buildings, white-washed or yellow-washed, with unrelieved flat roofs, abound everywhere in the more respectable parts of the city, while the poorer parts are often squalid and filthy.

fashion and luxury are centred in the capital of the Republic), is Athens the centre, if not the circumference, of modern Greece. There was no other city deserving the name in Greece, until Salonica and Kavala were annexed in 1913, and the country villages are often dirty, dismal, and wretchedly poor.

When we consider the sad history of Greece for the last two thousand years, we do not wonder at her present poverty, but rather that she has shown such wonderful resiliency, and has been able to take her place, though as a little one, in the family of the nations.

Twenty-four hundred years ago, approximately, Greece was at the summit of her glory, four hundred years before St. Paul climbed the long ascent from the Piræus, and preached his immortal sermon on Mars' Hill. Then, within a period of seventy years, lived Socrates who drank the hemlock in the year 399 before Christ, and Plato, his great disciple, who died fifty years later; and Demosthenes, the name synonymous with oratory in all the world; Aristotle, and Diogenes the cynic, Praxiteles the sculptor, and many another whose name the world will not willingly let die. Within

the lifetime of a single man all these great orators, philosophers, painters, and sculptors lived. Philip of Macedon then conquered the Persians, and Alexander the Great ascended the throne.

Then came to Greece a steady, though slow, decline from the summit of her fame and glory, until in St. Paul's time Athens was a quiet provincial city, with only the shadow of her former greatness, though the splendid monuments of her architects, sculptors, and artists were still intact.

But worse things awaited this devoted city and country after St. Paul's day. The Goths ravaged Athens in the fourth century after Christ and the Vandals a hundred years later. The Vandals were followed by the Slavs after another century had performed its work of slow destruction. Then the Bulgarians and the Albanians took their turn at the work of pillage and rapine. Even the Norwegians came down from the far North about the year 1000, and contributed their share to the desolation of fair Athens.

Worst of all, in 1456, the Turks captured Athens, and then this city of ancient glory and modern disaster was the football of Moslem and Christians, Turks, Venetians, Russians, British, and French,



until, in 1863, the worthy King George I. ascended the throne, to which he had been elected by the voice of the people. He was a son of the late King of Denmark, and a brother of the Queen-Mother, Alexandra, of England. Under his reign Greece, though with various internal troubles, and defeats by foreign foes, steadily progressed materially, educationally, and we trust spiritually.

When we consider her checkered career, her long, long centuries of defeat, oppression, pillage, and destruction by the most barbarous nations of Europe and Asia, we cannot wonder that Athens is to-day chiefly celebrated for her ruins; that not a single temple is now intact; that not one of the thousands of ancient statues is unscarred; that headless trunks, armless and legless fragments, broken capitals, friezes, and pediments abound everywhere, and that even the Parthenon and the Erechtheion retain but the shadow of their former glories.

Yet here is to-day a modern city of some 150,000 inhabitants supremely interesting to the student because of its history, to the artist because of rare fragments of sculpture, to the archæologist because of its majestic ruins, stately even in their decay,

to the Christian largely because a Christian Jew named Paul, more than eighteen centuries ago, journeyed here from Macedonia, tarried for a few weeks or months, and on a great rock in the centre of the city made a never to be forgotten speech which ever since has been echoing throughout the world.

On all of these accounts it is of interest to look at the city for a little through present-day spectacles, uncoloured by the rosy light of the past, or the gloom of more recent years.

In the modern city of Athens there are two squares which form the two foci of an ellipse, from which most of the life of the city radiates. One of these is Constitution Square, to translate the Greek and French names, by which it is usually called, into English, and the other is the Place of Concord.

Around Constitution Square cluster the leading hotels, while to the east it is flanked by the great, bare marble palace of the King, in front of which is a pretty park, and behind it a more extensive botanical garden.

Stadium, a busy thoroughfare about half a mile long.

Other principal business streets are the Street of Hermes, the Street of Æolus, Athens Street, and Piræus Street. In all of these and in some others are good shops, filled with the latest importations from London, Paris, and New York.

The student of the classics will be interested to note that many of the streets are named after the ancient worthies, Homer and Socrates, Æschylus and Phidias, and one is thankful to the city fathers of Athens for putting up at every street corner a marble tablet with the name of the street in plain Greek letters, a custom which many of our American cities might imitate to advantage.

The street scenes are extremely interesting to the new arrival. The ladies of Athens of the better class affect a funereal black for the most part, but there are enough other people on the streets to relieve the sombre effect. The soldiers are particularly picturesque: many of them wear the kilted and fluted white skirt that comes nearly to their knees, while their legs are encased in heavy white stockings or leggings reaching to their hips. This costume, which terminates in brown



**A Greek peasant woman, spinning as she  
carries her load of brush-wood**





Turkish slippers, extravagantly turned up at the toe, surmounted by a big black ball of worsted, gives these sons of Mars a singularly unwarlike, not to say effeminate, aspect. But there are other soldiers in blue and butternut uniforms of the ordinary type, while the officers, as in other lands, are birds of gorgeous plumage.

The bootblacks and newsboys of Athens are numberless and omnipresent, yelling out in shrill tones the latest edition, or inviting customers in equally strident tones to have a "shine." Hot-chestnut men, with charcoal braziers and a stock in trade of a hundred big nuts, doze over their little fires, or sell pistachio nuts, sesame seed, or pumpkin seeds at the street corners.

Much of the merchandise is carried by diminutive grey donkeys or by old women, who are almost lost under their huge loads of oranges or lemons or cauliflowers or brushwood.

The goats are a familiar sight of modern, as doubtless they were of ancient, Athens, and one sees them skipping over the rocks of Mars' Hill or the Pnyx, or picking their way gingerly over the ruins of some ancient temple, like chamois in their native wilds. They are all muzzled, and attended

in flocks of ten or a dozen by a goatherd, who goes armed with three little tin cups, one holding about a pint, another a half pint, and another a gill. When he finds a customer he stops a section of his living milk-cart, milks it, hands over the diminutive amount of the lacteal fluid (it certainly is fresh milk) to the customer, and receives his five or ten *lepta* (one or two cents) in return. Such are some of the every-day sights that interest the traveller in modern Athens.

But of course the natural scenery and the ruined monuments of ancient greatness are the sights which chiefly attract his attention. These are memorable and striking in the extreme. To the east of the city is a long range of granite hills, bare and stern, with scarcely a vestige of vegetation, at least in winter, but famed now as in classical days for their honey, the honey of Hymettus.

To the north is the great mountain range of Parnes, covered with snow after December's winds begin to blow, while between Parnes and Hymettus in a north-easterly direction is Pentelion, the marble quarry of ancient and modern

days; which has adorned the Stadium with its glorious dress of glistening white, and which has given to the Athens of to-day all the beauty and glory which it still possesses; for even to-day it is a city of marble. It is not too much to say that, with all its wonderful geographical advantages, without Pentelicus there could have been no Athens such as we know, in ancient or modern history.

Coming nearer, the most striking natural object is Lykabettos, a hill nearly one thousand feet high, which rises almost out of the city. This is a wondrously symmetrical cone, and the view from the top is magnificent in the extreme. Beyond the Acropolis, looking toward the south from Lykabettos, are the white-capped waves of the harbour of Piræus, the chief port of Greece nineteen hundred years ago as now.


We cannot predict the future of Athens, but whatever it may be, she can never be forgotten by lovers of art, by lovers of heroic deeds, or by Christians who love and revere the memory of the



## CHAPTER XVIII

### NEW CORINTH, OLD CORINTH, AND ST. PAUL'S CORINTH

From Athens to Corinth—A Strikingly Interesting Journey—  
Scenes in New Corinth—Turkeys, Women, and Fishermen—  
The Road to Old Corinth—Acro-Corinth and the View from  
the Summit—Ancient Corinth's Former Glory—The Squalid  
Village of the Present Day—The Letters to the Corinthians.

“FTER these things, he [St. Paul] departed from Athens and came to Corinth,” says the writer of the Acts.

Whether St. Paul made the journey by sea or by land we do not know, but if he followed the ancient road which the modern railway largely parallels, he would have taken one of the most interesting and delightful journeys of his long life of travel.

Every mile of the journey affords glimpses of

mostly Albanians," but its great ruins remind us that here the "Eleusinian Mysteries" were celebrated, while history tells us that Æschylus, the greatest of Greek dramatists, was born here, B.C. 525. A dozen miles farther on we come to Megara, once a great city, and famous for the prowess of its people, and even now a very considerable town.

Often the road skirts the rugged edge of a precipice, and again it cuts through high walls of rock which the waves of the Saronic Gulf are constantly washing far below. At the narrowest pass we read the ancient legend that here the robber Skiron "used to kick travellers over the edge until he himself met the same fate from Theseus."

At length, after about three hours of such picturesque travel, we cross the famous Corinthian Canal by a fine iron bridge 170 feet high. This canal is a truly remarkable piece of engineering, cut through the solid rock for much of its four miles of length, a straight, narrow, artificial canyon connecting the Gulf of Corinth and the Adriatic with the Ægean.

but we are yet some miles from the site of the city which St. Paul knew, for the modern Corinth has moved down from the high plateau under the shadow of its great natural citadel, and planted itself on the shores of the gulf which bears its name.

It is worth while to linger here for a few minutes, for it gives us a view of one of the larger, modern Greek cities, and at the same time shows us some of the every-day sights which must have been familiar sights also nineteen hundred years ago. Doubtless during his long residence in the city on the hill, Paul often wandered to the shore, and gazed out over the blue waters of the Gulf of Corinth to the majestic mountains on the farther side.

Eliminate the railway and the railway station, the telegraph poles and wires; clear away the dismal, monotonous, flat-roofed houses and the dirty streets and lanes, and substitute for them orange and olive groves and vineyards, which very likely occupied the site of modern Corinth, and you have the scene that Paul looked upon

tion, in the fleecy clouds above, in the play of the glorious eastern sunlight on the farther hills, and the glint of the lustrous moon on the rippling waters, the site of Corinth has not changed during these nineteen hundred years.

The first impression that one gets of New Corinth is certainly not a happy one, particularly if one arrives on a dark rainy day in winter, or on a glaring summer noon, with the dust blowing in clouds down the dirty streets. Your baggage is seized by a ragged porter, and with it you are bundled into a dilapidated barouche; the driver whips up his raw-boned horses, and rattles you over the horrible roads as though his life depended on reaching your hotel in three minutes instead of five.

The hostelry, when you reach it, is found to be modest in everything but price; but it is clean, the one *sine qua non* which must always be insisted upon in Greece, and the fare at the table is very good, though scarcely worth the dollar which is charged for a dinner. But these are trifles, for one goes to Corinth not to secure all the luxuries

Yet the present is very insistent in obtruding itself upon you as you step out of your hotel door. In noting the little, even trivial things of everyday life in modern Corinth, you feel that at the same time you are getting nearer to the past, for in Greece much more than in ever-changing America, the common sights and sounds are much the same yesterday and to-day, if not forever.

As you step out of your door, you see a country woman in glaring colours, driving a small flock of turkeys down the street, with the help of a long wand, and a small boy similarly armed. Occasionally a buyer appears, and after many futile attempts accompanied by much indignant gobbling on the part of the turkeys, one of the big birds is caught and must submit himself to be ignominiously felt of by the prospective buyer, who wishes thus to judge of his age and tenderness. After several such captures and much preliminary haggling, a bargain is struck, the turkey is carried off, and the woman and boy and the long wands

hypercritical reader should say that turkeys were introduced from America, and could not have been seen in Corinth in St. Paul's time, I would reply that geese and ducks and chickens were probably known, and that they are treated in much the same way.

The fish of the sea, as well as the fowls of the air, are the same as in the older days, and are captured in the same primitive manner. The shores of the gulf are but a scant three minutes' walk from our hotel, and there we see exactly the scene that Paul, as he went to the shore must often have viewed,—the fishermen hauling the net. In a big clumsy boat they have rowed out half way across the gulf, which here is a mile or more wide, and have thrown overboard their long net, paying it out a little at a time until its great circle can enclose a multitude of fishes if they are there to be caught. Then the fishermen row back to the shore in a wide sweep, and, jumping to the land, a dozen brawny men and as many boys begin to haul in the net, using the end of a cord which goes around their shoulders, and which they deftly twist around the ropes attached to the net, thus being able to use the strength of their shoul-

ders as well as their hands in hauling the heavy meshes through the water.

So far out is the net cast that to haul it in is a matter of two or three hours, and the fishermen amuse themselves by singing and grunting, and munching fragments torn from great loaves of hard bread which are piled up on the shore for their use. At last the net nears the shore, and the excitement of the "lottery of the sea" brings numerous loafers from the town, and soldiers of the little garrison, to see what luck awaits the fishermen. The fish are all entangled at the very end of the net, and when this is seen coming out of the water, bare-legged boys and men jump in, and throw upon the shore perhaps a bushel of little fish like sardines, and a very few larger ones, as a reward for their half day of toil.

Uncounted generations of fishermen have caught the same kind of fish in the same way, at the same spot, on the Gulf of Corinth, and as we watch them we are transported into the past, as we could be in no other way, by these very modern descendants of Peter and Andrew.

The town of New Corinth need detain us but a short time. It is "hideously modern," as the

archæologist would say. The houses are square boxes of one or two stories, with flat roofs, sometimes white-washed or pink-washed or blue-washed, but in the poorer parts of the city more often of the colour of the original mud with which they were daubed. A little park filled with pepper trees and pines relieves the centre of the village of something of its forlorn appearance, while an ambitious Greek church stands amid beautiful trees and shrubs, and is appropriately called the "Church of St. Paul."

All these modest attractions do not keep us long, and we soon set off for Old Corinth, three miles away, the veritable city of St. Paul and of Gallio and Aquila, of Gaius and Crispus and Chloe, and the other worthies with whom the Bible narrative has made us familiar.

The road for a time follows the shore, and then rises by two or three zigzags to the plateau above. This highway is, for Greece, a very tolerable one, and it discloses new beauties as every moment we rise higher. Acro-Corinth, the natural citadel which has seen so many masters during these



Rising immediately from the elevated plain, its top is two thousand feet above the sea. It is dwarfed by no near-by neighbours, and is almost as regular and symmetrical as Fujiyama itself. The cone is cut off at the top, and though it seems from below to come nearly to a point, there is really room on the summit for a good-sized village, which, with several Turkish mosques, once existed there.

The view from the top is superb. To the north and west stretches the Gulf of Corinth, with the great mountains towering beyond it, Parnassus and many another famed in classic story. To the east are other mountains scarcely less mighty whose feet are laved by the silver waters of the Ægean Sea. On one side was once seen Læcheon, the western port of Corinth, when it was the greatest commercial city of the world; on the other, a little farther off, was Cenchræa, her eastern port, which connected her with the world of Asia. And look more closely! By straining our eyes we can see lordly Athens with its many hills, the marbles

within our sight, as we stand upon the summit, how many armies of many nations have marched and counter-marched upon the plain below, how many times this hill itself, always the military key to Greece, has been stormed and captured by hostile troops, our emotions are stirred as they could be in few other spots.

Paul, during his long residence in Corinth, must have often climbed this great hill, which always cast its morning shadow over the city. But what a different sight met his eyes from that which we see! The mountains and valleys, the seas on either hand, the vineyards and the pine trees were much the same, but the habitations of man how different! Then one of the world's great emporiums lay at his feet. Now, a few mud hovels and some half-excavated ruins are all that remind us of Corinth's former glory.

Then, hundreds of thousands if not millions of people, occupied the fertile plains, and plied their trades in the busy cities within his view. Now, a few beggarly thousands eke out a scanty living in

merce of the Eastern and Western worlds. Now, scarcely a vestige of these walls can be seen, and the patient ox drags the slow plough over the site of former luxuriant villas and busy thoroughfares.

But, while in imagination we have been looking from the summit of Corinth's Acropolis, first through Paul's eyes and then through our own, in reality our rickety carriage has been bumping over the unmended highway, which grows worse as we reach the site of the ancient city.

As the road becomes more and more full of stones and cradle holes, our driver whips up his horses with redoubled vigour that he may make a dashing sensation, and astonish the few natives of ancient Corinth. Through two or three wretched streets, where each house looks a little more dilapidated than its neighbour, we drive, until at last our Jehu pulls up under a big plane tree in the middle of the village.

On one side is a coffee house, with a Greek priest and a village peasant talking together in a neighbourly way as they drink their coffee. On the other a beer and wine house, where swarms of flies dispute with two or three loafers for the possession of the liquid refreshments.



**St. Paul's Church in modern Corinth**



From photograph by Mrs. Francis E. Clark  
**Ruins of Temple of Apollo, site of old Corinth**



Farther up and down the road from the big plane tree are a score or two of poor hovels built of stone daubed with mud. Long-legged goats munch thistles and newspapers by the roadside as contentedly as in shanty-town of New York; black-eyed children dabble in the mud, for the rainy season has begun; and hens, geese, ducks, and pigs make free with the grass-grown roadway of ancient Corinth.

This squalid village which harbours some two hundred souls perhaps, wretched even for a modern Greek village, is the successor of the city which was at one time the proudest metropolis of antiquity. Thucydides writes that this was the place through which all ingress and egress between Northern and Southern Greece took place. Famous almost beyond comparison was this city in song and story, in legend and authentic history. We are told that

the construction of the ship *Argo* is assigned by mythology to Corinth. The first Greek triremes—the first Greek sea-fights—are connected with her history. Neptune was her god. Her colonies were spread over distant coasts in the East and West and ships came from every sea to her harbours. Thus she became the common resort and the universal market of the Greeks.

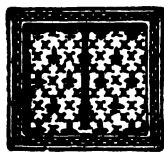
Before St. Paul's day this city of the Greeks had been utterly destroyed, and left desolate for many years, by the Romans. But by the Romans it had been again rebuilt under Julius Cæsar, who realized its importance from the military and commercial standpoint. Its days of prosperity and splendour returned to it, and it was this Greek city under Roman rule that Paul knew.

Here he wrought with his tent-maker's needle. Here he taught in the synagogue of the Jews. Here he established a church which caused him much anxiety, and also gave him comfort and consolation through many of its members. Here he dictated one of his greatest epistles; and to this church was written the noblest of Christian classics, saving always the Master's own words,—the classic recorded in the thirteenth chapter of his first letter to this church.

## CHAPTER XIX

### ANCIENT CORINTH AND THE APOSTLE'S NEIGHBOURS AND FRIENDS

What American Explorers have Unearthed—Corinth's Many Enemies—The Old Shops—The Great Fountain where St. Paul Drank—Aquila and Priscilla and their Tent-making Shop—The Synagogue—Comforted by Timothy and Silas—Some Little-known Christians—Quarrels and Contentions—The Two Great Epistles—Paul's Trial and Acquittal—Gallio and Sosthenes.



It is fortunate that, in visiting Corinth to-day we can come a little nearer to the city as St. Paul saw it than if the squalid Greek village, described in the last chapter, which now occupies its site, were all that we could see. This, indeed, was almost all that could be seen a few years ago, when the American School of Archæology undertook to lay bare some of Corinth's ancient glories. In 1896 their excavations were begun, and have been richly rewarded.



real city of St. Paul, and to uncover the pavements which he must have trod. Perhaps the Apostle himself did not figure very largely in the purposes of these archæologists, but they have certainly put the Christian world under obligation to them by their laborious researches.

Romans, Sicilians, Venetians, Turks, in their successive occupations, had done their best to obliterate all traces of old Corinth. They had carried off the marbles and the noble statues, and had built these precious stones, defaced and dishonoured, into the walls of their fortresses or their homes.

Nature, in the course of eighteen hundred years, had completed the work of obliteration which man had begun. Rocks and débris, gravel and good soil had washed down from the mountains, and only a few of the giant columns of the Temple of Apollo had resisted the attacks of man and nature, and stood to mark the site of the once proud city. But the knowledge and skill of the excavators triumphed, and they have at last dug down to the level of the streets trod by millions in the heyday of Corinth's prosperity.

Going through a wicket gate which admits to

the ruins, we come first to a marble-paved street, which led from the market-place toward the western harbour of Corinth, on the Gulf. This was once flanked with colonnades, and behind these, on one side are the ruins of sixteen shops. It is known for a certainty that this marble-paved street and these shops belonged to the first century of our era, and are, beyond a question, the street on which Paul walked, and in all probability the shops where he traded.

We seem to be coming very close to the Apostle when we, too, tread these marble slabs. If the water were still running, we might even drink at the spring where he must often have quenched his thirst, for the great fountain of Corinth has also been discovered. In this fountain, which now looks like a series of caverns in the partially excavated bank, five building-periods can be discovered; two Greek, two Roman, and one Byzantine. The different rulers embellished the fountain with marble panels, adorned it with beautiful statuary, and the six large chambers into which the water flowed from behind were always surrounded by throngs of Corinthians who had come for water, or for their daily gossip with their neighbours.

To the right, as we face the fountain, on a low hill, is the most interesting ruin in Corinth,—the noble Temple, probably dedicated to Apollo. Originally this temple had fifteen massive columns on each side, and six at each end, but only seven of them are standing to-day, each one hewn out of a single rock. To record the fact that each column was over twenty-three feet high, nearly six feet in diameter at the base and over four feet at the top, gives but a faint idea of this temple which, in Corinth's days of splendour, was probably her most conspicuous building, as it now is her most magnificent ruin.

It does not take a very vivid imagination to people Corinth with Paul's friends and enemies, his faithful disciples, and the apostates of the church as well, who caused him much grief and anguish.

We can imagine that one of the large vaulted shops that line the marble road he so often trod was the tent-making establishment of Aquila and Priscilla. They, like Paul, were Jews. They had been banished from Rome by one of the many persecutions which then, as now, befell this afflicted people in Europe. They had settled in Corinth, and had begun to ply their trade again when Paul

reached the city. Attracted by a common nationality and a common business, Paul sought them out and took up his abode with them, working for his daily bread in their shop, side by side with the slaves whom they doubtless employed.

Whether they were Christians before Paul met them in Corinth, or whether they were among his first converts, we do not know, but we know that they were faithful and beloved to the end, for just before Paul's martyrdom at Rome, we find them at Ephesus, and to them in that city, "Paul the aged" sent his salutation through his beloved disciple, Timothy. They were evidently people of some means, for they are spoken of as holding Christian services in their house, both in Rome after their return from Corinth, and in Ephesus at a later period. "The church that is in their house" tells us much of their hospitality, and their prosperity as well.

It is interesting to note that Priscilla is often mentioned first by Paul,—“Priscilla and Aquila,” not Aquila and Priscilla. My readers may draw their own inferences from this of the relative

maker's shop. Like his Lord in the carpenter's shop, he forever set the seal of one of the world's great leaders on the dignity of labour. No lesser disciple can ever feel ashamed to work with his own hands when he thinks of that scene at Corinth. Moreover Paul thus wrought, not simply to earn a living, but that the cause which he supremely loved might suffer no reproach through any charges that might be made against him. He knew that his enemies—and he had many—would use every means to discredit him. They would accuse him of mercenary motives, of preaching the Gospel “for what there was in it,” of using the contributions of the saints for his own benefit. As a matter of fact, we know from his own indignant denials that these accusations were made, and he could point to his own work-worn hands, roughened by the coarse camel's-hair cloth of the tents and by the heavy needles, as a proof of his disinterestedness.

But not all his days were spent in Aquila's tent-

Corinth, where the choicest relics from the ruins are stored close by the wicket gate that leads to them, a broken marble slab on which is carved in Greek letters the word

SYNAGOGUE.

Doubtless this very slab was over the door of the modest building where Paul worshipped on his first Sabbath in Corinth. Here, we are told, "he reasoned every Sabbath, and persuaded Jews and Greeks." Not long after this Timothy and Silas came down from Macedonia, and then Paul, encouraged by their presence, seems to have become more bold, and "was constrained by the word, testifying to the Jews that Jesus was the Christ."

This little story gives us a very human touch, for it shows us the great preacher's dependence on human sympathy and the presence of dear friends. The coming of these two trusted brethren gave him new courage. He tells us in his first letter to the Corinthians that he was in Corinth "in weak-

forted by the coming of Titus." So now he was comforted and emboldened by the arrival of Silas and Timothy, and spoke with unusual boldness and conviction on the theme nearest his heart, Christ, the Messiah.

This boldness had its natural effect. It angered the strict Jews so that they opposed him violently and "blasphemed." Paul knew that he would receive from the Gentiles a more unprejudiced hearing, and he must make the most of his time and opportunities, "if by any means he might save some."

The moment of his turning to the Gentiles of Corinth was a dramatic one. Imagine that little tent-maker, lately come to the great, luxurious, corrupt city, repudiated by his own countrymen, taking off his outer garments and shaking the very dust out of them, as he stood near the synagogue, as a testimony that just as his robe was free from the dust of the synagogue, so he was free from responsibility for the blood of those who would not listen to his glad tidings.

But he would still preach this good news, if not in the synagogue then in a house which "joined hard by," a house that belonged to Titus Justus,

one of his early Corinthian converts. We know nothing more of Justus. His name is never again mentioned, but he is forever immortalized as one who opened his own house, and his heart as well, to Paul and the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Yet though the Apostle's preaching in the synagogue seemed foredoomed to failure, it was not altogether without effect, for Crispus, one of the rulers of that very synagogue, believed on the Lord, and left the Jews' church with all his household for the humble Christian meeting-house under Justus's roof.

Stephanas, too, was a prominent member of this first church of Corinth. Indeed he was the first charter member. How Paul must have rejoiced over his first Corinthian convert! Did not the similarity of name often remind him of the first Christian martyr, to whose death he was "consenting," and whose glorious heroism seems to have so ennobled Paul's whole life?

Gaius also was another of Paul's friends and early converts,—Gaius the hospitable, whose home was Paul's on a later visit, and who stands to the world as the exemplification of hospitality." "Gaius my host!" What a proud title to the re-



membrance of posterity to be Paul's host in Corinth!

It is fascinating to imagine the meetings of those early converts in the house of Titus Justus. How friendly they were! Paul's many salutations prove this. The women met in one part of the room and the men in another. The women kissed the women and the men kissed the men, as they met or parted. They still do so in the East and in Central Europe. I have often been shamed by the cold frigidity of my Western ways and traditions, as I have received in the East the kiss of brotherly love on either cheek.

Then how many things they had to talk over in this house of Titus Justus! The great truths that their own prophets had uttered, now first fulfilled; the marvellous experience of Paul on the Damascus road; the later and more quiet experiences of each convert; and, above all, the words and deeds of "Him who spake as never man spake."

Happy indeed must have been the early meetings of this new Christian family! But the serpent wound his slimy way into Paradise; Judas took his seat among the Twelve; and very soon into the little band of Corinthian Christians came dis-

turburs of its peace and purity. Some there were who were openly impure and even incestuous, justifying themselves on the ground that they were no longer under the law but under grace.

A still larger party were quarrelsome and contentious. Some rejected the authority of Paul and claimed to be followers of Apollos. Others, apparently, claimed to be just *Christians*, implying that Paul did not preach the doctrines of Christ. Even in our own day we hear of those who reject Paul's teaching under the specious plea, "Back to Christ!" We know Paul's answer to these malcontents, and need not rehearse it here.

How wonderfully are we in these later days indebted even to these disputatious critics! Many of the finest passages in the greatest epistles were called forth by their opposition. Would the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians ever have been written, with its splendid panegyric on Love, which "suffereth long and is kind," and which is greater even than Faith and Hope, if Paul had not been wounded to the quick by these quarrelsome brethren? Would that magnificent chapter on Immortality and the Life to Come have been writ-

ten had not some in Corinth obstinately denied the resurrection? Who can tell?

Would the discriminating verses about the "weak brother" "for whom Christ died" and about the "meat offered to idols" ever have been dictated had not Paul lived for two years in this great heathen city, and seen every day the mighty Temple to Apollo on the hillside, where year by year hecatombs of beasts were offered to idols.

One more incident in Paul's life at Corinth must be recorded, an incident which partakes of both tragedy and comedy. The Jewish enemies of Paul, who were always on his track, dogging his footsteps and hindering his work, at length accused him before the new governor, Gallio, who had just been appointed Pro-consul for Greece, of subverting their law.

Now Gallio, as we know from secular history, was a just as well as a good-natured man. He was a brother of Seneca, the great Roman Philosopher, who writes of him with real affection. This was probably the first case of the kind that had come before him since his appointment to his important post.

We can easily imagine him, sitting in the great

imperial chair, symbol of Roman authority, in some open space in Corinth, perhaps near the famous fountain I have described. Paul is brought before him. His accusers are wild in their denunciations. Sosthenes, the new ruler of the synagogue, is the chief speaker. The Greeks are standing around eagerly listening, with little love for the Christians but less for the Jews. Paul is about to reply to their charge, when Gallio, disgusted with the foolish triviality of their accusations, dismisses the whole case with the contemptuous remark, "I am not minded to be a judge of these matters," and drove the Jews from the judgment-seat. Then the mob, emboldened by the Governor's attitude, seized the occasion they had often longed for, and laying hold of Sosthenes, beat him before the very judgment-seat, unrebuked by Gallio, who "cared for none of these things." Thus the would-be beater was beaten; Haman was hanged upon his own gallows; and Paul and his party, for a time at least, were saved from further persecution.

Here we may well leave him, so far as his residence in Corinth is concerned, with the comforting words of the Lord ringing in his ears: "I am with

thee, and no man shall set on thee to harm thee, for I have much people in this city." Yes, even in Corinth, corrupt, dissolute, worldly Corinth, God has a people, and no man, O Paul, shall do thee harm until thy great mission has been fulfilled, and thou hast preached the glorious good tidings, not only to the Corinthians, but in many another city throughout the Roman world.

## CHAPTER XX

### "THE BRIDGE OF THE SEAS"

The City of the Two Seas—Unsuccessful Attempts to Dig the Canal—The Popular Interest in the Isthmian Games—St. Paul's Many Allusions to them—Why did he not Allude to the Splendid Scenery?—His Thorn in the Flesh—Athens' Magnificent Stadium—St. Paul's Swan Song.



THE Bridge of the Seas" is the striking name which Pindar gives to the narrow isthmus which connected the Gulf of Corinth with the Ægean Sea. It is one of the most interesting strips of soil on the five continents. It is *the* Isthmus, *par excellence*, of all the world, for from its Greek name, Isthmia, every other isthmus has been named.

The ancients were not good sailors. They never went by sea where they could conveniently go by land, and to cross this narrow neck of land, only four miles wide, saved them many a weary league of sailing, around a stormy coast, in going from the Peloponnesus to Attica, and indeed from Europe to Asia.

The south-eastern point of Attica was especially dangerous, and an old proverb used to run, "When you are around Cape Malia, forget all you have at home." Indeed navigation in Mediterranean seas was almost wholly abandoned in the winter months, and we remember that in the graphic account of St. Paul's shipwreck, he advised the captain to winter in the Cretan harbour of Fair Havens. Through disregarding this advice, disaster came to ship and crew and prisoners alike.

No wonder then that the Isthmus, which of old the city of Corinth dominated, became at one time the busiest and perhaps the most notable strip of land which the world knew. More battles have been fought, more dynasties established or dethroned just here, in all probability, than in any other spot on the earth's surface.

Corinth, the great city of the Isthmus, was called in the poetry of the day the "City of the Two Seas." Many attempts were made to cut through this narrow neck, or at least many great rulers had

It was not until 1893 that the dream of Cæsar, Hadrian, Caligula, and Nero came true. After twelve years of toilsome labour, and after expending twelve million dollars, approximately the same amount that the Cape God Canal cost, a channel four miles long and seventy-five feet wide was cut

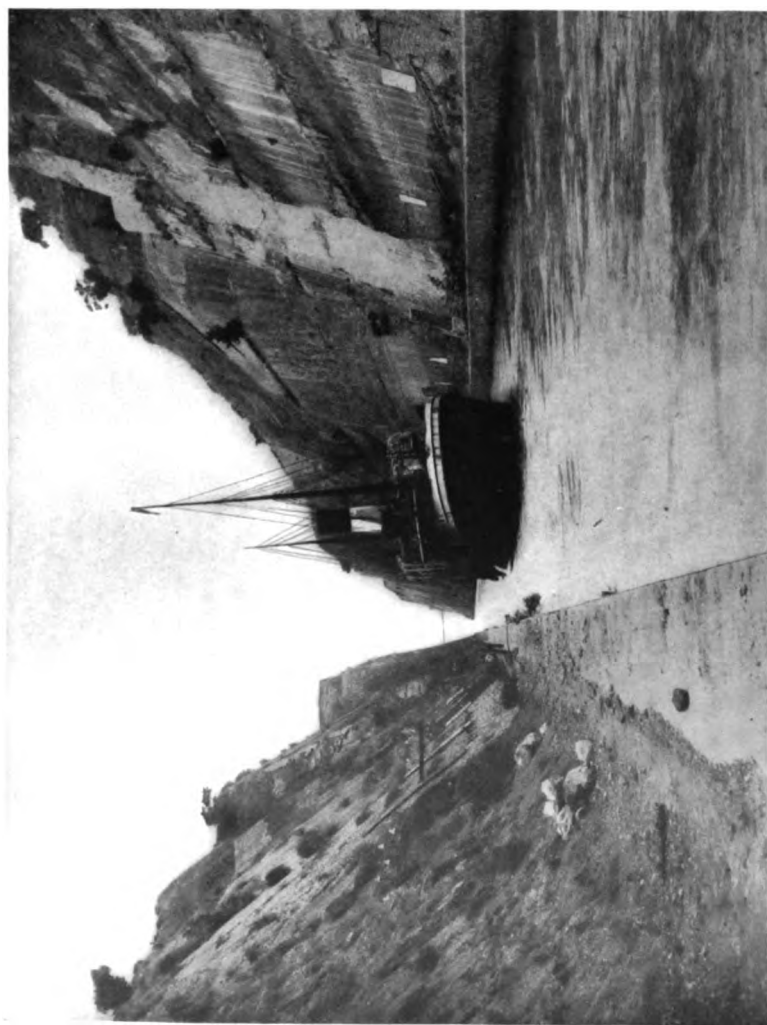


ever, because it was the chief seat of the Greek games, the athletic contests to which St. Paul is so largely indebted for his imagery.

Nothing is more remarkable [says a distinguished authority] than the number and magnitude of the theatres and stadia in the ruins of the great cities of Asia Minor. A vast number, too, of the inscriptions relate to the public amusements. It is evident that these amusements must have been one of the chief employments of the population.

If any future historian should read our own newspapers two thousand years from now, he might come to the same conclusion concerning the American and English peoples. Supposing that our pulp paper could possibly last so long, he would find, in the daily journals of the twentieth century after Christ, accounts of the same devotion to athletic sports as the monuments of Greece and Rome describe.

Two pages devoted to football, baseball, hockey, golf, tennis, according to the season, he would find in the daily newspapers, perhaps one or two scanty paragraphs devoted to education or religion. He



**The Corinth Canal cut through solid rock for miles**



all the students would travel hundreds of miles to see a football match; but he would learn very little of the studies pursued, or of the debates between contending colleges, or of things strictly academic. Let us hope and pray that the decadence and final destruction, which were undoubtedly hastened for Greece and Rome by the undue absorption of the people in mere sport, may not for the same reason overtake America and England.

As I have said, though these games were celebrated throughout the Roman world in St. Paul's time, in Asia Minor as well as in Italy and Greece, in his native city of Tarsus, in Ephesus, even in Jerusalem, yet the Isthmus of Corinth was one of the four chief "Sanctuaries" where the most celebrated games were held. Every second year the great, national, athletic festival was held here, and it is known that one of these festivals occurred in the year 53 of our era, and that, in all probability, Paul came to Corinth in the autumn of 52, and left in the spring of 54.

These coincidences make his numerous allusions to the games of much interest, when we remember that only a very few miles from Corinth, at a

place now called Isthmia, on the Ægean side of the Isthmus, one of the great celebrations which attracted the attention of the whole known world occurred during his residence in Corinth. Undoubtedly he went to these games, for he was always eager to be where people congregated, that he might lose no chance to speak a word, or exert some influence, for the great cause which was so near his heart.

Many have wondered that Paul, surrounded as he was during his residence in Corinth by some of the most charming and magnificent scenery in the world, never alluded to it in his letters. Why did he not point his moral, as his Lord doubtless would have done, by referring to the striking summit of Acro-Corinth which towered over the whole plain, or to the magnificent hills of Peloponnesus, to the sparkling waters that laved the shore on either side of Corinth, or to the striking neck of land that has given its name to every isthmus? Why did he not allude to the birds that sailed then as now over the smiling vineyards and olive groves; or to the fish which, then as now, the brawny peasants daily caught in their great nets?

Some have ventured the theory that Paul had

some disease of the eyes (his thorn in the flesh, perhaps) which prevented his seeing clearly these beauties of nature. It seems more probable to me that he drew his illustrations from the games because he knew they would appeal to his hearers. The Corinthians, the Ephesians, the Romans, who followed every great athletic contest with the eagerness of a modern baseball enthusiast, would understand and appreciate every allusion, immediate or remote, to the sports of the day; and, dwelling for a season near the Isthmus as I write, where the greatest contests of antiquity were waged, Paul's numerous allusions to them seem more striking and pertinent than ever.

In at least one instance St. Paul alludes to the boxing contests: "So box I," he says, to use the original Greek word, "as not beating the air."

Once he alludes to the gladiatorial contests with wild beasts, a sport foreign to the Greek nature and genius, and introduced by the more blood-thirsty Romans. But usually his allusions are to the purely Greek games, especially the foot-races

have been revived in the great Olympian Games held there in recent years.

It was my fortune to be in Athens in an Olympian year, and I often visited the magnificent stadium, built originally by the statesman and orator Lycurgus nearly four hundred years before St. Paul's day. Two hundred years later, by Herod Atticus, the seats and partitions were renewed in solid marble from Pentelicus, "almost exhausting its quarries," we are told. For centuries the very site of this stadium was well-nigh lost. Its seats were stripped of their costly marbles, and it was covered with the *débris* of ages.

Within a few years it has been again restored in all its former grandeur by the liberality of a Greek merchant, M. Averoff. Again the great ellipse glows in the sunshine in its marble dress, as spotless and glorious as in the days of Herod Atticus himself. Again the athletes have gathered from all parts of the world for the foot-race and the vaulting, the wrestling and the discus-throwing. Again kings and queens have graced the marble thrones set apart for them as in the olden days.

tiers of splendid marble seats completely surround it. Except at the entrance end it is divided into thirty sections, each seat in each section affording ample room for thirty people. A little sum in arithmetic will tell us that in a single tier around the stadium nine hundred people can sit, and in the hundred tiers no less than ninety thousand people can find ample accommodation.

It was this very stadium that Paul doubtless visited in Athens, and a similar one in Isthmia; and as I saw the gathering athletes practising for the final contests—sprinting, running the long races, and throwing the discus,—whole pages of St. Paul's letters to the Corinthians, the Romans, the Galatians, the Philippians, to Timothy, were illumined with new and fresh meaning.

When Paul called the elders of the church at Ephesus to him at Miletus, he told them that he did not hold his life of any account as dear unto him, "so that I may finish my course with joy." His course was the Christian race he had set himself to run.



all run, yet but one can win the prize? (So run that ye may obtain)—and every man who strives in the matches trains himself by all manner of self-restraint. Yet they do it to win a fading crown,—we a crown that cannot fade. I therefore run, not like the racer who is uncertain of his goal; I fight, not as the pugilist who strikes out against the air; but I bruise my body and force it into bondage, lest, perchance, having called others to the contest, I should fail myself shamefully of the prize.

Here in this brief passage are at least eight distinct references to the Isthmian Games. "The stadium," such as I have already described; "the prize" that awaited the victor; the severe "training" and "self-restraint" of the contestants, which has been described very minutely by Galen and Tertullian and other secular writers; the "fading crown" made of pine leaves which still grow abundantly on the Isthmus, and which the traveller sees on every hand; the "boxing" contests of the pugilists; the actual "bruising" of his body, that he may harden and toughen it for the

exhorts them to faithfulness that he may not have "run in vain," and the same exhortation is given to the Galatians.

In another of Paul's classic bursts of eloquence he very plainly has the contests of the stadium in mind, when he writes to the Philippians again:

Brethren, I could not myself to have laid hold thereon [the prize], but this one thing I do—forgetting that which is behind, and reaching forth to that which is before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of God's heavenly calling in Christ Jesus.

The words "reaching forth," in the Greek, suggest the figure of a runner with body bent, stretching forward with nervous tension toward the goal. He reminds the young Timothy, his most beloved disciple, that "the wrestler does not win the crown unless he wrestles lawfully," and Timothy would remember the stringent rules—that every candidate for the stadium must be of pure Greek descent, that he must have a good moral character, that he must be prepared to swear that he has been training for at least ten months, and that he would observe all the regulations of the games.

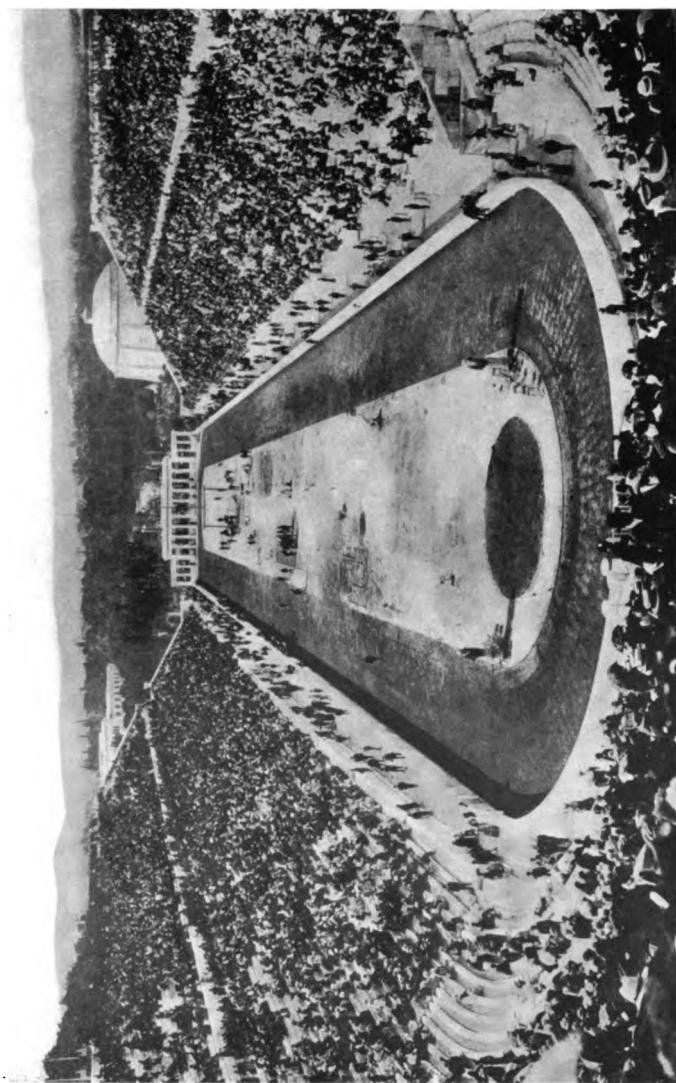
The most pathetic and yet triumphant of all St. Paul's allusions to the Isthmian contests was

his last. He is an old man now, in a Roman dungeon, chained to a soldier, deserted by most of his friends and disciples, doubtful, perhaps, as some have thought, even of Timothy's constancy. The cause which he has championed is persecuted to the death by the hideous, mad tyrant, Nero, —a cause which, after an early triumph, seemed to be losing ground,—yet with exultant faith he can sing his swan song:

I have completed the glorious contest. I have finished the course marked out for the race. Henceforth is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.

This literal translation brings out even more clearly than the authorized or revised version the fact that St. Paul in his dying triumph still had the figure of the stadium and the races in mind, a figure which so strongly appealed to his strenuous eager soul.

There is little left of the Isthmian stadium to-day. An insignificant village is near it, close beside the new canal. A depression that looks like a little natural valley is all that remains to remind us of



**The stadium in Athens newly embellished by a Turk philanthropist**



the spot where the splendid arena of the olden time stood.

But sea and mountain, hill and valley, pine tree and olive, cypress and vineyards, can be seen now as then. Every morning nature shows to the traveller a new face. Every evening the sun sets behind the western mountains as of old, and glorifies such a landscape as can scarcely be seen anywhere except in Greece.

We are reminded that Alexander the Great once stood in this Isthmian stadium, and commanded that men hail him as leader of the Greeks, before his expedition against the Persians. But we remember also, with a far profounder interest, one who stood there four hundred years later, and whose mind, almost on his dying day, recalled the Isthmian scenes as he wrote:

"I have finished my course . . . henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

## CHAPTER XXI

### WHERE PAUL FULFILLED HIS VOW

Cenchreæ, the Eastern Port of Corinth—An Unusual Journey—  
The Unique Position of Ancient Corinth—What Was Paul's  
Vow?—The Road to Cenchreæ—The Wretched Roads and  
Lovely Scenery—What We Find at Cenchreæ—"The  
Church That Is in Cenchreæ"—Phoebe the Deaconess—  
Diogenes the Cynic: Paul the Optimist.



OME nine miles to the east of ancient Corinth was its seaport on the Ægean Sea, the then busy city of Cenchreæ. Now, though almost every vestige of the ancient city has disappeared, yet fortunately we know its site, and it is still possible to visit the shore, though silent and deserted, where the huge grain-ships of Alexandria and Antioch, and the smaller coasting vessels from Ephesus and Thessalonica, once made it one of the busiest marts of the world. Even the name has been preserved in a corrupted form, in Kichries, and it can be reached from modern Corinth in about three hours' time.

In following the footsteps of St. Paul, I under-

took this seldom made journey, and was rewarded by discovering one of the most charming scenes of mountain and valley, bay and islands, that my eyes ever rested on. Many travellers visit Corinth every season. They climb the plateau to old Corinth; they view the ancient ruins lately unearthed; they climb to the top of Acro-Corinth, perhaps, and see the marvellous view from this mountain citadel; and then, returning to the modern village, take the first possible train for Athens or Patras. Not one in a hundred, possibly not one in a thousand, ever thinks of going to Cenchreæ.

The landlord of your hotel will tell you that there is nothing there to see, and that the roads are almost impassable. Even Baedeker thinks it worthy of very scant notice, and devotes less than two lines, and that in the finest print, simply mentioning that there is such a place.

Its present day obscurity and remoteness rather enhanced my desire to visit it; and when the day was over I was exceedingly glad that neither Baedeker nor the landlord had discouraged me.



with Italy and Dalmatia and the West, the other at Cenchreæ on the Ægean Sea, giving her access to the trade of Asia and Africa.

Such a unique position was enjoyed by no other city in the world, though the modern Port Said in the old world, commanding the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and the cities of Panama and Colon in the new world, commanding, by means of the great canal, both the Atlantic and Pacific, have similar situations. But both Port Said and Panama are sectional and provincial cities as compared with Corinth in her palmy days, for all the commerce of the ancients centred in the Mediterranean, the Ægean, and the Adriatic. There were for them no other seas, and Corinth controlled them all. She sent her ships to every port, and laid every land under commercial tribute to her strategic position. Thus Cenchreæ, one of her two great ports, was a place of no little importance, not only to Corinth, but to all the trading world.

It was on a bright day in early December that we started from New Corinth to visit the site of the city where Paul, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, fulfilled his vow, and had his hair shorn, which, because of that vow, he had for some

months allowed to grow long. We do not know the occasion or purpose of this vow, but it was a common practice among the Jews, as a sign of gratitude for some special mercy or deliverance, to take a vow like that of the Nazarites, to drink no wine, to abstain from certain legal pollutions, and to allow the hair to grow until the time had expired.

It was a matter of deep religious significance to the vow-maker, and often a private matter between himself and his God. At any rate, on this occasion Paul does not deem it necessary to explain why he made the vow, and we need not inquire too curiously. Some have considered it very strange that Paul, a Christian, and the head of the Christian Church made up of both Jews and Gentiles, should adopt this peculiarly Jewish custom. But Paul was still a Jew, though a Christian Jew; and a ceremony that had a deep spiritual meaning to his own soul he may well have continued, even though it were characteristic of the Jews who had become his enemies.

ornamental, and the driver was apparently deaf and dumb, for he communicated with us only by signs; but the carriage proved to be strong if not handsome, the horses careful, and the driver skilful, all of which traits, on the wretched roads which we had to traverse, were more important than beauty and loquacity.

Our way took us through the chief business street of modern Corinth, across the little park of pepper and pine trees, past a noisy school of vociferous children, who seem to "study out loud" as they do in China, across the railway and past the barracks where soldiers in frilled fustanelles and enormous slippers turned up at the toe, according to the Greek style, are loafing; past the street vendors of pumpkin seeds and pistachio nuts and sticks of candy of violent colours (vendors who wisely congregate near the schoolhouse and the barracks); until at last we are in the open country, where the sights change not from age to age.

Acro-Corinth, stern, imposing, majestic, a natural fortress of solid granite, looms on our right,

easternmost shore, where the new canal cuts through the solid rock and connects its waters with those of the Ægean.

Beyond it rise the mountains of Attica, the lights and shades chasing each other across them, as the fleecy clouds now obscure and now reveal the morning sun.

Before us are other mighty hills, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," which dip their feet in the waters of both the Ægean and the Mediterranean, and stretch, a tremendous wall of nature's masonry, across Greece from sea to sea.

Everything we see and everyone we meet on the road is of interest, for all carry us back to the days of glory and renown. We pass an occasional peasant in kilted skirt, who nods pleasantly to us, and says, "Yassou" (Your health!). A veiled woman rides by, seated sideways on an ass, looking through the meshes of her veil in an opposite direction from the one in which she is going, but never deigning a glance of curiosity at the passing Americans; a donkey, laden with brushwood, looks like an animated woodpile, so completely is the little creature covered from head to tail with his load; a farmer ploughing the mellow soil with a crooked

stick shod with iron,—all these have been commonplace sights on the road from Corinth to Cenchreæ from Paul's time to the present, but they are new and interesting to our unaccustomed eyes.

This part of Greece is in these days very sparsely settled. A few little villages dot the tableland between the seas, often cosily nestled behind tall cypress trees or Lombardy poplars; but fifteen or twenty little adobe houses would usually accommodate all their inhabitants. Three or four prosperous farms, with good brick houses and comfortable outbuildings, one also sees; but such signs of prosperity are very few and far between.

The traveller in Paul's time would probably meet a hundred people as he journeyed to Cenchreæ, where we meet one to-day, for a constant stream of traders and travellers then passed between the great emporium and its busy port. Indeed the two cities were connected by a high continuous wall, which, at times in their history, was fortified with many towers. Almost every trace of them has now disappeared. No busier thoroughfare probably was there in the wide world, nineteen hundred years ago, than this now-deserted country lane.

Much of the land is sterile and barren, and has probably been denuded of its soil since the trees were cut from the mountains by Romans and Sicilians, Turks and Venetians. Still there are many fertile fields left; and as the ploughshare turns the furrows that have been cultivated for three thousand years, the rich soil looks as if it might bear bounteously for three thousand years to come. In many places vineyards and orange groves and olive orchards relieve the stern majesty of the granite hills, and it is by no means an unpleasing prospect that greets the traveller to Cenchreæ, even in these degenerate days.

As we proceed the road grows worse and worse. Sometimes it is simply a deep rut between two high banks. Again it makes its way over a rocky ridge where all signs even of a rut disappear. Our ancient vehicle sways from side to side, as though it would topple over and we assist the taciturn driver to keep its balance by shifting our weight from one side to the other, in accordance with his own movements, which are often very lively as he jumps from right to left, or back again to right.

tion, we decide to dismount and go the rest of the way on foot.

But the journey is worth all its cost in danger and weariness. From the summit of the pass the view is magnificent. Before us the smiling harbour of Cenchreæ, with its encircling promontories and its lovely islands. Behind us the charming Gulf of Corinth, and the western harbour of the once great metropolis; while around us on every side, north and south and east and west, are the great hills of classic Greece, each one the abode of some fabled god, each one alive with memories of a grandeur forever gone.

A quarter of a mile beyond the Cenchreæan shore there is a tiny village of perhaps half a dozen huts, not near enough to interfere with our reveries or to break the solitude which broods over this ancient seaport. A single shepherd's hut stands on the shore, open and untenanted, where once were the bustle and traffic of a great seaport, where white-winged ships from Asia and Africa dis-

line the shore and are sometimes built up into the semblance of a wall. A semicircular row of great cut stones, with other blocks of stones extending out into the water, indicate without doubt the remains of one of the ancient piers, and an occasional bit of unbroken marble reminds us of the glory which once was Cenchreæ's.

The works of man are forever lost, but the glories of nature remain the same from age to age, and I can truly say that there are few more charming spots in all the world than old Cenchreæ. I have sailed into the wonderful mountain-encircled harbour of Rio de Janeiro, and the magnificent bay of Sydney, into the strikingly beautiful port of Hong Kong, and our own charming harbours of San Francisco and Seattle and the Portland of the Atlantic coast; but never have I seen a more lovely combination of mountain and shore, of promontory and island, of sea and sky and fleecy cloud, than in this old harbour of Cenchreæ on this December day.

Beautiful shells, many coloured flowers of the sea, stirred by the increasing tide, and sea-urchins



our eyes only scenes of beauty and grandeur meet them.

Not a single habitation of man, if we may except the deserted shepherd's hut, is in sight; only a solitary ploughman on the hillside in the distance emphasizes the solitude of the scene.

We cannot help remarking to ourselves: What a glorious winter resort this would be were Cenchreæ in Switzerland instead of Greece! What palace hotels would spring up on these shores! What splendid highways would be built! Surely there is no spot in the land of the Switzers that combines more of the beautiful and the sublime than the lovely bay of Cenchreæ.

Yet, after all, I am glad that the hotel proprietor has not exploited these shores, and built his funiculars up these mountain sides. I am glad the road is so difficult, and the place so solitary, for we can so much the better transport ourselves back to Paul's days than if a commissionaire dogged our footsteps, or hotel waiters looked for tips at every turn. We can more easily imagine St. Paul here to fulfil his vow before he takes ship for Ephesus and Syria, and picture to ourselves his faithful

companions of the church which we know once existed in Cenchreæ.

To one of the prominent members of this church Paul introduces us. This was Phoebe, a "deaconess" of the church. We know that she was a widow, probably of considerable wealth, for we are told that, according to Greek custom, she "could not have been mentioned as acting in the independent manner described in Romans if her husband had been living, or if she had been unmarried." Of her Paul speaks these gracious words:

I commend to you Phoebe, our sister, who is a ministering servant of the church at Cenchreæ; that you may receive her in the Lord, as the saints should receive one another, and aid her in any business wherein she needs your help; for she has herself aided many, and me also among the rest.

What a noble biography is condensed in this paragraph! We know also that she was greatly trusted by the Apostle, for, as she was about to sail for Rome, he gave her his letter to the Roman Church. Oh, woman greatly beloved and honoured, to be the bearer of such an Epistle, not only to one but to the whole Christian world!

We know little more about the church in Cenchreæ, but I was interested to find that there is to-day, small and dilapidated as is the little village, a church of God in Cenchreæ, and to be able to take a picture of it in all its bare and homely simplicity.

A little square, whitewashed building it is, built of adobe bricks, standing a quarter of a mile back from the water. A small bell hangs from two poles near by, and behind it is a forlorn little graveyard, with two or three unmarked graves, and one with a rude box at the head, which sheltered an oil lamp.

The door was unlocked, as is common with Greek churches at all hours. No one was within sight, and we reverently entered, to find a pitiful little sanctuary, which could hold perhaps twenty people if all were standing. There were no seats. A large, rude picture of the Christ, surrounded by the four Evangelists, leaned against the wall; a shabby altar surrounded by a few icons, or holy pictures of the saints, two greasy candlesticks with iron points on which to impale the candles, and a dirty wooden reading desk;—that was all! The only thing of beauty in the little church was the

marble, mosaic floor, a relic, no doubt, of the departed glory of St. Paul's Cenchreæ.

There is little more to tell about Cenchreæ. One of its coins still exists, representing on one side the head of Antoninus the Emperor, and on the other the port, with a temple on each of the two promontories, which enclosed the bay exactly as we see them to-day, with a statue of Neptune on a rock between them.

Pausanias tells us that the road from Corinth to Cenchreæ led through a fine avenue of pine trees, and that the traveller passed many tombs on the way, among the most important being those of Diogenes the Cynic and Thais the profligate. Over this road Paul often journeyed; but what a contrast his pure and joyous life was to that of those whose tombs he passed!

Here, it is said, Diogenes, when alive, was visited in his tub by Alexander the Great. When the Emperor asked what he could do for him, the philosopher sourly replied, "You can stand out of my sunlight!"

Paul never made such an ungracious reply to emperor or commoner. He sought men, and did not flee from them, sought them to save and never

repulsed them. No cynical word fell from his lips, but many a cheerful exhortation to "rejoice evermore" and "again I say, rejoice!" I shall ever be thankful that I once had the privilege of following in Paul's footsteps from Corinth to Cenchreæ.

## CHAPTER XXII

### EPHESUS NOW AND IN ST. PAUL'S DAY

The Apostle's Many Journeys before Reaching Ephesus—St. Luke's Power of Condensation—At the Railway Station—The Church of St. John—The Temple of Diana—Its Supreme Magnificence—The Image of the Goddess—The Temple-sweeper City—St. Paul Threaten's Diana's Supremacy—A Level-headed Town Clerk—The Great Theatre, the Scene of the Riot.



THE modern traveller in reaching Ephesus is not obliged to take the tedious and tiresome journey which St. Paul must have taken from whatever point of the compass he approached the city. On his first visit he had sailed from Cenchreæ. It was a straight and comparatively easy journey across the Ægean Sea from that beautiful port of Greece to Ephesus on the mainland of Asia Minor. This, however, was only a flying visit—

terranean to Cæsarea, and thence to Antioch in Syria.

St. Luke's account in the Acts is so brief that he packs many long journeys into a sentence or two, but we know that after some time St. Paul came back to Ephesus, by way of Galatia and Phrygia, visiting again the churches of Iconium, Derbe, Lystra, and doubtless others in the great province of Galatia. In a verse or two this long journey, from Ephesus to Syria and back again to Ephesus, is dismissed by the author of the Acts, and we find St. Paul again in the city where he was to spend so long a time and have so many thrilling adventures.

The return journey, through the uplands of Anatolia, must have been a long and tedious one, but to-day the traveller can reach Ephesus from almost any direction, after a comparatively easy journey by steamer and rail. If he starts from America, he sails for the port of Smyrna, perhaps by way of Naples, Patras, and the Piræus, and from Smyrna it is a short journey of less than fifty miles by rail to Ayasoluk, the railway station of Ephesus.

memories. The name of the railway station itself reminds him of the "Beloved Disciple," for it is a contraction of two Greek words, meaning "Holy Theologian," the name given to St. John, whose memory seems to abide in Ephesus more distinctly than that of St. Paul, perhaps because of the message which the Spirit bade him write to the Church of Ephesus, and which is recorded in the Book of Revelation.

One can scarcely take a step in any direction without being reminded of the saints and martyrs of old, and no less strongly of heathen rites and worship, and of the power of the Romans. Every view is fascinating. Every acre of soil teems with sacred memories.

The ruins of the great Roman aqueduct first strike the eye of the traveller, for this can be seen from afar, and forms a remarkable feature of the landscape. Its marble pillars are forty-five feet high, and many an ancient temple and monument was doubtless robbed of its beautiful stones to construct the aqueduct, which itself has long since been destroyed, leaving only scores of pillars to



nests, and some of them, in their white coats and red stockings, stalk solemnly around at their base.

Very soon after leaving the station we come to the famous citadel, which was used in early Christian times for the defence of the town. Here was the magnificent Church of St. John, where we see enormous fragments of brickwork that alone declare the size and the glory of this ancient structure.

Not far from the ruins of the Church of St. John, is another ruin, which reminds us of Turkish times, and that for hundreds of years Ephesus, and all the country round about, has owed allegiance to the Sultan. This is the Mosque of Isa Bey, and it is interesting to note that this name is the Turkish translation of "Jesus Lord." Though the walls and part of the roof of this mosque are still standing, it is not much better than a ruin, and we are told that it was built, in part, of marble blocks from the Temple of Diana which stood near by.

This temple, famous in heathen and in Christian annals alike, was considered one of the "Seven Wonders of the World." The original temple was rebuilt seven times, and every time exactly on the same spot; but for many centuries its site was lost, and only within comparatively recent years,

through the persistence and skill of a British engineer, has the site of this most interesting heathen temple of all times been identified.

The contrast between the splendid magnificence of the temple as it existed in the time of St. Paul, and the few paltry fragments which now remain, is striking indeed. As one looks from the edge of a ploughed field into a hollow beneath, partly covered with water, partly overgrown with rushes, with here and there a marble drum or fragment of a capital standing out above the mud, it is difficult to realize that here was probably the most magnificent house of worship that the world ever saw,—a building 425 feet long by 220 wide, its roof supported by 127 columns, many of them beautifully sculptured by some of the most famous artists of the times. Some of the drums and capitals, and a portion of the frieze, are found in the Ephesus Room of the British Museum.

This temple was not only magnificent in itself, but famous also because it contained glorious statues and paintings by the greatest artists of several centuries. Besides this, it was a treasure house where many of the cities of the province of

Asia deposited their richest jewels and their largest stores of gold.

The beautiful marble of which the temple, and indeed, much of the city of Ephesus was constructed came from Mount Pryon, not far away. An interesting story of the discovery of this marble quarry is told. A shepherd named Pixodorus was watching his flocks on the hillside, when two of his rams fell to fighting, as rams are wont to do. One of them, lowering his head and attempting to butt his antagonist, missed his aim, ran into the rock near by, and broke off a piece of pure white marble.

It happened that just at this time the Ephesians were looking for a quarry within a reasonable distance, for the building of the Temple of Diana. The shepherd was overjoyed to find such marble, and his fellow-citizens were no less happy when he brought them the specimen and told them of the quarry he had found. Indeed so overjoyed were they that they changed his name from Pixodorus to Evangelus ("The Giver of Good Tidings").

proud, indeed, that when Alexander the Great himself offered to give them the spoils of one of his great campaigns, on condition that his name might be inscribed on the building, Strabo declares that the Ephesians would have none of it, considering their goddess and their temple so much more important than any conqueror or ruler.

In thinking of this temple we must not picture it as in any respect like a modern church or cathedral, however magnificent. It was not entirely roofed over, and did not contain a large audience room for worshippers. The most holy place was a little cell that contained the idol, and around it were many colonnades.

Those who have seen the splendid Buddhist Pagoda of Shwe Dagon in Rangoon, Burmah, with its small central room for the most sacred image of Buddha, and around it the multitude of small pagodas, richly embellished with gold and silver and precious objects of art, can have some idea, perhaps, of the character of the Temple of Diana. Not that it looked in the least like a Buddhist pagoda, but that the central idea was the same,—a

The colonnades of the Temple of Diana, we are told,

really constituted an epoch in the history of art, for in them was first matured that graceful Ionic style, the feminine beauty of which was more suited to the genius of the ancient Greek than the sterner and plainer Doric, in which the Parthenon and the Propylæa of Athens were built.

Magnificent as the Temple of Diana was, the image of the goddess herself was in strange contrast. The lower part was a shapeless block of wood. The upper part was a rude representation of Diana, not the tall goddess whose figure we see in modern art galleries, but covered with many breasts, to show that she was the mother of all things. One account tells us that the image was made of gold, which would seem more natural, but it is generally supposed that it was of wood, and that it derived its sacred character from the fact that it was believed to have dropped down from heaven, to be the tutelary goddess of the city of Ephesus.

Not only was the Temple of Diana visited by tens of thousands of worshippers, but each one of them desired to carry away some memento of his visit, in the shape of a little portable shrine, modelled after the great temple. These were taken with them as charms on their journeys, and sometimes placed in their homes as objects of worship. The Ephesian Temple of Diana, being the most wonderful of all temples, many small copies of it in wood, gold, and silver were made and were carried into all parts of the world by travellers or pilgrims who came to worship at the original shrine.

So proud were the Ephesians of their great temple that they were eager to have their city called "Neocoros," or "Temple-sweeper." This name was originally given to the lowest class of slaves who kept the temple clean, but it came at last to be a title of distinguished honour, and the Ephesians even put the name "Neocoros" upon their coins, to show that the city desired no better honour than to be known as the "Temple-sweeper of the Goddess Diana."

All these facts show the enormous reverence with which the temple was regarded by the ancient

Ephesians, and these facts also tell us volumes concerning the power of the Gospel of Christ as preached by St. Paul and his companions in this rich and wicked city. I have dwelt at some length upon this temple, not only because of its surpassing magnificence, but because it had not a little to do with the tribulations and the triumphs of St. Paul.

During the three years of his stay in this capital of the Roman province of Asia, little by little his doctrines were undermining the ancient creed of Ephesus. The magnificent temple was gradually being deserted for the humble meeting-place of the Christians. The doctrines which Paul preached, wherever he had the opportunity, that "as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device," was evidently making headway, and the people who profited by the superstitions that clustered around Diana and her temple were losing not only influence but money.

As we think of it to-day, it seems wonderful

for his daily bread, should thus in a few months have been able to make headway against the most famous goddess, that had her shrine in the most magnificent temple in the world, and turn the hearts of the people away from her.

The unwilling testimony of Demetrius, the silversmith, to the influence of St. Paul is most striking.

Sirs [he said to his fellow workmen], ye know that by this business we have our wealth. Moreover ye see and hear, that, not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying that there are no gods which are made with hands; so that, not only has this our trade come into disrepute, but also that the temple of the great Diana be made of no account, and that she should even be deposed from her magnificence, whom all Asia and the world worshippeth.

No wonder that the silversmiths were so filled with wrath, and the rabble of the people as well, that they cried for the space of two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Or perhaps it was, "Great Diana of the Ephesians!"—an ascription of honour and worship.

Fortunately there was a level-headed and honest Town Clerk in Ephesus, who, like Gallio in Corinth



was not only unwilling that injustice should be done to St. Paul, but who knew how best to assuage the fury of the rabble. This Town Clerk was no subordinate official of the city, but a magistrate of large authority. He was the keeper of the archives. He brought business of great public importance before the Senate. He must also be present when money was deposited in the temple; and letters which were sent to the people of Ephesus at large were always addressed officially to him. The names of town clerks often appeared upon the coins of Ephesus; so we see that it was a man of importance, weight, and influence who quieted the multitude, after they had bellowed for two hours in the theatre, by telling them that every one knew that Ephesus was the temple-sweeper of the great Diana, and that the image fell down from Jupiter; and that since this was a matter of common knowledge, they should do nothing rash, but appeal to the law if they had anything against Paul and his friends, winding up his exhortation with the disquieting rumour that Rome might call the city to account for that day's riot—which was about the last thing that the Ephesians would have wished.

This riot and the subsequent escape of Paul,

however, did not take place in the temple, or very near it, but in the theatre, two miles or more away, which was connected with the temple by a magnificent colonnade.

This theatre is in the midst of the chief ruins of old Ephesus. The outline of the theatre is still visible, though the stones have been removed. One can easily see about where the Town Clerk must have stood when he harangued the people, and also the natural amphitheatre, then covered with marble seats, where the infuriated mob were gathered.

Ephesus has been more thoroughly excavated than almost any other city of antiquity, and one can now walk the marble flags which St. Paul's feet must have pressed many times during his long residence in the city, and look upon fragments of the many pillars and cornices and friezes which, in his days, were built into the temples and the libraries, the gymnasia and the baths, which made the city famous throughout all the known world.

It is now nothing but a ruin. There is no habitation of man nearer than the village of Ayasoluk, where the railway train leaves us. The harbour is filled up by the deposits which have come down

the river Cayster during all the centuries. It is almost impossible for the traveller to-day to conceive of Ephesus as a great flourishing seaport, but so it was, with a narrow harbour coming up close to the heart of the city.

While we have dwelt largely upon this most dramatic incident in the life of St. Paul at Ephesus, we must remember that it was the climax of much devoted service which he was able to render during the three long years that he lived in the city. Preaching, conversing with the people, visiting in their homes, working at his trade, exerting a silent but tremendous influence during all these years, he was able to undermine the ancient worship, and to establish a church which for years was a light in the community.

Though he seems never to have written a letter especially to the Ephesians, for the epistle that bears their name was probably a general epistle to several churches, yet he wrote *from* Ephesus his great Epistle to the Corinthians. If he had done nothing else while in that city, except to pen the splendid panegyric on love—the love that is long-suffering and kind, that envies not, that speaks no vanity, the love that is never discourteous and

never selfish, that is not easily provoked, and bears no malice,—if he had written these verses alone, they would have made the memory of their author immortal, as well as the church to which they were sent.

But there were other Christians of eminence in Ephesus at the same time with Paul,—the eloquent Apollos, the faithful Aquila and Priscilla; Timothy whom he sent from Ephesus to Macedonia with Erastus of Corinth; Stephanas and Fortunatus and Achaicus, all mentioned among his companions in that famous capital of the province of Asia.

We do not know that Paul ever returned to Ephesus. We are told that after the uproar in the theatre had ceased, he sent for his friends and disciples, and after giving them words of cheer and exhortation, took leave of them and departed for Macedonia. He had written to the Corinthians, "I will tarry at Ephesus until Pentecost. For a great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries."

How true this was! The adversaries compelled him at last to leave, but not before he had entered the effectual open door, not until he had stirred Ephesus to its very depths, not until he had shaken

to its foundations the ancient faith, and had practically overthrown the goddess Diana, whom for so many centuries the people had worshipped.

But the great and effectual door opened for him in both directions, not only into the city of Ephesus while he abode there, but through this door he went out into the larger world of Macedonia and Greece, and finally of the Roman Empire, always to bear his testimony, always to do the work that God had given him to do, to establish the faith of the Christians of that day, and to leave behind him letters which have comforted and strengthened, warmed and vivified the religious life of millions in all the ages since.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### TYRE, THE JOYOUS CITY

*"Is this your joyous city whose antiquity is of ancient days?"—ISA. 23: 7.*

The Supreme Historic Interest of Tyre—A Notable Journey—Hiram, King of Tyre—Nebuchadnezzar's Failure—Alexander the Great's Success—A Prophecy Fulfilled—Tyre in its Degeneracy—An Oasis in the Desert—St. Paul's Seven Days in Tyre—The Prayer Meeting on the Beach.



HE twentieth chapter of Acts gives a condensed account of the Apostle's missionary journeys after his departure from Ephesus, until we find him on the sands of Tyre for a brief stay.

During this time he had spent three months in Greece, then, to foil the Jews who were lying in wait for him, instead of sailing from Greece direct to Syria, as he had evidently intended to do, he made his way through Macedonia to Philippi and Troas.

St. Paul went on foot to Assos, while his two companions went by water from Troas, and took him in at the former port.

Mitylene, Trogyllium, and Miletus were all visited on this voyage, but we know little about what he did or saw in these places, except that at Miletus he had an affecting interview with the elders of Ephesus, who had journeyed there to see him while his ship unloaded her cargo.

Miletus was at one time a very important maritime and commercial city. Its ships sailed to every part of the Mediterranean, and it founded on the shores of the Black Sea more than seventy-five colonies. After its conquest by the Persians (B.C. 494) it gradually lost its importance; later it was captured by the Athenians and still later by Alexander the Great, and though it was enjoying some prosperity when St. Paul visited it, and continued to exist for some centuries after the Christian Era, it never regained its former importance, and to-day there are only a few ruins of the once great city to be seen. The most important, and almost the only ruin that one cares to see

it is difficult to imagine the city that Paul saw, or even the Ephesian elders who met him there. To these leaders he made an important address which Luke records; then he prayed with them, and, because he had intimated that they would never see him again, "they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him," and then accompanied him to his ship.

Coos and Rhodes were evidently ports of call for this ship, and then Patara, where the Christians took another ship which had a cargo for Tyre on the Syrian coast, and here, while the ship was discharging her cargo, the Apostle tarried seven days. It will be well worth while for us, too, to tarry there a little space.

Of all the journeys which I have taken I recall few more interesting ones than that which took me down the rugged coast of Syria, from Beyrout to Tyre. Every mile of the way is of historic significance. Over this highway of the sands and the seas, armies have marched and fleets have sailed. Phoenicians, Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks and Romans, Crusaders and Moslems, Frenchmen and Englishmen have contended for these coasts, and in the present century Italian dreadnoughts have



bombarded these shores, and in the great world war the people of this region have suffered untold miseries.

Even if no events of historic interest were connected with this coast, if we could forget the adventurous journey of Jonah, and should take no interest in the spot where he is said to have been cast up on the yellow sand, if we cared nothing for the battles of Nebuchadnezzar, and the sieges of Alexander the Great, and Barbarossa, and Sir Charles Napier, our journey would still be one of unflagging interest, since the natural scenery is so striking and unusual.

Close to the shore winds the road throughout the entire distance, now following a stretch of clear, smooth sand over which the waves of the Mediterranean, driven by the prevailing west winds, boom continually; again working inland for a short distance to avoid a rocky headland which juts far out into the sea against which the white waves have beaten with little effect throughout uncounted centuries.

On the other side of our road, and not far away, the mountains of Lebanon come down, as though to bathe their feet in the salt sea waves, sometimes

leaving only space wide enough for our "American wagon" to pass between the mountains and the sea.

In other places, however, the mountains recede, and wide plains covered with stately pine trees or grey green olives, or stiff plantations of mulberry trees, greet the eye, and relieve the sterner aspects of nature. It is said that on this journey one passes through the largest olive orchard in the world, and it is easy to believe it, as for miles the road winds in and out between the trunks of the "gnarled old olive trees." There are not many habitations of man on this road after leaving the outskirts of Beyrout, for the country is too rugged to support a great population. Here and there is a little village with a roadside khan where one may stop for refreshment for man and beast, that is if he brings his refreshments with him, for there is little that one wishes to buy from the not over-clean proprietors.

About half way between Beyrout and Tyre we pass the ancient city of Sidon, to which we shall follow the Apostle in a later journey, but now we must turn to the city which for centuries was

calls her, when at the height of her glory and power, he denounced her iniquities, and foretold her destruction. Her first great king was Hiram, the ally of Solomon, and his reputed tomb to-day lies but a few miles out of the city. From her busy wharves were shipped the cedar and fir wood for the building of the first temple in Jerusalem. Even before this, Hiram had sent carpenters and masons to help David in building his palace.

Afterwards came Nebuchadnezzar, who for thirteen long years laid unavailing siege to the city, and was at last obliged to make a treaty of peace with her king.

We pass over a few hundred years, and we see Alexander, the world conqueror, with his invincible army, laying siege to this impregnable city. For months and months it defied his might and ingenuity, until at length, after innumerable repulses, he succeeded in building a causeway from the mainland to the island on which the chief defences of the city were built, and it fell, a terrible victim to his long baffled rage.



Tyre as it looks to-day



magnificence and opulence, the luxury and insolence which Ezekiel and Isaiah rebuke; when "its merchants were princes and its traffickers the honourable of the earth, when the harvest of the Nile was her revenue, and she was the mart of nations," as Isaiah poetically describes her glory.

What do we see to-day? As we approach this once mighty mistress of the world we find that her former generous proportions have dwindled to the compass of a miserable Turkish town, scarcely more than a village, with some six thousand inhabitants crowded into narrow streets, behind forbidding walls. There are probably few dirtier towns in all Syria. The filth and offal of every household is thrown out into the streets, and one must pick his way very carefully to avoid it.

Outside the walls lie the sea-washed rocks, once covered with splendid temples and palaces, now a reminder only of the truth of Ezekiel's terrible prophecy in which Jehovah says:

Behold I am against thee, O Tyre, and will cause many nations to come up against thee. as the sea

rock; she shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea, for I have spoken it, saith the Lord Jehovah, and she shall become a spoil to the nations.

Was anything ever more vividly and picturesquely accurate than this prophecy, uttered, let us remember, when Tyre was at the height of her glory, and almost the mistress of the world! I have read skeptical authors who discredit Isaiah and Ezekiel, by saying that this prophecy was not fulfilled, because, forsooth, this dirty little Oriental town still covers a small fraction of the site of the "Joyous City" of old. It is literally true that many nations came up against her like the waves of the sea, that her walls were destroyed and her towers broken down, and that the far greater proportion of her former magnificent area was scraped clean to the bare rock where the nets of the fishermen are to-day spread.

Where now are the splendid breakwaters that Hiram built? Where the mighty walls and glorious buildings that Alexander found here? There is, however, one reminder of his famous siege, for the causeway which he built from the mainland to the island fortress, and over which his armies

marched, is still in existence, broadened to a full half mile in width by accumulated sands until one can scarcely realize that Tyre was ever built upon an island.

There is also one oasis in this Moslem desert, for, after threading a half mile of filthy streets, one comes out into the bright, clean compound of the British Syrian Mission, with its schools for boys and girls, another for the blind, its Sunday-schools and little chapel, all presided over by Miss Lord, one of the most devoted and successful of missionaries.

In St. Paul's day the city was by no means so glorious as in the days of Ezekiel and Isaiah, nor had their prophecies been fulfilled as in later generations. It was now a Roman city, and was still more or less famous for its export of glass and of purple dye. The grain-ship on which St. Paul was embarked, as we have seen, had a cargo for Tyre, and, leaving the island of Cyprus on the left, after a voyage of some days, the particulars of which are not given, he reached the ancient and famous city which I have described.

He was evidently not expected, for the original Greek implies that he had to seek out his fellow



Christians. The ship made its way into the inner harbour, the outline of whose ruined breakwater can still be seen, though with every tide the waves dash over its huge foundation stones.

During the seven days in which the ship was unloading her burden and taking on a fresh cargo, Paul had ample time to meet with the disciples more than once. Perhaps they met every day to pray together, and Paul would exhort them, few and despised as they probably were, to stand steadfast for the faith.

These disciples had a premonition of Paul's coming troubles, and urged him not to go to Jerusalem, but their forebodings seem to have had little effect upon the Apostle. Perhaps he spoke to them such brave words as he had already spoken to the disciples at Miletus:

Behold I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there. . . but I hold not my life of any account as dear unto myself, so that I may accomplish my course, and the ministry which I received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the good news of the grace of God.

have to go about the city seeking out his fellow disciples for a last farewell, for though he had no one to bid him welcome, there were many to say good-bye. In fact, when he departed there was apparently not a Christian left in the town, for we are told that "they all, with wives and children, brought us on our way till we were out of the city." Then in the simple words of Scripture, "kneeling down on the beach, we prayed, and bade each other farewell, and we went on board the ship, but they returned home again."

What a wonderful prayer meeting was this on the sands of Tyre! In our journey thither we picked out the spot where we thought Paul and the disciples might perhaps have kneeled, and tried to imagine the pathetic scene. Here was the Apostle, now about fifty years of age, though he had already begun to think of himself as "Paul the aged," for his many journeyings and tribulations must have prematurely aged him. Doubtless Luke and Timothy were with him, and we are not certain what other eminent, early Christians may together have kneeled on that shore. We know, however, that all the Christians of Tyre were there, not only the men, but the women and

children, kneeling together on the soft, clean sand, with the waves rippling on the shore, and the ship standing in the offing.

The background of the Lebanon mountains was the same then as now. The sands are sweet and clean now as then, after the bath which they receive from every inflowing tide. The great city, to be sure, had shrunk to the wretched, dirty town of to-day, but it was not hard for us to picture the scene in spite of its decay.

How we would like to have heard Paul's prayer, and Luke's, and Timothy's, and the petitions of the humble disciples! But soon they rose from their knees, the men doubtless embraced each other, and perhaps kissed each other on either cheek, and then Paul and his fellow-travellers rowed off to the waiting ship, while the disciples on the shore strained their eager eyes to catch the last glimpse of their well-beloved leader.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### ST. PAUL'S PRISON CITY

From Tyre to Ptolemais—St. Paul's One Day There—The "Prison" of Abdul Baha—Abdul Himself—Thirty Miles to Cæsarea—Philip the Evangelist—Cæsarea, a Ready-made City—Once a Magnificent Capital—Now a "Ruin of Ruins."—The "Holy Grail."—St. Paul's Two Years' Imprisonment—His Appeal to Rome.



**W**HEN St. Paul left Tyre in the ship that had borne him from Asia Minor, it was but a day's sail of less than thirty miles, down the coast to Ptolemais, the next stopping-place, now known as Acre, or Acca in the Turkish. All that the Scripture tells us of his sojourn in Ptolemais is "we saluted the brethren, and abode with them one day."

Short, however, as was his stay, this as well as every spot on which the Apostle and his companions set foot in this memorable last journey of the first great missionary is sacred to the Christian's heart. In all his wanderings Paul could have seen few more beautiful or historically

more interesting cities than Ptolemais. Even to-day, though it has lost most of its former importance, Acre is an exceedingly interesting city.

Its situation is superb. On this dangerous coast of Syria with its few harbours, Acre lies on the inner circle of a beautiful bay, which, even without a breakwater, affords good anchorage for vessels except in severe storms. A splendid, hard, sandy beach, over which caravans of camels are constantly journeying back and forth, connects it with the long, bold headland of Mt. Carmel, which dominates all this section of the country, and can be seen as far away to the east as Nazareth.

As Paul looked upon this most striking feature of the Syrian landscape he must have thought of Elijah, who, on this mountain top, confounded the prophets of Baal, and of many other Old Testament scenes which centre in this vicinity. But doubtless most of his time and thought were given to the few disciples of his Master who made Ptolemais their home.

The walls of the city, though not the same that Paul saw, are still high and massive, though bat-

Smith in 1840. As we enter the lofty gateway we soon come to the bazaar, or market-place, where are numerous little stalls, or tables, covered with sugar-cane, dates, tomatoes, peppers, olives, and oranges. On low stools not more than a foot high, turbaned Turks are sitting with their legs crossed, smoking the soothing narghileh, and water-pipe, or perhaps sipping a cup of thick black coffee.

Just beyond the market-place is a fine mosque, in front of which is a truly beautiful fountain. We keep on up the narrow, unclean street, until we come out upon the ramparts, built high above the sea. Here lie, scattered about in confusion, rusty, useless cannon, while we see in the battered and broken wall the great rents made by the shells of Napoleon more than a hundred years ago, and by the British nearly half a century later. These walls date from the time of the Crusaders, though they have doubtless been built up and strengthened many times since.

These old cannon and these bomb-rent walls remind us of the wonderfully checkered and romantic history of Acre. To tell it in detail would require a volume. Here the Egyptians, before the time of Joseph, besieged the city.

Sennacherib, too, and Esar-haddon, the Assyrian generals of whom the Bible tells us, also brought their armies against the city. Here came Cleopatra to be its Queen, and Titus and Vespasian, and Baldwin the First, the great Crusader, and Richard Cœur de Lion, all were in turn its conquerors.

Coming down almost to our own day, we can imagine as we look off to sea, that Napoleon's transports and great three-deckers are coming to capture the city; but with all his genius, though he besieged it for sixty days, Buonaparte was unable to capture the city, and had to retire from it baffled and defeated, so strong were the walls even in the last year of the eighteenth century. But what Napoleon could not do, the allied armies of England and Austria accomplished forty years later, and they have left sad traces of the last siege of Acre.

As we go farther around the walls, and come to the landward side, we see a green oasis in the midst of the fertile plain of Acre. Here are splendid

for so many years the sheik Abbas, or Abdul Baha, the head of the Bahais, was imprisoned by Abdul Hamid II. His recent visit to America, after his release by the Young Turks, will be remembered by many of my readers, for he made a great sensation by his devotional mysticism and his plea for universal brotherhood.

He was evidently a devout old man with humanitarian ideas, and his doctrines were a vast improvement over those of the Sultan who imprisoned him, but, so far as I could learn, there was nothing in them which had not been already taught in a purer form by Jesus Christ, while there was also mixed with them much Persian and Zoroastrian lore which a Christian could not accept.

However, I enjoyed meeting the patriarchal old man, and when I told him that I had just seen the prison of his old enemy, Sultan Hamid II. in Salonica, he replied, "Yes, the Lord took the chains off my neck and put them around his."

Paul spent only one day in Ptolemais, and hurried on to Cæsarea, and so must we. It is but little more than thirty miles, and the journey would be made in one day. In Cæsarea he found a congenial spirit indeed, no less a personage than Philip the



Evangelist. When last we saw Philip, in one of the earlier chapters of Acts, he was journeying southward from Jerusalem to Gaza. Here he met the Ethiopian eunuch, "of great authority under Candace, queen of the Ethiopians. We saw him preaching to the eunuch and baptizing him, and afterwards learned that he "preached the Gospel to all the cities till he came to Cæsarea."

This was before the day of Saul's conversion, while he was yet "breathing threatening and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord." How glad these two brethren must have been to meet each other! What a warm welcome did the Apostle receive, after his twenty years of missionary labour, from Philip and his four virgin daughters!

What sort of a city was it to which Paul had now come, and in which he was destined to linger in after years through twenty-four months of wearisome imprisonment? Cæsarea was by no means such a city as Tyre or Ptolemais, with a great and glorious history, but, so to speak, a ready-made city, built by Herod the Great in less than twelve

rugged and harbourless shore of Palestine, he named in honour of his Emperor, Augustus Cæsar. Nevertheless, though it was a new town, and might well have been named Neapolis or Naples, in contrast with its hoary neighbours, it was by no means lacking, during its brief existence, in sumptuous grandeur.

The city [we are told] was provided with everything that could contribute to magnificence, amusement, and health, but its great boast was its harbour, which provided for the ships that visited that dangerous coast a safe basin equal in extent to the Piræus. Vast stones were sunk in the sea to the depth of twenty fathoms, and thus a stupendous breakwater was formed, curving around so as to afford complete protection from the south-westerly winds, and open only on the north.

The buildings of this beautiful city were of white stone. A great theatre and amphitheatre were found within its precincts. In this theatre occurred the tragic death of King Herod. The revolting people from Tyre and Sidon had come to make peace with Herod. He sat arrayed in royal apparel on his throne in the theatre, while the people shouted, saying, "It is the voice of a

god and not of a man, and immediately an angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory, and he was eaten of worms and gave up the ghost."

But there were other buildings besides the palaces and theatre. The procurators, Felix and Festus, under whom Paul suffered imprisonment, probably had a fine palace here, and a splendid temple dedicated to Cæsar, and Rome loomed up on the view as one approached the city from the sea. Here also were large synagogues of the Jews, who were so numerous that when the final conflict broke out which overthrew Jerusalem, and forever broke the last remnants of Jewish power, no less than twenty thousand Hebrews were slain in the streets of Cæsarea.

Such is the story of the magnificent city with its sudden rise to splendour and power. For a little while it overshadowed Jerusalem in importance, but it soon lost its prestige, and its decay has been complete and irreparable. As one stands upon the lonely, surf-washed shore, it is almost impossible to imagine that a glorious city ever existed here. The best of its marbles have been carried off to other cities, or buried deep under the



Photo Bonfils

**Ruins of Caesarea, once a great Roman seaport and capitol**





drifting sands. The harbour, which was its boast, is now undiscernible, though some blocks of granite belonging to the ancient mole can still be seen far under water. The site of the Temple of Cæsar is marked only by a few foundation stones.

Near the southern extremity of the ruins of the old Roman city some remains are found of what is probably, according to antiquarians, the theatre in which Herod "gave up the ghost." Not far away can be seen the undoubted site of the great hippodrome, or amphitheatre, which Herod built to accommodate twenty thousand spectators. Standing upon its ruins, in the midst of this utter desolation, it is difficult indeed, to picture to the mind the mighty stadium with its score of thousands of excited spectators, cheering the game, or the dying struggles of the gladiators.

Few places are more absolutely cities of the past than Cæsarea. Someone has spoken of the remains of its ancient glory as the "ruins of ruins." The mediæval town, which was twice rebuilt by

this city, which was itself built out of the ruins of the ancient city.

The green crystal vase which was found here when Baldwin I., the great Crusader, captured the city at the beginning of the twelfth century gave rise to the story of the Holy Grail, which has inspired so many legends and poems, for Baldwin and his followers believed that it was one that was used at the Last Supper by our Lord.

No one has given us a more beautiful version of the story of the Holy Grail than James Russell Lowell, as he describes the search of the haughty young nobleman through many lands for the precious cup:

“A poor old man, worn out and frail,  
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail.”

He finds a loathsome leper by the brink of the spring, and sharing with him his crust of coarse brown bread, and water out of his wooden bowl, he finds that the poor wooden bowl from which he had given the leper drink is itself the true Holy Grail, and the voice of the Christ speaks to him, saying,

"The Holy Supper is kept indeed  
In whatso we share with another's need.  
Who gives himself with his gifts feeds three,  
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me."

The ruins of Cæsarea are more inaccessible to-day than the site of any other great city connected with St. Paul's journeys. Only in dry weather is it possible to reach them at all, and not one traveller in a hundred in Palestine ever sees them.

I need not linger long on the story of St. Paul's imprisonment for two weary years in Cæsarea. It is told more at length than almost any New Testament story in six chapters, and it is told so graphically and in such detail that to try to paraphrase it would only injure its effect.

We remember his brief visit to Jerusalem, his accusation by the Pharisees of having desecrated their temple, his sudden flight back to Cæsarea guarded by Roman cavalry and infantry, his months of imprisonment under the wily, unscrupulous Felix, and afterwards under the just and reasonable Festus. During all these four and twenty months he was probably chained to a Roman guard, though he was treated with as much consideration as was possible for a prisoner in those



days, and his friends were allowed to visit him freely.

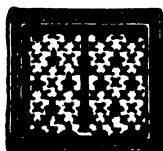
But during these months he was not idle. He had a chance to preach the Gospel to men of low and high degree, to soldiers from many parts of the world, for the Romans drew their troops from all lands, and he had the opportunity of making at least three great addresses to rulers of the highest rank, before Felix the Procurator, then before Felix and his Jewish wife Drusilla, and again before Festus the new Procurator, and King Agrippa himself. Two of these addresses are recorded at some length, for our benefit and that of Christians in all the ages to come. Possibly he may have written while in the Cæsarean prison two or three of his extant epistles, but this is not certain.

At length, when all other avenues of escape from his deadly enemies, the Jews, were cut off, he appealed as a Roman citizen to the Emperor of Rome, and Festus replied, "Thou hast appealed

## CHAPTER XXV

### SIDON, "THE HAVEN OF THE SEA"

Lucian's "Immense Ship"—St. Paul's Stay at Sidon—Sidon as it Is To-day—A City Famous in History, Song, and Story—A Mountain of Shells—Christ's Friends in Sidon—St. Paul's View of Cyprus—Myra, the Noted Port of Lydia.



It was a motley crowd indeed that set sail from Cæsarea one day in early autumn about the middle of the first century, in a coasting vessel that hailed from Adramyttium, far up to the north of the Ægean Sea. This vessel was homeward bound, for the days were fast approaching when, on account of the autumn storms, the ancients dreaded to put out to sea.

In the cosmopolitan crowd were sailors from the province of Asia, and Roman soldiers, each one chained to a prisoner with a little brass chain. Some of these prisoners would be Jews, and some

or people travelling on business or pleasure. But the little group that most interests us consists of three persons only, a Jew with a fiery eye and an eloquent tongue, and his two companions, Luke his biographer, and Aristarchus a Macedonian from Thessalonica.

The Latin historian, Lucian, describes such a ship as that in which St. Paul sailed, though St. Paul's vessel may have been smaller than this one, which Lucian calls "an immense ship." It was 180 feet long, 45 feet in breadth, and over 40 feet deep.<sup>1</sup>

Its lofty mast [for he mentions only one], was wonderful, and so was its yard. The ropes from it to the hull were a sight to see, and so were the curved stern rising high like a bird's neck at the one end, and the prow of similar shape to balance it at the other end. Its name, *The Goddess Isis*, shone out on both sides of the bows with much artistic ornamentation, while the topsail was of flame colour, and on the deck the eye was attracted in the fore part of the ship by the anchors, the windlasses and such like, and on the poop by the cabins and offices.

stopped for a day to discharge some cargo, or perhaps to take on other passengers. But a day was quite long enough to allow St. Paul and his companions to go ashore, by the kind permission of Julius, the centurion who had charge of the prisoners, that he might "receive attention" as the Greek words translated "refresh himself" literally mean, from his friends in Sidon.

Here we come with Paul to another of the very interesting cities of antiquity, and one which I had great pleasure in visiting. We drove from Beyrout, in the company of a veteran missionary and his wife, over a road remarkably good for Syria, through pine groves and olive orchards, past silk mills, where the Syrian girls were busy soaking the cocoons in boiling water, or spinning the tenuous threads of silk as fine as a spider's web, past rude khans where one could obtain at least a cup of muddy Turkish coffee, though perhaps little else, but always with the glorious sea sounding on our right hand, and the still more glorious, towering mountains of Lebanon on our left.

At the villa of a Druse Prince, a friend of our

almost overhanging the sea, and while the ladies of the party visited the harem and chatted with his girl wife, the Prince entertained the mere men in another room with coffee and cigarettes, the latter respectfully declined by the visitors, but by no means neglected by the Prince.

Much of the way is barren and sterile, but when we come near one of the numerous water-courses we often see a dense mass of oleanders, covered with brilliant blossoms, which light up the landscape like a fire on a wintry day.

Not very far from Sidon the road runs beside a long, smooth beach of yellow sand, like several others which we pass between the jutting promontories of rock. Here, according to the tradition, Jonah was cast up by the whale at the conclusion of his disastrous voyage from Joppa, and the tradition is proved true, to the satisfaction of the credulous at least, by the very tomb of Jonah himself, only a few rods from the beach, though why he should have been buried at this particular spot since he lived so far as we know for many

assurance doubly sure, the old man who has charge of it took us down into the vault beneath, and showed us Jonah's wooden coffin, which is in a marvellous state of preservation, considering its alleged antiquity.

As we draw near the city our road winds through beautiful groves of oranges and lemons, loquats and apricots, bananas, almonds, and dark, glossy pomegranate trees with their bursting fruit, which glows within their dark brown shells like ten thousand rubies. After a mile or more of these beautiful orchards we enter the busy bazaar of the little town of Sidon, through the walls built by Mohammed Ali, the great Egyptian conqueror, about the middle of the last century.

Soon we draw up in front of the premises of the American Presbyterian Mission, and like Paul nearly nineteen hundred years ago, "receive attention" from our kind friends the missionaries, and also, as our version of the Bible translates the word, "refresh ourselves" through their cordial hospitality. They lead us by narrow, devious, dark, dismal passageways which seem almost like underground tunnels, so nearly do the houses meet overhead, until we come to their

pleasant, cheery homes, set in a compound of their own.

Here we are in the heart of old Sidon, at one time the queen city of the world, "the haven of the sea, the haven of ships" as it is described in Genesis, the "great Zidon" of which Joshua speaks. To this spot Joshua chased the Amorites and Hittites, the Perizzites, the Jebusites, and the Hivites, a great host, "even as the sand that is upon the sea-shore in multitude, with horses and chariots very many." But the Israelites apparently did not capture Sidon, and its inhabitants were a grievous plague to them in after days.

This old Phoenician city is mentioned over and over again, not only in the Scriptures, but by the great poets and historians of antiquity. Homer speaks of it in both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and Herodotus extols the bravery of its sailors. Like the other ancient cities on this coast it has had a multitude of conquerors and rulers. Phoenicians and Persians, Greeks and Romans, Druses and Turks, Crusaders and Arabs. It has now shrunk, like all its companions on these shores with the exception of Beyrout, to a mere decimal fraction of its former greatness and glory, but its ancient

might and prowess still cast a heroic glamour over the poor city of to-day.

It was exceedingly interesting to walk through the narrow, tortuous streets of Sidon, to see its little markets heaped up with the produce of the soil; peppers and purple egg-plants, and little green vegetable marrows and cucumbers that are deliciously cooked, and greatly relished by natives and foreigners alike. In another narrow street are the dry goods merchants, their stalls bright with the gay and glaring prints in which the soul of a Syrian delights.

Now and then the passageway is blocked by an obstinate donkey, whose protruding saddle-bags fill the entire street, obliging us to dive into some hospitable doorway. The air is rent by the shrill cries of the fruit sellers and the fish vendors, and now and then high overhead we hear as in other cities of Syria, the muezzin's call to prayer.

As we walk about the walls of the city, near the shore, we see on the nearest of a group of islands a great castle, built of mighty stones, now largely in ruins. Such a castle must have been there in the days when the book of Genesis was written, when the Phoenicians ruled the city. It has been



often destroyed and often rebuilt, and though its defences are now useless and could be destroyed in a few minutes by any modern iron-clad, it is still interesting as a relic of the past.

Another object that especially interested me was a small mountain built up entirely of broken sea-shells. I estimated that this hill was at least 150 feet high, an eighth of a mile long, and extended back from the shore 200 feet. These were the shells from which the celebrated purple Tyrian dye was extracted, a product that brought almost unbelievable wealth for many centuries to both Tyre and Sidon, though Sidon, as this mighty mass of shell indicates, was the chief centre of its manufacture. The shell from which the dye was extracted is white, and beautifully corrugated, with many convolutions, about two inches in length, and is still found in the vicinity, though not in the great abundance of former years.

This ancient city is famous, not alone in Old Testament times, for Luke tells us that the people of Sidon came to listen to Jesus Christ when he was in their vicinity, and "to be healed of their diseases." Possibly the Syrophœnician woman, whose faith was made forever memorable by her

humble plea that "even the dogs may eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table," was from Sidon. Perhaps when she heard the glad word, "O woman, great is thy faith," she went back to her home in this ancient city and found her daughter well and sound. Possibly she may have been one of the Christians from whom Paul "received attentions" when he landed at this famous port.

At any rate we know that he found Christian friends there whom Julius allowed him to visit. He had been there before with Barnabas on his return from his first missionary journey, and perhaps more than once since that time, so that he knew where to find his Christian friends. Could Paul visit Sidon to-day, in spite of the predominance of the Moslem element, he would find, I believe, far more Christians than he found then, and he would rejoice in the flourishing schools, the commodious church, and the vigorous evangelistic propaganda of the missionaries from far-off America, a continent of whose existence he never dreamed, missionaries who teach the same doctrine that he preached, and worship the same Lord and Master.

After leaving Sidon the coasting vessel in which the prisoners were embarked lingered no longer on the shores of Syria, but struck boldly across the Mediterranean to the coast of Asia Minor. "We sailed under the lee of Cyprus because the winds were contrary," says the sacred record, probably within sight of Paphos on the extreme south-western edge of the island. Paul doubtless recalled his former visit there with Barnabas, who was a native of the island, and how in Paphos he found the Pro-consul Sergius Paulus, the first ruler of high rank to be converted to Christianity, who, when he saw Elymas the Sorcerer stricken blind at the word of Paul, believed, "being astonished at the teaching of the Lord."

Paphos is now a miserable little village with a small harbour defended by two ancient castles. The whole town has the air of being but a shadow of its former greatness. "The old streets of the town are bordered with whole rows of houses with Gothic portals, now concealing nothing more than one or two wretched dwelling rooms." There are also a few ruined churches, some marble columns that once belonged to a temple of Aphrodite, and many scattered relics of past glories.

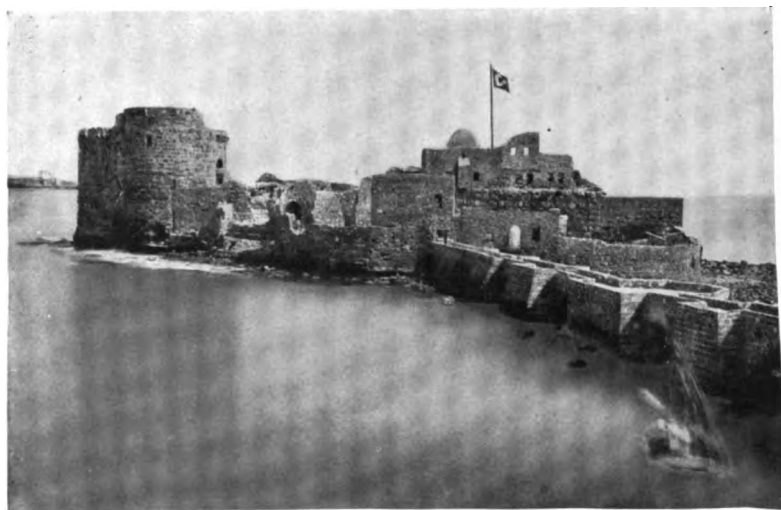


Photo Bonfils

**The fortress of Sidon. Rebuilt by the Crusaders**





On this journey, however, Paul and his companions did not stop at Cyprus, but sailed straight for Myra, a well known port of the province of Lycia, on the southern coast of Asia Minor. St. Paul was always finding himself, either by his own design or by the accident of travel, in one of the important cities of ancient days, and Myra was no exception to this rule. Andriace was the port of Myra, at which doubtless the prisoners disembarked. The city itself lies some two miles back from the shore. Here one finds to-day the remains of a splendid theatre under the high cliffs that guard the city, and many tombs of ancient Lycians, while beyond is the great tropical gorge through which we have before seen the Apostle making his way to the plains of Anatolia, in his journey to the churches of Asia.

We know nothing of his stay in Myra, except that there the centurion found a ship of Alexandria sailing for Italy. The first stage of this adventurous voyage was over, and what he suffered and the places that he visited on this Alexandrian cornship must be recounted in another chapter.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### THREE FAMOUS ISLANDS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

Rhodes and its Colossus—Crete and its Troublous History—Fair Havens and Lasca—St. Luke's Graphic Account of the Shipwreck—Malta as it Is To-day—St. Paul's Bay—St. Paul and the Viper—The Healing of Publius—The Grotto of St. Paul—The Heroic Defence of Malta against the Saracens.



OUR journey with the Apostle to-day takes us to the great island of Crete and the smaller but no less important islands of Rhodes and Malta.

Neither the captain of the Alexandrian corn-ship on which Paul with his soldier guards and his companions, Luke and Aristarchus, embarked at Myra, nor the prisoners, nor any of the other passengers probably expected to set foot on Crete or Malta when they sailed, for they intended to make a straight course for Italy before the stormy

knowledge of His Son. Even the tempest and shipwreck accomplish His pleasure, "stormy wind fulfilling His word."

The first land that would greet the eager eyes of the passengers after leaving Myra would be the famous island of Rhodes, illustrious alike in ancient and mediæval history, and for this reason many travellers are glad still to touch at Rhodes on their way in and out of the *Ægean*. The mighty statue, the Colossus of Rhodes, which once towered 106 feet above the harbour, though not bestriding it, as some have thought, had long been in ruins even in Paul's day.

The captain of the corn-ship did not avail himself of the safe haven, but sailed on until he sighted the long, narrow island of Crete, which stretches through four degrees of latitude, directly south of Greece. This island, in modern as well as ancient times, has been a bone of contention between the nations. The enterprising Phœnicians from Sidon established their colonies there. Greeks and Romans and Turks have fought for its possession, and only within very recent times, since the settlement of the war between the Turks and the Balkan allies, has the island come into the secure possession



of the Greeks without the shadow of Turkish suzerainty.

For years the Great Powers maintained the tenuous claims of Turkey, and I remember on one occasion, when I was in Athens, that great excitement was produced when the delegates to Parliament, who had stolen away from their island without the knowledge of the Powers, presented themselves for admission to the Grecian House of Representatives. The Greeks themselves were then obliged to refuse these deputies, though elected by the people of Crete to this office, but now the island, after its many vicissitudes, seems to be under the permanent rule of its ancient fatherland.

On the extreme southern point of Crete is a roadstead, it cannot be called a harbour, which now, as nineteen hundred years ago, is called Fair Havens, but which seems to belie its pleasant sounding name, for it was scarcely a fair or safe place for a vessel to ride out the winter storms. However, for some reason, Paul's ship seems to have spent some time there. until the approach of

was no town at Fair Havens, but Luke tells us that it was nigh unto the city of Lasea.

If we should journey five miles east of Fair Havens we should find the ruins of an ancient city, heavy stones upon the shore, and the remains of the foundations of great buildings, or perhaps of piers, stretching out into the waters. Farther inland we should find other remains, and the people in the vicinity would tell us that the name of the place was Lasea, doubtless the same city of which Luke speaks.

Whether our prisoner spent few or many days there we do not know. Probably he went ashore, with his soldier guard ever at his side, and proclaimed the good tidings in Lasea. But we do know that the captain of the ship disregarded Paul's advice, and started on the voyage which was to be so disastrous to his vessel, but so memorable in the life of the Apostle.

So many times, and with so much circumstantial detail has the story of the shipwreck been told, that I shall not attempt another description.

upon. For terse, graphic, nervous language, which presents an unforgettable picture to the reader's mind, I would refer him unhesitatingly to the original story.

"When we were escaped," says the Apostle at the conclusion of the account of the shipwreck, "then we knew that the island was called Melita." The ancient name is but little changed to-day, for the island is none other than Malta, the great stronghold of the British fleet in the mid-Mediterranean. Owing to the long occupation by the British this island has more of an Anglo-Saxon air, and one feels more as though he were among "his own folks" than in any of the other cities connected with the Apostle's life and labours.

Here the language of business is English, though Italian is spoken in the law courts; here we find pounds, shillings, and pence, instead of piastres and mejidiehs. The pound sterling has something of an Italian sound, as it is called by the natives the "lira sterlina," while the shilling is a "scellino" and the penny a "soldo," though worth twice as much as the soldo of Italy.

of the more than two hundred thousand inhabitants, only ten thousand are English or foreigners, and the language spoken by the common people is nearly related to the Arabic. The terrible winds which prevail at some seasons of the year have rendered the island treeless, though it was once well wooded, and at first sight it looks barren and forbidding indeed, a mere rocky outpost of Britain's mighty naval power, as with seven-league boots she strides around the world.

But when one goes ashore, he finds the island far from barren and unfruitful. As the Dutch and the Danes have conquered the natural difficulties of their soil, and have made their countries smiling gardens of the north, as the Swiss have turned their rocky, forbidding mountain fastnesses into the playground of Europe, so the enterprising Maltese, perhaps because of the difficulties in their way, have made their apparently sterile island into one of the most luxuriantly fertile in all the seven seas.

Valetta is the chief port of the island to-day, and

by a narrow neck of land with the island, while on every side the blue sea laves its shores and twice a day fills up the little bays on either side which run far into the deeply indented shore. Landing at the quay we must climb long flights of steps if we would get into the heart of the city. The influence of British rule is evident on every side, not only in the great fort of St. Elmo and the other forts which guard the harbour at every point, not only in the dockyards and the hospitals and the public buildings, but we notice it in the unusual cleanliness of the streets, a distinction which cannot be accorded to-day to most of the other cities of St. Paul.

St. Paul, however, knew little of Valetta. The great sea-power which now has made this port one of its chief strongholds, was then an outpost of the Roman Empire. Its native inhabitants were the rudest of barbarians, and were receiving their first lessons in civilization from the cruel schoolmasters who represented the mighty nation of which Paul was a free-born citizen.

The deep bay on the north-western coast of the island where the sailors ran the ill-fated ship ashore is now called St. Paul's Bay, and it has been identified beyond a reasonable doubt with the scene of

the shipwreck. Here the centurion commanded those who could swim to get ashore as best they could, while the rest, "some on planks, and some on other things from the ship," escaped safe to land.

The minutest incidents of the voyage and the shipwreck have been verified by careful scholars, and even the English sailing directions have been drawn upon to prove that with her anchors out St. Paul's ship could withstand the furious winds of that terrible night, for these directions say that the ground in St. Paul's Bay is "so good that while the cables hold there is no danger, as the anchors will never start."

Here on this hospitable island the Apostle and his companions stayed for three months, until the winter winds had spent their fury, and they could safely sail for Italy in another ship. One or two incidents which occurred in connection with the Apostle's life on this island made a deep impression not only upon the people who witnessed them, but upon Christians of all subsequent ages.

Grown people no less than children like to picture to themselves that scene on the shore of St. Paul's Bay, when the great man who afterwards

gave it his name, ever active, and always desiring to make himself useful, gathered a bundle of sticks and laid them on the fire on that chill rainy day in which they had escaped the perils of the sea. We can see the crawling viper sting the work-worn hand of the Apostle; we can hear the superstitious barbarians whispering among themselves, as they saw the venomous snake hanging from his arm, "This man must be a murderer; though the gods allowed him to get ashore they are still upon his track to avenge his foul deed." They knew that he was a prisoner, and their surmise was not an unnatural one, but when they saw him calmly shake off the serpent into the fire and no harm come to him, they concluded that he was not a murderer but a god.

Once before, in front of the temple at Lystra, Paul had been hailed as a god, and doubtless, as on that occasion, he took the opportunity to declare that he was no deity, but the servant of Jesus Christ. Perhaps this gave him his first

man of the island, by prayer and the laying on of hands. Then came others to test his miraculous power, and his reputation, not only as a miracle worker, but as the servant of the most high God, was so firmly established that when he sailed again he had "many gifts from the islanders of such things as he needed."

The place where Publius, the chief man in Paul's day, lived, is thought to be Citta Vecchia, the ancient capital. It lies near the centre of the island, about midway between Valetta and St. Paul's Bay, and is connected with Valetta by a railway. Here every turn reminds us of the Apostle. The principal square is called Piazza San Paolo. And here we find a fine cathedral which is said to be built on the very site of the house of Publius. Entering the cathedral, we see a great image of St. Paul, covered with a silver cloth, a reminder by contrast, perhaps, of how little of that precious metal he was possessed in his lifetime.

In a near-by suburb of Citta Vecchia, is another



three months in the island, and the catacombs of the grotto are also called by his name.

However much or little of authenticity may attach to these places, they at least remind us of the most notable event in all the history of the island, even when we remember its many wars and sieges, the hostile and the friendly fleets which have crowded its bays, and its heroic defence against the Saracens by the Knights of Malta, which is thought by many to be one of the turning points of history. Yet, after all, no event has so impressed itself upon the people of the whole Christian world as the involuntary arrival of that shipwrecked mariner, and his three months' stay among the "barbarians," so-called because they did not speak Greek.

I must not forget to mention one striking monument to the Apostle which reminds every passing traveller of this wonderful story. In the Bay of St. Paul is a tiny island called Selmun, and on this island is a mighty statue of the Apostle, a fit emblem of the colossal character which in all the ages

## CHAPTER XXVII

### SYRACUSE THE CITY OF ARCHIMEDES

The Arrival of St. Paul in Syracuse—The Brilliant and Chequered History of the City—Its Early Inhabitants—The Ear of Dionysius—Was Paul Interested in the Story of Syracuse?—The Fountain of Arethusa—Archimedes and his Statue—The City as it Looks To-day—Archimedes' Lever



**S**AILING in the wake of the Apostle we have now reached familiar European territory, visited every year by thousands of tourists from American and many European lands. Among all the towns of sunny Sicily, there is none more interesting from the historic standpoint than Syracuse. Hither came St. Paul one spring day, probably about the year 60 of our era, with his two faithful companions, his fellow prisoners and their soldier guards, in the great Alexandrian corn-ship they had taken at Malta, which displayed at its prow the figures of the Twin Brothers, Castor and Pollux, who were supposed to be the deities that cared especially for the welfare of ocean travellers.

Syracuse had had a wonderfully brilliant but chequered history, though at the time of St. Paul's visit it had fallen far from its highest estate of prosperity. Still it was much more important than the sleepy little mediæval town which to-day covers the island of Ortygia, the only part of the great expanse of ancient Syracuse which is now peopled. Yet the remains of ancient glories, which in Paul's day must have been comparatively fresh and unscathed by time, still meet us at every turn.

To-day Syracuse is connected with the other important towns of Sicily by a comfortable railway and, indeed, we may say that with all Italy and the rest of Europe there is continuous railway accommodation, for the cars are carried over the Straits of Messina, and one can travel from Paris, or London, or Berlin, or northernmost Scandinavia all the way by rail, and with comparatively few changes.

The commerce of Syracuse has dwindled as much as the city, which once boasted half a million of inhabitants, and now can muster, according to the census, scarcely a twentieth part of that number. Nevertheless, out from its splendid land-locked harbour every day puff the little black steamers

for Malta, returning the next day to their secure anchorage, in the deep waters of this beautiful port. Thus, now as in Paul's time, Syracuse was the natural stopping-place for vessels from Malta.

To tell the story of Syracuse would require many volumes, but I must at least remind my readers that this once mighty city was founded by the Corinthians and was for years almost mistress of the world, and that this was the city which forever shattered the power of Athens some four centuries before the birth of Christ. For years the Athenians besieged the city by land and by sea with a great fleet. They were re-inforced by the arrival of Demosthenes with thousands of auxiliary soldiers, but, do their best, they could not conquer the heroic Syracusans, either on land or sea.

Disease wasted the Athenians, the winds and waves wrecked their ships, the fleets of Syracuse were too powerful for them, and at last the remnant of their army, six thousand troops under Demosthenes, surrendered, and, after the generals had been put to death, the soldiers were imprisoned in the caves which had been hollowed out by the

These great caves in the soft limestone rock we found to be among the most interesting reminders of the former greatness of Syracuse. As one wanders far into their dim recesses he can see the marks of the tools, and hear in imagination the blow of hammer and drill and chisel which cut out the great blocks of stone with which the city was built nearly three thousand years ago, "when Ahaz was reigning in Judea, when Romulus and Remus were alive, when Rome was a few shepherds' huts."

In these dim caves, too, we can hear in imagination the groans of the imprisoned Athenians after their disastrous expedition under Nicias, to which I have before alluded, and which Thucydides calls the most important event in Greek history.

These vast, quarry-made caves, called *Latomie*, are sometimes covered with a luxurious vegetation. One is used as a rope walk, and here the rope-makers plod back and forth monotonously all day long. The most interesting of all the *Latomie* is called "The Ear of Dionysius." Here the quarry-



**Syracuse from the sea**

**Photo Crupi**





entrance of this cave one can hear the scratching of a pin, or a whisper, in the remotest recesses, and when a door at the entrance is slammed by the guide, a mighty peal of thunder reverberates through the grotto.

The story runs that here Dionysius the Tyrant, perhaps the greatest ruler that Syracuse ever knew, kept his prisoners, and, listening at the entrance of the great Ear, could detect their plots though uttered in the faintest whisper. Dionysius must surely be credited with the first suggestion of the modern dictaphone.

One of the modern biographers of St. Paul tells us that we may be sure that he took no interest in these ancient glories of Syracuse, but I am not so certain of this. He seems to have been curious concerning all matters of human knowledge. He was acquainted with the Greek heathen poets; and I imagine that, if Julius the Centurion allowed him to go ashore at Syracuse with the soldier-guard chained to his wrist, as very likely he did, he would visit the Ear of Dionysius and listen to the wonderful echo, and see the mighty altar built by Hiero II., three hundred years before, covering more than an acre of ground, on which hecatombs



of four hundred oxen were sacrificed at one time, in a yearly offering to celebrate the overthrow and expulsion from the city of the Tyrant Thrasybulus, an altar which we can still see almost intact.

I imagine, too, that he saw the seats of the magnificent theatre, rising one above another in sixty-one tiers, forty-six of which can be counted to-day by the modern traveller; and I think, too, that he would gaze down into the clear, limpid waters of the Fountain of Arethusa, rimmed with papyrus, between whose slender stems one may see beautiful fish darting in and out, and he would perhaps recall the legend, old even in his time, that the nymph Arethusa, chased by the river god Alpheus, was changed by Diana into this fountain. The fabled goddess has given her name to one of our most beautiful spring flowers, which is as charming and pure as its namesake of Syracuse is reputed to have been.

But Paul had come to bring some better news to the Syracusans, and the whole world, than the legends of Greek mythology. and though the

Christians, if any there were, and telling the people of the way of salvation through Jesus Christ.

Possibly the tradition which we were told when we drove out to the old church of San Giovanni, with its wonderful catacombs far larger than any in Rome, is correct, that St. Paul once preached the Gospel on this very spot. In the heart of the modern city, also, in the midst of its crooked, narrow lanes and dirty hovels, is a little church, on which is a marble tablet declaring that here Paul once preached, a statement which probably has little foundation in fact, but of which we can say, it is "interesting if true."

Let us take a walk through Syracuse and see how it looks to-day. We will start at the famous Fountain of Arethusa, of which I have already spoken, and watch the fish playing hide and seek among the papyrus stems. It is not a fountain in the ordinary sense of the word, but a bubbling spring gushing out of the rocks and forming a large pool enclosed by masonry. Facing north, we walk down a beautiful tree-shaded avenue

Soon we come to a statue which greatly interests us. It is none other than that of Archimedes, the great mathematician, who was born in Syracuse. He stands on his marble pedestal with the screw and the burning glass, both of which were his inventions; with one hand he shades his eyes as he gazes off toward the walls of the old city which he so valiantly defended. But all his wisdom and courage were rendered vain by a traitor within the walls, who led the crew of a Roman warship into the city by way of the channel of the Arethusa, which flows from the fountain we have just seen, and Archimedes himself was killed by a Roman soldier, who did not know the shining mark which he had struck. This was some two hundred years after the great battle in which the Syracusans had defeated the Athenians, and was connected with the Punic Wars, for Syracuse, under Hieronymus, had taken sides with the Carthaginians against the Romans. It was also some two hundred years before St. Paul's arrival at Syracuse.

Such an enormous booty has seldom been taken from a plundered city as that which enriched Rome

of its old prosperity, the event was almost as disastrous for the conquerors as for the conquered, for so great was the amount of loot and the enormous wealth which flowed into Rome from Syracuse, that then began the luxurious, frivolous, and dissipated days which in after years resulted in the decline of the Roman spirit, and the destruction of the Roman Empire.

We will continue our walk from the statue of Archimedes, along the harbour side where a few black steamers and ungainly schooners lie at anchor. We soon turn up to the right and thread some of the narrow, ill-lighted streets, where the bulk of the Syracusans live to-day. It must be said that, as Sicilian cities go, Syracuse is tolerably clean, so far as the main thoroughfares are concerned. It has one wide street with very tolerable shops, but most of the streets are lined with dirty, one-room hovels, lighted only by the open door.

As we go by we can see that the one room answers all the purposes of the inhabitants, bedroom, living-room, dining-room, and kitchen. At the

woman is sewing on the doorstep, or cooking the noon meal over a glowing brazier. A cobbler is mending shoes, or a tailor patching a crazy-quilt garment of many shades on the same universal seat of the open doorway.

The little shops which are sprinkled plentifully through the poorer parts of Syracuse display oranges and little gnarly apples, broccoli, radishes, and the delicious *finocchio*, or fennel, of which the Sicilians are so fond, while in front of most of them is a big bowl full of water, in which is soaking "Spanish fish," or salt cod, which very likely has come from far away Iceland.

But soon we emerge from these narrow by-ways, and come out on a glorious, wind-swept promenade. high above the water, on the opposite side of Syracuse from the harbour, where the mighty waves of the Mediterranean, unobstructed for hundreds of miles to the westward, dash in constant fury against the relentless rocks, which split them up into ten thousand diamond sprays and flakes of foam.

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## SYRACUSE THE CITY OF ARCHIMEDES 367

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gathered their forces far out on the ocean, only to dash them impotently against the tremendous boulders which defend the city. It was a reminder of the many armies, Grecian, Carthaginian, Roman, Saracen, and Norman, which have hurled themselves against this once fair city, many of them to be broken in pieces like the waves on the shore.

In order to see the most interesting features of ancient Syracuse, which still remain, we must cross the bridge which connects the island of Ortygia, where the modern city stands, with the mainland. Here are Hiero's great altar, to which I have already alluded, the *Latomie*, made by the quarrymen of old, the great amphitheatre and Greek temple, and still farther out, Fort Euryelus with its five tremendous towers, from the top of which one can not only see the vast plain on which the city once stood, but half of Sicily as well, with Mount Ætna to the north, and even to the far off Calabrian mountains.

Perhaps the most impressive sight of all is the

more than ten miles of these mighty fortifications are still visible; as are the remains of two magnificent aqueducts which brought the water from some distant mountains by underground channels for several miles before it reached the thirsty citizens. The force that Dionysius the Tyrant could bring to bear on his public works is indicated by the story, for which there is good authority, that within twenty days he completed nearly four miles of this mighty wall, and that he was able to bring to its construction, at one time, threescore thousand workmen and six thousand yoke of oxen.

How are the mighty fallen! is the exclamation which naturally rises to our lips as we look at these almost uninhabited plains, and remember that here was once a city greater in area probably than Rome or Athens. Moreover, the political revolutions of Syracuse affected the world in general quite as much as did the political revolutions of Athens.

Archimedes, it will be remembered, declared that if he could but get a place to stand, a fulcrum

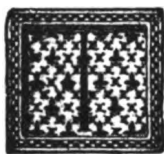
place to stand in the spiritual world, and in the constraining love of Christ he found the fulcrum and the lever, which have moved the old world with its degrading superstitions to the higher plane of Christianity.



## CHAPTER XXVIII

### PUTEOLI THE DEGENERATE

The Glorious South Italian Shore—Reggio and Messina, the Earthquake Cities—Fetching a Compass—Scylla and Charybdis—The Bay of Naples—Vesuvius and its Awful Eruption—The Former Glories of Puteoli—Its Present Squalor—The Trolley Trip from Naples—St. Paul's Arrival in Puteoli.



It is thought by some, as we have said, that Paul had no eye for natural scenery, and that his defective eyesight prevented his appreciating it. However that may have been, it seems impossible that he should not have been impressed by the splendid views that any one sailing up the coast of Sicily, through the Straits of Messina, and along the south Italian shore enjoys. He would have seen smiling, vine-covered hills, and before he had gone far, glorious Ætna, snow-capped for

symmetrical as Fujiyama, and covering a far larger base.

In one of his letters Shelley tells us that "the scenery which surrounds the city of Naples is more delightful than any within reach of civilized man." Personally I should hesitate to endorse the rather extravagant dictum of the poet, for I have seen several other bays—Rio Janeiro, Hong-Kong, and Sydney, for instance—which rival that of Naples in beauty and grandeur. But allowing for the enthusiasm of a poet, his statement is not far out of the way, and the journey up the Italian coast, as far as Naples, is a fitting prelude to the Bay of Naples.

An ever-changing panorama delights the eye, until we come to Reggio, the ancient Rhegium. Alas, a pitiful sight there greets the traveller to-day. Messina on one side of the narrow strait, and Reggio on the other, were both wrecked almost beyond recognition by the awfully disastrous earthquake of 1908. On the Messina shore one sees great rows of little wooden houses scarcely

less and homeless people. They are still occupied, for comparatively little has been done to build up the ruined cities.

The authorized version of Acts xxviii : 13 says, in describing St. Paul's journey after leaving Syracuse, "and from thence we fetched a compass and came to Rhegium." An amusing story is told of an infidel who declared, misquoting Luke's words, that he had proved the Bible to be a lie, since "in the book of Acts it was said that they fetched a compass aboard Paul's ship," and "everybody knew that this was long before the compass was invented." The Revised Version has taken the wind out of the infidel's sails, to speak nautically, by translating the passage in more modern phrase: "and from thence we made a circuit and arrived at Rhegium." Here St. Paul's ship evidently waited for one day, perhaps to discharge some cargo, or possibly for a fair wind which soon blew, for we are told that "after one day a south wind sprang up, and on the second day we came to

antiquity, the rock and the whirlpool, which have been robbed of all their terrors since steam navigation came to bless the world, and to make travellers' burdens and dangers light. Soon after, the active volcanic mountain of Stromboli on one of the Lipari islands comes in sight, and all the way along is the glorious south Italian shore. Splendid mountains rear their heads in the near distance, their sides clothed with vineyards, with olive and orange orchards far up their slopes.

As we approach the Bay of Naples the scenery becomes more entrancing. We see the promontory of Sorrento across the Bay of Salerno and soon Capri with its blue grotto comes in sight on the left, and towering Vesuvius with its constant plume of smoke on the right. These wonderful natural objects must have been largely the same in St. Paul's day as in ours, though probably Vesuvius was not then the gaunt, lava-gashed volcano that it is to-day, but was decked with green vineyards and sunny cultivated slopes almost to its top. No one could then imagine, even in a nightmare, the terrible destruction which, in less than a score of years, was to belch forth from the crater of the sleeping giant.

Little did the Apostle dream [it has been finely said], when he looked from the vessel's deck across the bay to the right, that a ruin like that of Sodom and Gomorrah hung over the fair cities at the base of the mountain, and that the Jewish Princess Drusilla, who had so lately conversed with him in his prison at Cæsarea, would find her tomb in that ruin, with the child she had borne to Felix.

Now the buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum lie in their shrouds of ashes and lava at the foot of the terrible Vesuvius, and the excavators, in digging through the enveloping cinders, have shown us something of the luxury and much of the hideous corruption of these wicked cities, which in Paul's time seemed secure in their abominations, though their doom was so near.

Sailing across the bay, past the spot where the notable city of Naples is situated, a place which was then comparatively insignificant, our travellers came very soon to Puteoli, or Pozzuoli as it is now called, at present a decadent suburb of Naples.

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The ruins of the Serapeum at Pozzuoli, the old Puteoli

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It is difficult to realize that it might once have been called "The Liverpool of Italy"; that here was the Lucrine Lake, which supplied the pampered Romans with their famous oysters, and that the whole bay was covered with the beautiful yachts of the fashionable folks who made Baia, just beyond Puteoli, a noted resort, as corrupt as it was noted, for the invalids and fashionable idlers of Rome. There were famous springs here, too, which attracted the sick from many quarters, and it is said that the ancient name came from the sulphurous stench which they emitted. Puteoli is no longer a fashionable watering place, but from other causes the same name might be applied to the modern Pozzuoli.

Here the Apostle found some kindred hearts, followers of his Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, and by them he was refreshed during his seven days in Puteoli. Tens of thousands of travellers from many lands sail into the famous harbour of Naples every year, but comparatively few of them realize how near they are to the footsteps of St. Paul, and how, after a short trolley ride from the city, they can plant their feet where he trod.

Let us take the electric cars from Largo Vittoria,



where the beautiful park, Naples' famous promenade and Rotten Row, ends—a park that stretches for nearly a mile along the water front. Soon we get beyond the fashionable quarters and innumerable hotels. The car makes its slow way through a slummy region where the air is rent by the raucous cries for which noisy Naples is famous and the nose is assailed by more than the seventy odours of Cologne.

We soon come to a tunnel under the green hills of Posilipo, a tunnel almost as old as Naples itself, for it was dug by the Romans to avoid the steep climb over the precipitous tufa rocks of Posilipo. Seneca, we are told, grumbled at the dust and darkness and the odours of the tunnel, and they have not been improved since his day. The noise is deafening from the clatter of horse's hoofs, the patter of herds of goats, the grinding torture of the car wheels, and, above all, the brazen throats of the Neapolitans, who urge on their donkeys with an indescribable noise, guttural and grating, which seems to come from the innermost parts of their anatomy. Imagine all this noise, duplicated and

that leads to Pozzuoli, the ancient Puteoli of St. Paul.

Another slum awaits us at the other side of the grotto, followed by vineyards and orange groves and truck farms, until, after a ride of four or five miles, the last part of which affords glorious views of the bay and its islands, we find ourselves in still another slum, more hopeless than any we have yet seen on the way, and realize that we have at last reached the old Puteoli, and that the trolley car leaves us but a few steps from the spot where the Apostle must have come ashore.

As we step off the car we are followed by a retinue of ragged guides, offering their services for a franc, to all the points of interest. But Baedeker is a better guide than any of them, and we can carry him in our pocket, where we would be very slow to put anything belonging to the two-footed guides. No sooner have we shaken them off than we are besieged by still more importunate cab drivers who crack their resounding whips almost in our faces, and who will follow us for miles perhaps before we can convince them that we prefer

where St. Paul landed are as filthy as any other part of Pozzuoli. Indescribable old hags leer at us from the doorways; ragged and dirty children, wholly unacquainted with the use of a pocket handkerchief, swarm around us. Several small fishing boats are drawn up on the shore; and a little church called St. Paul's Chapel, stands immediately behind the ancient mole. The modern pier, built over the former mole, is a truly magnificent one of solid cut stone, which runs far out into the sweet clean water, and by going out to the end we get beyond the reach of the importunate touts. If one can forget the approaches to the pier, he can here enjoy the enchanting scenery of sea and shore, while his mind is stimulated by memories of the mighty past. There, only about a rifle shot away, are half a dozen volcanoes, most of them apparently extinct, though who can tell when the fiery demons will next break their bonds and again pour forth glowing lava and ashes and scorïæ, which may forever bury out of our sight a score of villages.

But the volcanoes have brought blessings as well as curses, for the ash which they pour forth

on our own Pacific coast, where the magnificent apples of Washington are raised.

Another product which the volcanoes vomit forth is called Puzzolana earth, a name derived from the same Pozzuoli which we are visiting, and from which a cement is made which apparently will last throughout all time, for, though the stones imbedded in it thousands of years ago may be largely worn away, yet the cement remains, harder than the rock itself.

There are also ancient works of man as well as of nature, which we can contemplate from our wind-swept observatory on the pier, or which we can visit in a very few moments. Among them is the splendid amphitheatre with its entrance for the gladiators and its dens for the animals, which, a little later than St. Paul's time, tore St. Januarius and other Christians with their savage jaws.

The Serapeum is also well worth visiting. Our trusty pocket guide tells us that it was an ancient market-hall and not a temple, as many people have supposed, and that the holes bored by the

twenty feet by the ashes of Solfatara. Afterwards, by some convulsion of nature, it sank more than twenty feet below the sea, until, toward the close of the fifteenth century, another convulsion raised it high above the surface once more. But in Paul's time it must have been there in all its glory. He must also have seen the beautiful Temple of Neptune, and the Temple of the Nymphs, both of which are now covered by the salt sea waves, awaiting, perhaps, some new convulsion to assure their resurrection.

Let us turn our eyes seawards for a moment, and imagine that it is nearly nineteen hundred years ago, and that a great Alexandrian corn-ship is coming into the harbour. The arrival of the first corn-ship of the season was a notable event.

The fleet of traders was preceded some distance in advance by light, swift sailing ships, which heralded its coming. They could be known a long way off, for they sailed through the narrow strait between Capri and the mainland with topsails flying, a privilege allowed to none but ships of Alexandria. Then all the town (Puteoli) made ready to hasten to the water's edge, to watch the sailors dancing on the quais, or to gloat over the wonders which had travelled on the corn-ship thither, from Arabia, India, and perhaps even from far Cathay.

In such a ship came to Puteoli the Apostle to the Gentiles, a man with a message for the pulling down of the strongholds of evil, and for building up the citadels of righteousness. And here, on this very mole, his friends met him as he landed, and, after enjoying his company for seven days in Puteoli, set him on his way to Rome.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### IN THE ETERNAL CITY

Modern Rome and Ancient Rome—St. Paul's Journey from Puteoli to Rome—How his Eyes were Made Glad—The Changes in the Campagna—The Two Houses of St. Paul in Rome—The Homes of Paul's Friends, Clement and Pudens—The Church of St. Clement—The Romance of Senator Pudens—The Church of St. Rudentiana.



**S** I write these words I have just returned from a long walk in the city of St. Paul's martyrdom. How different the sights which greet the traveller's eye to-day from those which nearly nineteen hundred years ago were seen by the little cavalcade of prisoners and their guards, who toilsomely made their journey along the Appian Way, and through the Capuan Gate into the marvellous capital of the world!

As I walked through the busy streets of modern Rome, my ears were deafened with the clang of the electric car, and the hideous shriek of the automobile horn. I passed through a tunnel under the Quirinal Hill, brilliantly lighted with arc lights,

reflected from ten thousand white glazed tiles with which the tunnel is lined and roofed. Everything reminded me of a prosperous, bustling, modern city, for, within the last fifty years, and largely within the last quarter of a century, Rome has been made over from the musty, mediæval city of the popes, into the stately capital of one of the Great Powers of the twentieth century.

And yet, even in the most modern parts of modern Rome, far from the ruins of the Forum and the palaces of the Cæsars, the mute monuments of her greatest glories, one still sees reminders of the fact that he is not in Paris, or London, or New York, but in a country that maintains some features of the life which Paul and his companions must have seen.

In the brilliant tunnel of which I have written, I met great, white oxen, with an enormous spread of horns, plodding along with their heavy loads, as though electricity had never been discovered, or motor trucks invented. Men and women, too, with bulging baskets of vegetables and fruits upon their heads were striding along with erect carriage and rapid footsteps, apparently unconscious of the load they bore. Now and then a gaily dressed



peasant from the country enlivened the more sombre throng of men and women in modern garb, and, looking upon this mingling of the ancient and modern, contrasting the slow-paced oxen with the whizzing automobile, I could realize that, in spite of its modernity, I was after all in the city which St. Paul so longed to see, concerning which the Lord had said to him in a vision of the night, while he was a prisoner in the castle at Jerusalem, "Be of good cheer, Paul, for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." This was the city concerning which he had written to his Roman converts that he had a great desire, these many years, to come unto them.

The journey from Puteoli, where last we saw the Apostle, to the imperial city of Rome, must have been a long and tedious one, in spite of the splendid roadway which for a large part of the distance he traversed and which was considered one of the marvels of antiquity the best of all the Roman



Photo Crupi

**The papyrus-lined Anapo. Papyrus reeds flourish  
nowhere more beautifully or abundantly  
than at Syracuse**





he says, "is a five days' journey for a good walker. It leads from Rome to Capua. Its breadth is such that two chariots may meet upon it and pass each other without interruption, and its magnificence surpasses that of all other roads." Procopius goes on to tell us that Appius, who gave his name to the road, caused the material for it to be brought from a great distance, "so as to have all the stones hard, and of the nature of mill-stones." Then he had the stones smoothed and polished, and cut in corresponding angles, "so as to bite together in jointures without the intervention of copper or any other material to bind them, and in this manner they were so firmly united that, on looking at them, we would say they had not been put together by art, but had grown so upon the spot." Such was the long road over which Paul and his disciples and Roman guards made their slow way from Capua to Apii Forum, The Three Taverns, and Rome. The distance from Puteoli to Capua, about nineteen miles, was over a well-travelled road, though not a part of the magnificent highway which started at the Golden Mile-stone in the Roman Forum, and was the greatest of that extraordinary series of highways which bound to-

gether the widely separated dominions of the World's Mistress.

And yet this journey, hard and tedious as it must have been made doubly so for Paul by the chain which bound him always to his soldier guard, was not altogether without its joyous features, for, in addition to the friends who had been with him on his perilous voyage, Luke, and Timothy probably, and Aristarchus, and his Macedonian disciples, when the Appii Forum was reached, his eyes were gladdened by the sight of fellow disciples who had come out from Rome, more than forty miles distant, to meet and cheer him on his way.

This Forum, or market-place, of Appius was at the end nearest Rome of the canal which crossed the Pontine Marshes. Scarcely had Paul recovered from the joy, and perhaps the surprise, of meeting these friends so far from his destination, before another party of Christians greeted him, some ten miles farther on, at a place called The Three Taverns. No wonder we are told by Luke

duff]. Where now for miles along this regal approach we have only the fragments of grim, weather-stained sepulchres, wreathed with acanthus and ivy, interspersed here and there with the remains of mediæval fortresses, and masses of unshapely ruins, there must have stretched before the Apostle's eyes, one long magnificent street, lined with monuments to illustrious dead. A vast colonnade of tombs, with no vault but the blue sky, forming, if we may venture on comparison, the Westminster Abbey of the Imperial City, while the present waste, treeless Campagna, which girdles the modern Rome as with a zone of death, was studded with patrician villas and palatial residences.

Since Dr. Macduff wrote these words, some fifty years ago, great changes have taken place, it is true. Much of the Campagna has been drained and made habitable. The pestilential mosquito, which brought malaria and death to the inhabitants and made it dangerous for a traveller even to cross it in the evening, has largely been banished. Yet still the modern traveller approaches Rome through a vast, desolate prairie, fertile to be sure, and beautiful in the springtime with grass and flowers, but how different from the magnificent spectacle that greeted the eyes of Paul and his companions, when practically a continuous and glorious city stretched from the banks of the Tiber clear across

the broad Campagna, and climbed towards the Alban Hills on the other side.

Modern Rome is, certainly, a far grander city than that which was for so many centuries misgoverned by the popes, and is growing in beauty and importance every year, but, as compared with the city of St. Paul's time, it is still small and provincial, and its noblest palaces are dwarfed by the ruins of the palaces and the Colosseum and the mighty aqueducts of ancient Rome.

It is true that the common people in the olden time lived in squalor and filth, and often in wretchedness far worse than at present, a wretchedness which was relieved only by the unwise largesses which the emperors, in order to ensure their own tranquillity, bestowed on every side, so that Rome became a city of millionaires and paupers. Countless cargoes of grain, we are told, from Egypt and other lands, were kept in huge stores, behind the shipping wharves at the river side, and this the

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of visiting the art galleries and the ancient temples, the Forum, the Colosseum, the Arches of Titus and Constantine, which every traveller is sure to see, and confine ourselves to two or three of the places which a persistent tradition tells us were made sacred by the presence there of Paul and his companions.

It has been said, with some degree of reasonableness, that these traditions are more trustworthy than those associated with Jerusalem and other sacred cities, by reason of the fact that, from Paul's time to our own day, there has always been a Christian Church in Rome, and devout Christian hearts to cherish every memory of the Apostle.

Two houses of St. Paul are pointed out, and it is not impossible that he may have had, during his long stay, at least two residences in the Eternal City. The first, which it is thought he occupied only a short time after his arrival from Puteoli, is in the Corso, now covered by the church of *Santa Maria Via Lata*. This church, it is true was not built until eight hundred years after the death of St. Paul, and has been rebuilt more than once, but it is on the site of one of the government buildings of the Cæsars, where the assem-



blies gathered and votes were taken for certain officers.

It is argued, with a good deal of plausibility, that to one of the smaller rooms of this government building, Paul, as a prisoner favoured by Julius the Centurion and Burrhus the Roman magistrate, might have been taken on his arrival. At least, it is interesting to know that millions of pilgrims have here renewed their faith at a shrine they believed to be connected with the Apostle; and have looked upon the iron chain which is here suspended from a marble pillar in a subterranean chamber of the church, as a symbol of the Apostle's imprisonment. The motto in this chamber, at least, is Pauline:

"Sed verbum Dei non est allegatum." (But the word of God is not bound.)

Another church, which is more likely to have been built on the site of the home of St. Paul, is that of *San Paolo O Paoline allo Regola*. This is a small church, and seldom visited by tourists. Even the encyclopædic Baedeker does not think it

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which he spent in Rome. At the right of the altar is a doorway, over which an inscription in Latin tells us that this was the house and school of St. Paul, and on the stucco walls of the room are inscribed verses from the Acts and Romans, two of which I have already quoted.

An old volume tells us that those whom St. Paul converted to Christ came here to be catechized because it was a retired site. We know, at least, that somewhere in this vicinity he abode two whole years in "his own hired house, and received all that came in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ with all confidence, no man forbidding him."

Two other churches in the heart of ancient Rome are peculiarly interesting because they are built on the probable sites of the homes of Paul's dearest friends, Clement and Pudens. The Church of St. Clement is built on the other side of the Coelian Hill, not far from the Colosseum. Clement was one of the Roman nobility, and is said to have built an oratory in his own palace; where the young Christians were instructed in the faith of the new religion. He afterwards became a bishop of

Rome; and is called "the Third Successor of St. Peter," but his chief distinction is that he was a fellow labourer with St. Paul, and that very likely in this house of his the Apostle was an honoured guest and teacher.

He is immortalized by the great Apostle in the fourth chapter of Philippians. How brief an allusion by St. Paul will make a name forever memorable! Clement, although a Roman noble and a bishop, the owner of a palace and called by an historic name, is mentioned by Paul only as "Clement also," and, in spite of his high estate, is simply yoked by Paul with "other fellow-labourers whose names are in the Book of Life."

"Eubulus saluteth thee, and Pudens and Linus and Claudius, and all the brethren," writes St. Paul in his very last message to Timothy, which was doubtless penned shortly before his martyrdom. Here are two names that are particularly interesting to us while we are visiting Rome.

Pudens was apparently the son of a Roman sena-



**Another picture of the Appian Way. Note the ruins of the tombs of the nobles on either side**



**The gateway through which St. Paul must have passed as he entered Rome**



the Emperor Claudius to adopt her as his daughter, and to give her his own name, Claudia. Claudia had already become a Christian, and, perhaps through her influence, Pudens also embraced the new faith. So devoted were they to the Apostle that they seem to have visited him in his last imprisonment, and while there, as we read, they sent their greetings to Paul's beloved son in the faith, Timothy.

That Pudens was a noted character at that time is shown by the fact that the famous poet Martial dedicated verses to him, and, though Pudens became a Christian while Martial remained a heathen, the poet wrote his eulogy.

Pudens and Claudia had two daughters, Pudentiana and Praxedes, and now the church named for the elder daughter, St. Pudentiana, stands on the site of the house of Pudens, on the Viminal Hill, not far from the palace of Italy's king. The church is decorated with beautiful mosaics, and in the roof of a side chapel is a picture in mosaics representing the daughters of a Christian senator, collecting by sponges, into a golden vase, the blood of some of the martyred witnesses to the faith as it is in Christ Jesus. In this church we seem to

come very near to the personal friends of the Apostle.

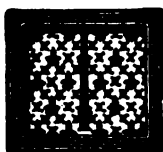
It is difficult to untangle the truth from the maze of legend and tradition which surround all the great men of antiquity, but we know that here in the Eternal City St. Paul lived for many long months, and the tradition which connects him with certain sites is more trustworthy than the legends that grow up about the lives of most conquerors and kings, saints and martyrs.

At any rate, when we tread the streets of Rome to-day, we know that we are not far from the walks and haunts of Paul the Aged, walks and haunts which make of the "Eternal City" a "Holy City" for the Christian believer of whatever name or creed.

## CHAPTER XXX

### WHERE ST. PAUL FINISHED HIS COURSE

Why Chrysostom Honoured Rome—Every Walk in Rome a Reminder of St. Paul—Monumental Evidence—Authentic Portraits of St. Peter and St. Paul—St. Paul's Two Trials—The Traditional Place of his Long Imprisonment—The Dungeon of Jugurtha—The Tomb of Caius Cestius—The Church of the Three Fountains—The Church of St. Paul without the Walls—The Magnificent Reputed Tombs of St. Paul and Timothy.



In the homily of Chrysostom, the Golden-tongued, on the Epistle to the Romans is this interesting passage:

I honour Rome for this reason; for though I could celebrate her praises on many other accounts; for her greatness, for her beauty, for her power, for her wealth, and for her warlike exploits, yet, passing over all these things, I glorify her on this account, that St. Paul in his lifetime wrote to the Romans, and loved them, and was present and conversed with them, and ended his life among them. Wherefore the city is on this account renowned more than all others; on this account I admire her, not on account of her gold, her columns, or her other splendid decorations.



Every Christian traveller can re-echo the great preacher's words, and I am very sure my readers will not be wearied if we visit together the spots made especially memorable by the last days and hours of the greatest of Christians.

Indeed it may be said that every walk in Rome is a reminder of St. Paul and his mission. Of the four hundred churches in the city, many contain pictures and statues of the Apostle, and all are reminders of the Apostle's Master, and of the faith which His "bond-servant" came to Rome to proclaim. Not only in the churches and numberless shrines do we see reminders of Paul's influence, but every picture shop and art gallery tells us of him, for they all contain representations of the sacred scenes which his life was devoted to explaining and enforcing.

When the Apostle entered the city, through the Capuan Gate, chained to his guard, no one of these churches was dreamed of, no artist had conceived such a picture as the most modest one of all the tens

lowers. Christian art had not been born, and the treasures which chiefly make Rome famous were, not simply unknown, but unimagined. Paul and those who followed him brought, not only a new religion, but a new art, a new poetry, a new prose literature, to Rome and to the world.

Before we visit the sacred places connected with the last scenes in the life of the Apostle it may be well to ask—Do we really know where Paul was imprisoned, and beheaded, and buried?

I cannot reply that there is absolute certainty, but, in spite of doubt thrown by critics and skeptics on all these places, there is a reasonable probability that they have been correctly identified. It is at least certain that, for centuries and centuries, pious souls have here come to renew their faith and zeal and courage; and this of itself would hallow them.

Beyond the hopes and wishes of the devout in regard to the place of the martyrdom and burial of the Apostle, the researches of careful archæologists and scholars give us some little assurance that we really do know the very spots made sacred by St. Paul's last moments and last resting-place.

The distinguished author and archæologist,

Rodolfo Lanciari, who has written many books about Rome and her historic treasures, says, "For the archæologist the presence and execution of St. Peter and St. Paul in Rome are facts established beyond the shadow of a doubt by *purely monumental evidence*," and then he quotes a long list of authorities, ancient and modern, to substantiate his views.

He tells us, too, that on Dec. 1, 1891, he had the privilege of examining the actual grave of the Apostle, under the great cellar of the Church of St. Paul without the Walls, and found there his tombstone with the inscription

**"PAOLO APOSTOLO MART"**

(Paul, Apostle, Martyr), an inscription belonging to the fourth century.

It will perhaps surprise my readers to hear him say also:

There is no doubt that the likenesses of St. Peter and St. Paul have been carefully preserved in Rome ever since their lifetime, and that they were familiar to



**The Roman Forum**





in the so-called *vetri cemeteriali*, cast in bronze, hammered in silver or copper, and designed in mosaic. The type never varies; St. Peter's face is full and strong, with short curly hair and beard, while St. Paul appears more wiry and thin, slightly bald, with long, pointed beard.

On his first trial Paul was doubtless acquitted, and allowed to go free. The best authorities believe that two or three years elapsed between the first and second trials, and that in the meantime he travelled as far as Spain, proclaiming the Gospel of his beloved Master. On his return he was again thrown into prison, and again tried. This time, perhaps owing to the fact that the Jewess Poppæa had usurped the place of the gentle Octavia in the affections of Nero, and had caused Nero to murder his former wife; or perhaps because, with other Christians, he had been accused by the bestial Emperor of his own crime in setting fire to Rome, Paul did not escape the fury of the Emperor and the Jews.

Let us first go to the reputed place of his long imprisonment. The Forum is the centre of the noblest ruins of Rome. Not far from the centre of the busy, noisy, modern city rise the scarred

ruins of her ancient glory. Here is the Temple of Saturn with its eight columns, the often copied three columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, the Arch of Septimius Severus, the Temple of Vesta, and many other famous ruins, and beyond are the palaces of the Cæsars? Not far away is the magnificent Column of Trajan, 147 feet in height, around which run, as reliefs, the Emperor's war pictures, containing, it is said, over twenty-five hundred sculptured human figures.

Close to the entrance to the Forum is a small church called the *Church of St. Giuseppi dei Falegnani*. Under this church are two dungeons, an upper and a lower, called the Mamertine Prison, and from a hole in the upper chamber prisoners were lowered into the noisome dungeon below, sometimes to perish miserably of starvation, as did Jugurtha, King of Mauretania, with whom school boys become so familiar in their first year of Latin.

In this dungeon, as uncounted thousands of Christians believe, St. Paul and St. Peter were

kneel in front of the traditional pillar." A strange fourth of July celebration indeed, as we think of the snapping fire-crackers and booming cannon and clanging bells which, in our own land, usher in the day.

While it is thought by many that the Apostles could not have been imprisoned in the dungeon of Jugurtha, it is supposed that there may have been other underground caverns connected with this one, in which they endured their final and most bitter imprisonment. At any rate, as we make our way through this dismal dungeon, we can realize something of what imprisonment meant in the time of Nero, and something of what St. Paul doubtless suffered just before his execution.

Another walk will take us to the place of martyrdom, and the place of the burial of the Apostle. To these two places we must pay a reverent visit.

Starting from the mighty Colosseum, the grim reminder of other martyrs who were here thrown



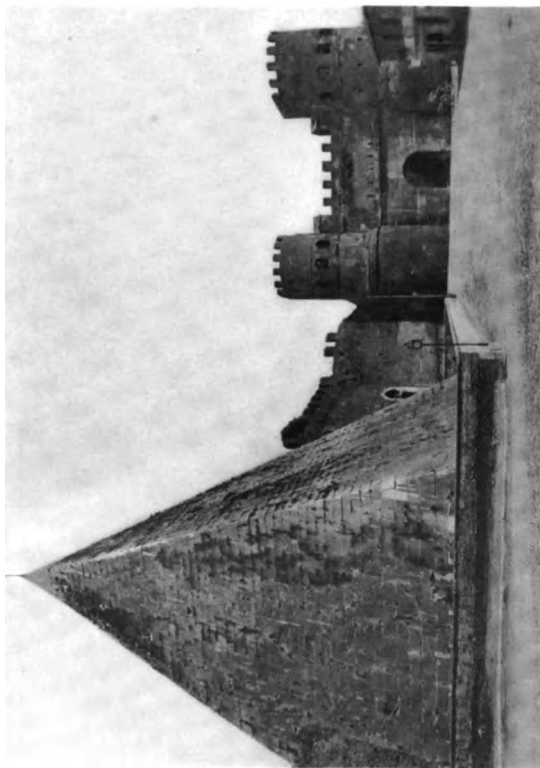
gate now called the *Porta San Paolo* (The Gate of St. Paul). A wonderfully well preserved tomb, in the shape of an Egyptian pyramid, stands just outside the gateway. This was the tomb of Caius Cestius, a Roman noble, who died twelve years before the beginning of the Christian era. As he went out through this gateway to his martyrdom Paul's eyes must have rested upon this monument, which is as unscathed and clear-cut to-day as it was two thousand years ago.

We soon pass a little church on the left-hand side of the road, on which we read the following inscription in Latin, underneath an interesting sculpture of the two Apostles.

*"Paul said to Peter, 'Peace be with thee, Foundation of the Church, Shepherd of the Flock of Christ.'*

*"And Peter said to Paul, 'Go in peace, Preacher of Good Tidings, and Guide of the Salvation of the just.'"*

This is the traditional spot where the two great



**The Tomb of Caius Cestius, which St. Paul must have seen when he  
went to martyrdom**

.

More than a mile beyond this little church, in a beautiful tree-embowered nook, far away from the roar and dust of the city, is the Church of the Three Fountains (*S. Paolo alle Tre Fontane*). In St. Paul's time this was doubtless a much more populous region than to-day, for the great Ostian Way to the sea-shore passed near by. But now Ostia is deserted and the road is largely frequented by pious pilgrims who are seeking the place of St. Paul's martyrdom.

Here it is said that he met his death, and while we cannot believe in the pillar to which he is said to have been bound, and while the story of the three fountains which gushed out at the three places struck by the Martyr's head after he was decapitated seems puerile enough, yet it is nevertheless a beautiful, quiet spot, well fitted for the site of the tradition which has persisted almost from the beginning, that here the great Apostle died.

A touching poem by Mabel G. Foster thus describes the Apostle's undaunted courage, a courage that counted not his life dear unto him, as he trod for the last time the Ostian Way:

WALKING WITH PAUL

Paul, with what strength you tread the Ostian Way,  
Holding your aged head as calm and high  
As some glad youth who goes to festival!  
Has not the damp of dreary days and nights  
'Midst nameless horrors of the Mamertine  
Quenched the proud spirit that has striven with kings?

What think you, brother, was the road so long  
That led without the walls to Golgotha?  
How beats the sun! And with what cloudless glare  
Piercely bends o'er us this Italian sky!  
Or do the eyes once blinded by the Light  
Face without flinching all these lesser rays?

There is the place! We shall descend this hill,  
Move but a little forward—do you mark the spot?  
You will be given an hour to think of God  
In that mean cell beyond yon little mound,  
Then, to the left—you cannot see it now—  
Stands the last mile-post on the dolorous way.

See where Rome stands behind you, proud, secure;  
Temples that fell not when you spoke of Christ;  
Homes of the Cæsars, whom you own as kings.  
What serves your loyalty to-day, old man?  
What was the merit of your vain appeal?

Death-doomed by Cæsar? Tell me what you see?  
Why is that rapture sweeping o'er your face?  
Surely some voice proclaims within your soul  
Cæsar has failed and Paul has won his crown.

Half way between the *Church of the Three Fountains* and the city wall is one of the most magnificent churches of this land of glorious cathedrals, the *Church of San Paolo Fuori le Mura* (St. Paul without the Walls), for here, it is said, rest the ashes of the great Apostle.

I know of no more imposing basilica in all the world. In many respects it surpasses St. Peter's in impressiveness. The eighty mighty Corinthian monoliths of polished granite which uphold the roof were the gift of the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, and, as has been well and poetically said, are "reflected as on a sea of glass in the floor of the nave and aisles."

Here in this stately and imposing cathedral, built by kings and princes to do him honour, with his beloved disciple, Timothy, by his side, rest, it is believed by all good Catholics, the remains of the Tentmaker of Tarsus, whom we have followed from his boyhood's home, through all his many wanderings in Greece and Asia Minor and Syria

and Europe, until now we bid him farewell in this church forever dedicated to his memory. No tomb, however glorious, can do him too much honour, but we can imagine that, beyond all human praise, he would have inscribed on his sepulchre the words

*"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."*





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